

SIX CENTURIES OF
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SIX CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

Passages Selected from the Chief Writers
and Short Biographies

BY

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VOLUME II

LYLY TO SHIRLEY

With Introductory Essay by

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INTRODUCTION

BY PETER ALEXANDER, M.A.

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In the last scene of his last play Shakespeare had an opportunity, which was perhaps one of the attractions the subject had for him, of reviewing the age in which he himself lived and worked: for *Henry VIII* brings the story of the struggle between the descendants of Edward III begun in *Richard II* and continued through all its vicissitudes in *Henry IV*, *Henry V*, *Henry VI*, and *Richard III* to its triumphant conclusion in the glories of the poet's own day. These are not indeed directly presented on the stage, but celebrated, though with no breach of dramatic propriety, in a manner that allows of the intermixture of a strong colouring of the poet's own private feelings as an actor in the events he describes. When Cranmer christens the royal infant Elizabeth, we have foretold enthusiastically, it is true, but truthfully, for he is represented as divinely inspired, her glorious future:

She shall be lov'd and fear'd; her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow; good grows with her.
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants; and sing
'The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

These fine lines have sometimes been dismissed as mere sycophancy unworthy of Shakespeare, but they were written at least ten years after Elizabeth's death in the reign of a successor who did not love to hear her praises, and there is no doubt they represent substantially

the views on this period of one of the most representative Englishmen of his own as well as of all time.

In nothing was Shakespeare more representative of Elizabethan England than in the Nationalism which finds expression in this praise of the dead Queen. The enthusiastic protestations by his contemporaries of their loyalty have often, like his own words, been censured as flattery. Elizabeth was, of course, like all rulers before or since, the object of such abuse. It must be remembered, however, that the part the sovereign then played in government was still a very personal one: the ruler was intimately involved in every national and constitutional dispute. He now stands above and beyond all such controversy. Different times and conditions dictate a different language, and references to the sovereign that might now be rightly considered too personal and familiar could well in Elizabeth's time be the honest expression of an ardent and sincere patriotism. And the Queen herself had by her wisdom and firm conduct made such personal praise a natural vehicle for the aspirations of lovers of their country. To a petition of the Commons at the beginning of her reign concerning her marriage, she had replied: "I have already joined myself in marriage to an Husband, the Kingdom of England." And when her long reign was over the promise of this early hour that they "had no need to doubt of a Successor" was made good in the quiet and orderly settlement of the succession. Shakespeare could not omit without the gravest impropriety to follow his praise of Elizabeth by celebrating the glory of the reigning monarch:

So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations.

But it was Elizabeth's labour and devotion that had made this continuation possible, and those who were, like Shakespeare, aware of the blessings of good government did not forget to honour her for it.

The reigns of Elizabeth and James, while providing sufficient adventure and excitement to occupy restless and emulous spirits, also afforded a peaceful period between the confusion attending the establishment of National Independence under a strong central government and the disturbances of the subsequent struggle for the fuller enjoyment of the religious and civil liberty which National Independence alone made possible. Though Shakespeare has nothing to say of the struggle to come, his historical reading made him recognize with gratitude the respite his country then enjoyed from civil distraction. All through his Histories his preoccupation with his country's welfare comes to the surface, as in the magnificent but unhistorical lament of John of Gaunt at the ruin wrought by his nephew's instability, the nephew to whom Chaucer addressed the Ballade which concludes:

Dred God, do law, love trouthe and worthynesse,
And wed thy folk ageyn to steadfastnesse.

Shakespeare's Histories are a perpetual call to steadfastness, and whenever he deals with politics, whether in his Histories or Tragedies, he never wearies of urging, through the mouths of his most sagacious characters, that observance of order and degree in the management of the affairs of state so necessary for the general weal. He would have agreed with Cromwell: "A nobleman, a gentleman, a yeoman—that is a good interest of the Nation." The speech from *Sir Thomas More* included in the selections which follow can be assigned to him, one may say with certainty, for many reasons, but particularly for this, that it summarizes in the most pregnant manner the views expressed elsewhere by Shakespeare, in *Troilus and Cressida*, *Coriolanus*, and the Histories, voicing the conviction that the people have no interest and no advantage in domestic confusion and misrule. It is significant that the occasion of this plea for law and order by More was the injury done the Flemings by the London mob, and that it is a plea for forbearance and good will among different peoples. The Nationalism of Shakespeare and his contemporaries was no gospel of hate or envy—it was the patriot Sidney who spoke of "that sweet enemy—France"—but the expression of that passion for freedom which no good man loses, as the Scottish estates told the Pope in the fourteenth century, save with his life.

Shakespeare's Histories are apt to be regarded as a by-product of his art, but they are only a small portion of the pieces on such themes that filled the theatres especially in his earlier days. Not many except his have come down to us, but they reveal the spirit of the time, and should be read in conjunction with the Chronicles that inspired them. The Elizabethans were keenly interested in their country's story, and this enthusiasm nourished and was itself the outcome of their vigorous Nationalism.

The effects of this national disposition are seen in all the activities of the time, whether practical or poetical. "The outermost and all-embracing circle of benevolence," says Wordsworth, speaking of the relation between the public and private duties of the individual, "has inward concentric circles which, like those of the spider's web, are bound together by links, and rest upon each other; making one frame and capable of one tremor; circles narrower and narrower, closer and closer, as they lie more near to the centre of self from which they proceeded, and which sustains the whole. The order of life does not require that the sublime and disinterested feelings should have to trust long to their own unaided power." The national enthusiasm was felt throughout the whole frame of Elizabethan life. It finds expression in the words of Sidney, who, treating of the war in the Netherlands against Philip the Second, wrote: "If her Majesty were the fountain, I wold fear, considering what I daily find, that we should wax dry. But she is but a means whom God useth. And I know not whether I am deceived; but I am fully persuaded, that, if she shold withdraw herself, other springs wold rise to help this action. For, methinks, I see the great work indeed in hand against the abusers of the world; wherein it is no greater fault to have confidence in man's power, than it is too hastily to despair of God's work." This is the consecration of the national spirit in the service of what Milton called the free and heaven born spirit of man. At his untimely death the nation rightly felt it had lost a devoted son. But the spirit of the time also walks as it did in the *Arcadia* in less sublime paths. It refreshes itself among the woods and by the rivers of its own beloved land. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, a poetical and, to use Camden's term, "chorographically" description of England in thirty songs or books, with its blending of historical and antiquarian lore with poetic fervour, is a peculiarly Elizabethan

and the interests of antiquaries and descriptive poets are a hundred activities quickened by a love of country. In their sea ventures, where motives were so mixed, where gold was the excuse men frequently offered to themselves and to others to give some show of rationality to their almost incredible thirst for adventure, scorn of the Spaniard and his restrictions found expression in a national pride that sanctioned and encouraged their traffickings. Hakluyt lectured at Oxford on cosmography, but his *Navigations* are not merely the collections of a geographer, but of an Englishman who celebrates the daring and endurance of his fellow-countrymen.

Such a national temper inevitably gives even to the humbler sort a sense of individuality and worth. Of the political and civil rights which we now boast of they had few or none; for what would the present generation say to compulsory church going? but there can seldom have lived a generation of men so conscious of the native freedom of the spirit. It is not surprising, therefore, that drama is so important a part of the literature of the age. "This is the form of art which as no other can shows you the living, breathing man." It presents the individual concretely, in action, where sympathy is not the outcome of a lengthy process of recondite analysis but the intuitive resultant of

A few strong instincts and a few plain rules.

To interpret these sympathies or expound the art by which the poet moves them may tax the most subtle understanding, but the dramatist's appeal first and last must depend on the health and vigour of the moral sentiments of his audience. It is clear the Elizabethan theatre-goer had many defects—as what audience has not?—but one will have to go back to the Persian wars and the days of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* to find a comparable body of spectators.

Every artist, says Wordsworth, has to create the taste by which he is enjoyed, and the education of the Elizabethan audience in its rapidity and completeness is not merely a tribute to the genius of the dramatists, but to the intelligence of their pupils. For in a few years the leading London companies were transformed from organizations depending chiefly on the popularity of the clowns and the

dexterity of their tumblers to a body of actors almost wholly given over to interpreting the conception of the dramatist. In *Hamlet* we hear the comedian being finally put in his place, his irrelevancies suppressed, and the attention concentrated on the drama. If the dismissal sounds somewhat summary, considering what Shakespeare had been able to make of his clowns, we must remember that the dramatist had no more time to spare stretching his genius to utilize this dangerous ally with the more necessary questions of *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Lear* pressing for solution. Besides ample extracts from the final achievements of this remarkable process of development, there will be found in the following selections sufficient illustration of the influences that contributed to the ultimate perfection.

Without attempting to retrace the growth of the dramatic companies into an earlier and much more obscure period, it may be said that drama entered on its final development when the companies became able to provide some sort of living for men of education. Though nominally the servants of the sovereign or some nobleman, the actors made their living from the public, but aristocratic influences played an important part in moulding the drama, and in the plays of Lyly we see how this influence could operate almost in isolation. For these plays were not written for the general public, but to be performed by boy-actors to aristocratic patrons. In them he assumes a classical disguise for the treatment of these questions of deportment, and especially of the relations between the sexes in polite and cultured society, matters that had given rise to a literature in Italy of which he was a diligent student, and that now interested courtly circles in England. The Greek story or myth satisfied a craving for beauty and poetry deeply implanted in an age whose schoolbooks were the Latin classics. Lyly was in addition a stylist attempting to give to the prose in which he composed both his *Euphues* and his comedies a form, elegance, and ornament that would continually attract and hold his reader or hearer. The influence of Lyly may be seen in such a play as Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, which, being written probably in the first instance for some aristocratic entertainment, stands half-way between pure court comedy and works like *Twelfth Night* or *Much Ado*, where high comedy finds a place, and in the adventures of Beatrice and Benedict an honoured place, on the public stage.

More influential than court comedy was school and university drama. This is modelled on the practice of the ancients, especially that of the Roman dramatists or their humanist successors. At first this sort of drama was composed in Latin, as when in 1532 the boys of St. Paul's played before Cardinal Wolsey in a Latin play composed by their headmaster. A little later these classical imitations were written in English, and became popular at schools, the Universities, and Inns of Court. Such productions were not merely the amusement of a small and uninfluential clique of theatrical enthusiasts: they were taken seriously by the authorities, headmasters turning dramatists like Nicholas Udall, head of Eton and then of Westminster and now remembered as the author of *Ralph Roister Doister*. Seneca provided the model for tragedy, Plautus and Terence for comedy, and if most of these school works can be dismissed in the somewhat severe words of one of their critics as "dull trash of a kind tolerated nowhere in England outside the Inns of Court and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge", they are very important historically, and had a decisive influence on the younger generation who were now to emerge from the grammar schools and universities and capture the popular stage with compositions that reveal their schooling.

The first dramatist to graft successfully to the English stock classical tragic tradition as exemplified in Seneca was Thomas Kyd. Though not a University man he had been educated at the Merchant Taylors' school under the famous Dr. Mulcaster, who urged on his pupils, the most famous of whom was Edmund Spenser, the importance of a study of the classics as a means of disciplining and perfecting their English. Like Marlowe's *Edward II* and Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*, Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* shows traces of its origin: some quantity of Latin quotation and reference still sticks to the text like wax to the young bee. With this work he made an immediate and deep impression, old Hieronimo remaining a character in the minds of playgoers for the next fifty years. At every turn, however, he is indebted to Seneca, for though the revenge theme is common in all literatures, it is here conducted in the classical manner with the accompaniment of avenging ghost and torturing doubts, soliloquies and recriminations. But Kyd showed remarkable skill in managing the five act intrigue plot which had now become,

partly through the influence of Latin comedy, the standard form for all English drama of the time. Though Kyd is not a poet, his verse is in keeping with his theme, imitating not unsuccessfully at times the gnomic turn of Seneca,

They reckon no laws that meditate revenge.
Evil news fly faster still than good.

And here and there occurs a phrase that must have lingered in Shakespeare's memory to emerge transformed perhaps, but revealing the original brightness that may lurk obscurely in Kyd's dialogue.

Marlowe had none of Kyd's skill in construction, and some simpler and more archaic form than the five act intrigue plot would perhaps have better suited his genius, but he carried the day with his poetry and rhetoric. "What gave the theatre its sudden and direct hold on the people," says Mr. Granville Barker, "was the newly arisen art of emotional acting demanded by the rising dramatists." This was obviously required by Kyd, and Marlowe's verse gave the actor another form of this opportunity. If Tarlton and Kempe carry on the older tradition of clowning, Alleyn and Burbage are the products of this new school: the tragedians were to fall heir to the popularity of the clowns. No doubt there is too much of the drum and fife in *Tamburlaine* to satisfy the seeker for perfection, but there is a genuine note of aspiration and power. And beside the domination of the verse is the domination of the figure he selects as his protagonist. There is no one in his earlier plays but *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus*. They may be far from consistent and natural in the details of their doings, but there is a fundamental consistency about them that gave them their strong appeal. They represent in their impossible longings and desires something permanent in human nature, and they only fail to do justice to the theme because of the material aims in which their energies are dissipated. *Faustus* has nothing to do in the middle of the play but a few childish conjuring tricks. "The discovery," to quote again from Mr. Granville Barker, "which turned Shakespeare from a good dramatist into a great one was that the outward clashing of character is poor material beside the ferment in the spirit of man, confined by law, or custom, or inherited belief, or netted round by alien circumstances or wills but quickening in their despite." The ferment in the spirit, however, is the leaven in all Marlowe's best work. *Tamburlaine* seems at war

with mortality itself, and Faustus would venture on the dark unexplored seas beyond the safe shores of human knowledge. What makes Shakespeare's later heroes so much more tragic than Marlowe's youthful supermen is their greater humanity: they cannot stand

As if a man were author of himself
And owed no other kin.

There is a consequent rending of heartstrings of which the other's creations know nothing.

Marlowe is typical of his age in the force of his personality. He was sufficiently like his works to be dressed in the legend they suggested of one inspired like his own Faustus by familiars from another world. In his dramas the individuality of the age finds expression forcing its way on to the stage, and animating its puppets till they become in the hands of his greater contemporary

Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality.

Shakespeare began, like Kyd and Marlowe, with classical models steadily in view. *Venus and Adonis*, which no student can explain away as the work of another, owes much to Ovid, the *Comedy of Errors* is adapted from two plays by Plautus, and *Titus Andronicus* is a Senecan revenge tragedy culminating in a situation of horror, the serving of children to their parent, borrowed from the *Thyestes*. This tragedy has often been attributed to other hands in spite of clear contemporary evidence that it is by Shakespeare himself. Some think that he had not sufficient Latin to write it, others that he had too much taste. The first view arises from the opinion, propagated in the eighteenth century, that he was born in an illiterate age in an obscure provincial town where the inhabitants were sunk in ignorance. Such an opinion has no historical justification, Elizabethan England being well provided with schools of excellent quality. Nor were the majority of these schools recent creations, and some even dated from Anglo-Saxon times. The grammar school at Stratford was, like many others, refounded in the reign of Edward VI, but with the money confiscated under the Chantries Act that had previously been devoted to education. There was a school in Stratford as early as the end of the thirteenth

century. Modern historians of education are unanimous in finding a keen desire for education and ample provision for it in Shakespeare's day. One illustration must suffice. Professor John W. Adamson instances as typical of the time that there were forty-seven schools or centres of instruction preparing for the university spread over Essex before 1600: to-day Essex has thirty-four secondary schools, nearly all on the border of or in the London area. A boy educated at Stratford grammar school might well have the classical reading disclosed by *Titus Andronicus*. Kyd had no more than a grammar-school training. And that Shakespeare would not present such Senecan situations as are found in *Titus Andronicus* is a view that overlooks the fact that Seneca was among the educated the accepted model for tragedy. If mere taste were to decide what is Shakespeare's and what is not, there would be many voices against the inclusion of *Venus and Adonis* in Shakespeare's works.

From the first Shakespeare is a more skillful dramatist than Marlowe, handling the intrigue plot as in *The Comedy of Errors* or *The Taming of the Shrew* with obvious skill. His versification is more fluid, his characterization more natural. He had a genius for comedy as Marlowe had not, and this culminates in his first great creation, Falstaff. With Hamlet following so close on Falstaff we have the best evidence of the reach and profundity of his genius. This only matured after a long and arduous period of self-training in the materials at his disposal. His principal resource, fortunately for us, was his poetry. This at the beginning is often little more than an embroidery on the theme and deliberately poetical: it always remains poetical, but between the poetry of *Richard II* and the poetry of *Macbeth* there is a world of difference. It is now strictly relevant to the matter in hand, and without any loss of unity as a whole marks off character from character with perfect clearness. The beauty of such a line as

The setting sun and music at the close

can almost dispense with its context, but Lear's

Never, never, never, never, never

is not to be taken from the play in which it stands. The poetry of the mature work has to convey to our intelligence as clearly as

possible a complicated story, but it must also take the imagination behind all this by the thousand suggestions that lurk in its rhythms and imagery into the inner world of mind and conscience which is now the subject-matter of his art. It is impossible to exhaust the variety and interest of his poetry.

In Shakespeare, of course, the work of the period finds its culmination, but beside him is a wonderful array of writers: Jonson and Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Ford, Heywood, are but a few of his contemporaries and successors. Though none has the master's rare combination of talents, each has something valuable, and a few are men of real genius. It is impossible to read the novels of to-day and yesterday, including the Russians, with any vitality in the characters, without being reminded of situations and lines in the Elizabethans. And if the novel may have this advantage for the ordinary reader that it is fuller and more obvious in its exposition of character, the Elizabethans have all the advantage in the concision and poetic force of their treatment.

It has sometimes been urged in criticism of the Elizabethan drama that it is too secular, and misses by its neglect of religion those last sublimities to which the mind can be carried only by faith. With such a view in mind, one must turn to another side of the literature of the period. Sermons were as popular as plays and came in greater quantities from the press. The *Diary* of John Manningham, it has been pointed out, records in the space of some sixteen months the substance of more than forty sermons. Manningham was a playgoer and disliked Puritans, nor is he singular in his interests. Those, therefore, who wish to take a comprehensive glance over the period should not neglect to read some sermons, including those of Henry Smith, Hooker, and Donne. But neither on the abundance nor on the quality of its sermons need the age rely for a vindication of its spiritual interests.

The Renaissance has often been represented as the enemy of the Reformation, but without the learning and scholarly interest of the Renaissance the Reformation could not have made its most valuable gift to the people, the Bible in a language they could read. In the Exhortation which he prefixed to his edition of the Greek New Testament (1516) Erasmus expressed himself on the reading of Scripture as follows:

"I would desire that all women should read the Gospel and Paul's epistles: and I would to God that they were translated into the tongues of all men. So that they might not only be read, and known of the Scots and Irishmen, but also of the Turks and Saracens."

At the time when Erasmus expressed this wish "candidates for the priesthood were forbidden by order of Convocation to translate any part of the Scriptures, or to read them without the authority of the bishop, an authority which was seldom granted". Tyndale was the first to make the wish of Erasmus a reality. In defying an ignorant churchman he had declared, "if God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scriptures than thou doest". And his New Testament (1525) and Pentateuch (1530) are the basis of the English Bible we know to-day; and even after the revision of 1881 "eighty per cent of the words in the Revised New Testament stand as they stood in Tyndale's revised version of 1534".

The seed found a fertile soil in England. Sir Thomas More reckoned that more than half the population were able enough to read if not to profit by the English version. He foresaw, however, the misuse of the work, the wrangling over doctrine and ceremony, and all the terrible wrong-headedness that would no longer be confined to the clergy and educated laity. He could not persuade himself that the wheat would not be choked by the tares. A Royal Proclamation (1538) forbidding the reading of Scripture glances at such abuses, noting that many of the King's "loving but simple subjects were induced arrogantly and superstitiously to dispute in open places and taverns upon baptism and upon the holy sacrament of the altar, not only to their own slander, but to the reproach of the whole realm and his grace's high discontentation and displeasure". But Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, an indispensable document for the understanding of the age, shows how earnestly it was studied; this entry, however, in a volume of the reign of Henry VIII must suffice here to illustrate the enthusiasm of the ordinary man for the English Bible:

"When I kept Mr. Latimer's sheep, I bought this book, when the Testament was abrogated, that shepherds might not read it. I pray God amend that blindness. Writ by Robert Williams, keeping sheep upon Sainbury Hill."

The Bible has become an English book as it has not become the book of any other people into whose language it has been translated. This would not have been possible but for some strong sympathy in the English for its matter. Yet here is contained the genius and spirit of Religion, and the Authorized Version of 1611, which closed for more than two centuries the attempt to make the Bible as English as possible, was the work of Shakespeare's contemporaries. One cannot readily believe that the literature of such a generation was merely secular in spirit.

And indeed such a judgment is only possible when we confuse religious feeling with ecclesiastical ceremony. The Anglican settlement has often been sneered at as the offspring of Henry VIII's desire for Anne Boleyn, but it was made possible and in the end inevitable by deeper forces than the caprice of the King. No doubt it was a compromise, but it allowed sensible men for a space at least to be free from worry about the external and political aspects of their belief, and to give their most earnest thoughts to those inward matters which are the material for literature as well as the evidence and test of faith. Of Shakespeare's religious politics we have satisfactory evidence in *King John* as in his Nationalism and whole attitude of mind, but Newman was able to count him among the most truly Catholic of the poets. There is no attempt to translate into the perishable language of ritual or creed the truths of the heart, no distortion of vision to accommodate some belief, but the voice of free humanity uncontrolled either by priest or presbyter, and not needing even to protest at their interference. Yet there is no indifference or idle scepticism, and in this Shakespeare is only once again the representative of his age. As a commentary on his own words, "God shall be truly known", may stand some sentences which the Spanish humanist Sr. Miguel de Unamuno has addressed to Don Quixote's squire, and which may be transferred to the Elizabethan audience, the Sancho Panza without whom the dramatist cannot carry through his high adventure:

"Thine, Sancho, is genuine faith, not the so-called 'faith of the charcoal-burner', who affirms that to be true which is printed in a book he has never read because he cannot read, and who furthermore does not know what the book says."

If there is in the best Elizabethan work what we in our com-

placency call " a modern note ", a view detached from the restriction of creed and the limitation of knowledge, it is not because of lack of seriousness, but because it has for the moment by the intensity of its imaginative energy found a way to what lies beneath and animates both science and religion.

With the passing of the national impulse and the break-up of the unity of the country comes a change in its literature, but the legacy of this happy moment can be enjoyed in part at least and in some measure estimated in the following pages.

LYLY TO SHIRLEY

c. 1590 — *c.* 1640

SIX CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

JOHN LYLY

(? 1554 · 1606)

JOHN LYLY was a "man of Kent", and was born in 1553 or 1554. He was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1573 and M.A. in 1575. When a young man of twenty-five, he leapt into sudden fame by publishing his prose romance, *Euphues or the Anatomic of Wit*. This book was immensely popular, and for more than a decade exercised a potent influence not only over literature but over polite conversation. The exact nature of *euphuism*, as the jargon of Lyly's book came to be called, has been sometimes misinterpreted. Sir Walter Scott is in part responsible for this, as Sir Piercie Shafton, who is represented in *The Monastery* as a euphuist, is a vain and fantastical fop, but not a euphuist in the proper sense of that word. The chief characteristics of euphuism are: (1) "a sweet profusion of soft allusion" to the classics, especially to classical mythology; (2) references to unnatural natural history, mostly derived from Pliny (Lyly

not only mentions "Beasts which Buffon never knew", but attributes extraordinary qualities and habits to well-known beasts); (3) alliteration, or affecting the letter; (4) antithetical arrangement of words; (5) puns; and (6) epigrams. Lyly's style took the polite world by storm; he followed up his success by writing a sequel to his novel, entitled *Euphues and his England* and published in 1580. Both novels are thin as regards plot; the author devoted all his energies to elaborating his fantastic but by no means despicable style. Like many works which have been extravagantly praised on their first appearance, Lyly's two novels have been unduly depreciated by many later generations. He was something of a philosopher and moralist as well as a courtier, and his books may be enjoyed for their sound moralizings as well as for the elaborate style which has gained for them a limited immortality in examination-papers. Lyly's other non-dramatic work consists of a contribution (which is

denied to him by some critics) to the Martin Marprelate controversy, a controversy which produced a legion of pamphlets but no literature.

Lyly cherished the ambition—destined to be unfulfilled—of becoming Master of the Revels. He was “entertained as servant” by the queen about 1580, and wrote in all eight comedies between 1579 and 1590. His plays were all written for performance at court by the Chapel Children and the Paul’s Boys; hence they stand rather apart from other Elizabethan plays. They are written in a delicate and trifling vein, their charm lies in their dialogue rather than their plot, and they are designed to appeal to a highly cultured audience. They are caviare to the general; the groundlings of the Globe would have found them unintelligible and insipid. It is not easy to ascertain their dates with accuracy, but their names and approximate dates are *Endimion* (1579), *Sapho and Phao* (1582), *Alexander and Campaspe* (1583), *Gallathea* (1584), *Mydas* (1588), *Mother Bombie* (1589), *Love’s Metamorphosis* (1590), and *The Woman in the Moone* (1590). They are all, except *The Woman in the Moone*, written in prose, not in blank verse nor in doggerel. With one exception, *Mother Bombie*, which follows the Plautine tradition, they are all mythological and fanciful comedies. The best of them are perhaps

Endimion and *Alexander and Campaspe*. Many of them have been interpreted as containing veiled references to contemporary history; this method of interpretation, which is absurd or almost invariably so when applied to public plays, is not unreasonable when applied to these court shows. Lyly’s comedies are high comedies; they arouse what George Meredith said a comedy as distinguished from a farce should arouse thoughtful laughter. His prose is the work of a literary artist; he freely introduced into his plays lyrics of the most charming kind, delightful in themselves and in keeping with the situation. These lyrics did not appear in type until the collective edition of 1632, but there is no need to deny that they are at any rate the bulk of them. Lyly’s work. His plots are negligible; he saw men not clearly but as trees walking; but his great gifts to drama are refinement, literary style, and the fashion of introducing lyrics. It is not merely the fact that he adopted prose as a vehicle for his comedies that makes him important. He is important because his style, though often conceited and fantastic, is a style; not a mere fortuitous concurrence of words, as the compositions of some of his predecessors tended to be.

[R. Warwick Bond, *The Complete Works of John Lyly*; J. D. Wilson, *John Lyly*; C. G. Child, *Lyly and Rhapsuism*; A. Feuillerat, *John Lyly*.]

From "Euphues"

Euphues to a young gentleman in Naples named Alcius, who leauing his study followed all lightnes and liued both shamefully and sinfully to the grieve of his friends and discredite of the Vniuersitie.

If I should talke in words of those things which I haue to conferre with thee in writinges certes thou wouldst blush for shame, and I weepe for sorrowe: neither could my tongue vtter that with patience which my hand can scarce write with modesty, neither could thy ears heare that without glowing which thine eyes can hardly vewe without grieve. Ah *Alcius*, I cannot tel whether I should most lament in thee thy want of learning, or thy wanton lyuinge, in the one thou art inferiour to al men, in the other superior to al beasts. Insomuch as who seeth thy dul wit, and marketh thy froward will, may wel say that he neuer saw smacke of learning in thy dooings, nor sparke of relygion in thy life. Thou onely vauntest of thy gentry, truely thou wast made a gentleman before thou knewest what honesty meant, and no more hast thou to boast of thy stocke then he who being left rich by his father dyeth a begger by his folly. Nobilitie began in thine auncestors and endeth in thee, and the Generositie that they gayned by vertue thou hast blotted with vice. If thou claime gentry by pedegree, practise gentlenesse by thine honesty, that as thou challengest to be noble in bloud, thou maist also proue noble by knowledge, otherwise shalt thou hang lyke a blast among the faire blossomes and lyke a staine in a peece of white Lawne.

The Rose that is eaten with the Canker is not gathered bicause it groweth on that stalke that the sweet doth, neither was *Helen* made a Starre, bicause shee came of that Egge with *Castor*, nor thou a gentleman in that thy auncestours were of nobilitie. It is not the descent of birth but the consent of conditions that maketh Gentlemen, neither great manors but good manners that expresse the true Image of dignitie. There is copper coine of the stampe that gold is, yet is it not currant, there commeth poyson of the fish as wel as good oyle, yet is it not wholsome, and of man may procede an euill childe and yet no Gentleman. For as the Wine that runneth on the lees, is not therefore to be accompted neate bicause it was drawne of the same peece. Or as the water that springeth from the fountaines head and floweth into the filthy channel is not to be called cleere bicause it came of the same streame: so neither is he that descendeth of noble parentage, if he desist from noble deedes to be esteemed a Gentleman in that he issued from the loyns of a noble sire, for that he obscureth the parents he came off, and discrediteth his owne estate.

There is no Gentleman in *Athens* but sorroweth to see thy behaviour so far to disagree from thy birthe, for this say they al (which is the chiefest note of a gentleman) that thou shouldest as well desire honestie in thy life, as honor by thy lineage: that thy nature should not swerue from thy name, that as thou by dutie woldest be regarded for thy progenie, so thou wouldest endeaunour by deserts to be reuerenced for thy pietie.

The pure Coral is chosen as wel by his vertue as his colour, a king is known better by his courage, then his crowne, a right Gentleman is sooner seene by the tryall of his vertue then blasing of his armes.

But I let passe thy birth, wishing thee rather with *Ulysses* to shew it in workes, then with *Aiax* to boast of it with words: thy stocke shall not be the lesse, but thy modestie the greater. Thou liuest in *Athens*, as the Waspe doth among Bees, rather to sting then to gather Hummy, and thou dealest with most of thy acquaintance as the Dogge doth in the maunger, who neither suffereth the horse to eat hay, nor wil himselfe. For thou being idle, wilt not permit any (as farre as in thee lyeth) to be well employed. Thou art an heyre to fayre luying, that is nothing, if thou be disherited of learning, for better were it to thee to inherite righteousnesse then riches, and far more seemely were it for thee to haue thy studie full of bookes, then thy pursse full of mony: to get goods is the benefit of Fortune, to keepe them the gift of Wisedome. As therefore thou art to possesse them by thy fathers wil, so art thou to encrease them by thine owne wit.

But alas, why desirest thou to haue the reuenewes of thy parent, and nothing regardest to haue his vertues? seekest thou by succession to enioy thy patrimony, and by vice to obscure his pietie? wilt thou haue the title of his honour, and no touch of his honestie? Ah *Achilles* remember that thou art borne not to liue after thine own lust, but to learne to dye, wherby thou maist liue after thy death. I haue often heard thy father say, and that with a deepe sigh, the teares trickling downe his gray haire, that thy mother neuer longed more to haue thee borne when she was in trauaile, then he to haue thee dead to rid him of trouble. And not seldome hath thy mother wished, that either hir wombe had bene thy graue, or the ground hers. Yea, all thy friendes with open mouth, desire either that God will send thee grace to amend thy life, or grieue to hasten thy death.

Thou wilt demaund of me in what thou dost offend: and I aske thee in what thou doest not sinne. Thou swearest thou art not couetous, but I saye thou arte prodigall, and as much sinneth he that lauisheth without meane, as he that hoordeth without measure. But canst thou excuse thy selfe of vice in that thou arte not couetous? certainly no more then the murtherer would therefore be guyltlesse, because he is no coyner. But why go I about to debate reason with thee when thou hast no regard of honestie? thou I leaue heere to perswade thee, yet

will I not cease to pray for thee. In the meane season I desire thee, yea, and in Gods name commaund thee, that if neither the care of thy parents, whom thou shouldest comfort, nor the counsaile of thy friends which thou shouldst credite, nor the rigour of the law which thou oughtest to feare, nor the authoritie of the Magistrate, which thou shouldst reuerence, can allure thee to grace: yet the law of thy Sauour who hath redeemed thee, and the punishment of the Almighty, who continually threatneth thee, should draw thee to amendement, otherwise as thou liuest now in sinne, so shalt thou dye with shame, and remaine with Sathan. From whom he that made thee, keepe thee.

From "Endimion"

ACT IV, SCENE II

SAMIAS. DARES. EPITON. (Three pages.)

Samias.—Will thy master never awake?

Dares.—No, I think he sleeps for a wager: but how shall we spend the time? Sir Tophas is so far in love that he pineth in his bed, and cometh not abroad.

Samias.—But here cometh Epi, in a pelting chafe.

Epiton.—A pox of all false proverbs, and were a proverb a page, I would have him by the ears.

Samias.—Why art thou angry?

Epiton.—Why? you know it is said, the tide tarrieth no man.

Samias.—True.

Epiton.—A monstrous lie; for I was tied two hours, and tarried for one to unloose me.

Dares.—Alas, poor Epi.

Epiton.—Poor? No, no, you base-conceited slaves, I am a most complete gentleman, although I be in disgrace with Sir Tophas.

Dares.—Art thou out with him?

Epiton.—Ay, because I cannot get him a lodging with Endimion; he would fain take a nap for forty or fifty years.

Dares.—A short sleep, considering our long life.

Samias.—Is he still in love?

Epiton.—In love? why he doth nothing but make sonnets.

Samias.—Canst thou remember any one of his poems?

Epiton.—Ay, this is one.

The beggar Love that knows not where to lodge:
At last within my heart when I slept,
He crept.
I waked, and so my fancies began to fodge.

Samias.—That's a very long verse.

Epiton.—Why, the other was short, the first is called from the thumb to the little finger, the second from the little finger to the elbow, and some he made to reach to the crown of his head, and down again to the sole of his foot: it is set to the tune of the black Sancee, *ratto est*, because Dipsas is a black saint.

Dares.—Very wisely, but pray thee, *Épi*, how art thou complete, and being from thy master what occupation wilt thou take?

Epiton.—No, my hearts, I am an absolute *Microcosmus*, a petty world of myself, my library is my head, for I have no other books but my brains; my wardrobe on my back, for I have no more apparel than is on my body; my armoury at my finger ends, for I use no other artillery than my nails; my treasure in my purse. *Sic omnia mea mecum porto*.

Dares.—Good!

Epiton.—Now, sirs, my palace is paved with grass, and tiled with stars: for *coelo tegitur qui non habet urnam*, he that hath no house must lie in the yard.

Samias.—A brave resolution. But how wilt thou spend thy time?

Epiton.—Not in melancholy sort, for mine exercise I will walk horse, *Dares*.

Dares.—Too bad.

Epiton.—Why, is it not said: It is good walking, when one hath his horse in his hand?

Samias.—Worse, and worse, but how wilt thou live?

Epiton.—By angling; O 'tis a stately occupation to stand four hours in a cold morning, and to have his nose bitten with frost before his bait be mumbled with a fish.

Dares.—A rare attempt, but wilt thou never travel?

Epiton.—Yes, in a western barge, when with a good wind and lusty pugs * one may go ten miles in two days.

Samias.—Thou art excellent at thy choice, but what pastime wilt thou use, none?

Epiton.—Yes, the quickest of all.

Samias.—What! dice?

Epiton.—No, when I am in haste, one and twenty games at chess to pass a few minutes.

Dares.—A life for a little lord, and full of quickness.

Epiton.—Tush, let me alone! but I must needs see if I can find where Endimion lieth; and then go to a certain fountain hard by, where they say faithful lovers shall have all things they will ask. If I can find out any of these, *ego et magister meus erimus in tuto*, I and my master shall be friends. He is resolved to weep some three to four pailfuls to avoid the rheum of love that wambleth in his stomach.

* Bargemen.

(*Enter the WATCH*)

Samias.—Shall we never see thy master, Dares?

Dares.—Yes, let us go now, for to-morrow Cynthia will be there.

Epiton.—I will go with you. But how shall we see for the Watch?

Samias.—Tush, let me alone! I'll begin to them. Masters, God speed you.

1 Watch.—Sir boy, we are all sped already.

Epiton.—So methinks, for they smell all of drink like a beggar's beard.

Dares.—But I pray, sirs, may we see Endimion?

2 Watch.—No, we are commanded in Cynthia's name that no man shall see him.

Samias.—No man? Why, we are but boys.

1 Watch.—Mass, neighbours, he says true, for if I swear I will never drink my liquor by the quart, and yet call for two pints, I think with a safe conscience I may carouse both.

Dares.—Pithily, and to the purpose.

2 Watch.—Tush, tush, neighbours, take me with you.

Samias.—This will grow hot.

Dares.—Let them alone.

2 Watch.—If I say to my wife, Wife, I will have no raisins in my pudding, she puts in currants, small raisins are raisins, and boys are men. Even as my wife should have put no raisins in my pudding, so shall there no boys see Endimion.

Dares.—Learnedly.

Epiton.—Let Master Constable speak: I think he is the wisest among you.

Master Constable.—You know, neighbours, 'tis an old said saw, *Children and fools speak true*.

All Say.—True.

Master Constable.—Well, there you see the men be the fools, because it is provided from the children.

Dares.—Good.

Master Constable.—Then say I, neighbours, that children must not see Endimion, because children and fools speak true.

Epiton.—O wicked application!

Samias.—Scurvily brought about!

1 Watch.—Nay, he says true, and therefore till Cynthia have been here he shall not be uncovered. 'Therefore away!

Dares.—A watch quoth you? a man may watch seven years for a wise word, and yet go without it. 'Their wits are all as rusty as their bills.

Bird Songs

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
 O! 'tis the ravished nightingale.
 "Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu!" she cries,
 And still her woes at midnight rise.
 Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?
 None but the lark so shrill and clear;
 Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
 The morn not waking till she sings.
 Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
 Poor robin redbreast tunes his note!
 Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,
 "Cuckoo," to welcome in the spring!
 "Cuckoo," to welcome in the spring!

Cupid and Campaspe

Cupid and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses, Cupid paid:
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
 Loses them too; then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple of his chin:
 All these did my Campaspe win.
 At last he set her both his eyes;
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love! has she done this for thee?
 What shall, alas! become of me?

GEORGE PEELE

(? 1558 – ? 1597)

GEORGE PEELE was the son of the clerk of Christ's Hospital, an able man with an expert knowledge of book-keeping, which he did not transmit to his son, who was always amiably impecunious. Peele was educated at Christ's Hospital and at Broadgates Hall (now Pembroke College), Oxford; he migrated, however, to Christ Church, whence he graduated B.A. in 1577 and M.A. in 1579. After leaving Oxford he led a Bohemian life in London, and was a friend of Greene, Nash, and Marlowe. He married, in 1583, a lady of property, but did not become any more sober in his mode of living. Little more is known of his life, but he died before September, 1598, when the Reverend Francis Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, wrote brutally and euphuistically, "As Anacreon died by the pot, so George Peele by the pox". There is some reason to believe that alliteration may have taken precedence of truth in this statement. Some nine years after his death there appeared a collection of facetiae entitled *Merrie conceited Jests of George Peele*. Some of these jests are much older than Peele, but some passages are biographical. Upon one of these stories is based *The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street*, a play sometimes misattributed to Shakespeare. Its hero, George Pyeboard, is Peele himself ("peel" is a baker's board used for putting pies in the oven).

Peele's pastoral comedy *The*

Araygnement of Paris appeared about 1581. It is a graceful play, full of skilful flattery of Queen Elizabeth. *King Edward I* (to reduce its lengthy title to a reasonable compass) is a chronicle-history which misrepresents Queen Elinor because she was a Spaniard. It probably appeared soon after the defeat of the Armada. *The Battell of Alcasar* is a vigorous play which is probably by Peele. *The Old Wives' Tale* is one of the most amusing of Peele's plays. It is usually considered to be a skit upon romantic drama, and so a forerunner of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*; but some critics consider that it exemplifies rather than satirizes a certain kind of folly. Milton derived more than a hint or two from this play when writing *Comus*. *The Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe* (1588), a somewhat cloying play, owes its plot entirely to the Old Testament, and was probably written to conciliate puritan opposition to the drama, though it may well be doubted whether it succeeded in its well-meant endeavour. Fleay credits (or perhaps it would be more correct to say discredits) Peele with the authorship of *The Wisdom of Doctor Doddipoll, Wily Beguiled*, and *The Life and Death of Jack Straw*.

Peele had not the natural gifts that a dramatist should have; his very considerable gifts were purely poetical. He wrote plays simply to make a livelihood; he had no literary conscience, and something

of the university man's contempt for his audience. *The Old Wives' Tale* probably gives his views upon contemporary drama; in his last years he wrote pageants because they paid better. He could not handle a plot, or a dramatic situation. His work, however, is full of variety and interest, and he has a real gift for musical effect. His

poems contain some beautiful passages; and it was not merely the partiality of a friend which made Nash call him *primus verborum artifex* the first artist in words.

[Sir A. W. Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*; J. A. Symonds, *Shakespeare's Predecessors*; A. H. Bullen, *The Works of George Peele*; F. Chelland, *Étude sur George Peele*.]

A Sonnet

His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd;
 O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
 His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,
 But spurn'd in vain; youth waneth by encreasing;
 Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen,
 Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
 And lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms;
 A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, which are age his alms;
 But though from court to cottage he depart,
 His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song;
 Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
 Curs'd be the souls that think her any wrong;
 Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
 To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

From "The Araygnement of Paris"

(*Flora dresses Ida Hill, to honour the coming of the Three Goddesses.*)

FLORA

Not Iris in her pride and bravery
 Adorns her Arch with such variety;
 Nor doth the Milk-white Way in frosty night
 Appear so fair and beautiful in sight,

As done these fields, and groves, and sweetest bowers,
 Bestrew'd and deck'd with parti-colour'd flowers.
 Along the bubbling brooks, and silver glide,
 That at the bottom doth in silence slide,
 The watery flowers and lilies on the banks
 Like blazing comets burgeon all in ranks;
 Under the hawthorn and the poplar tree,
 Where sacred Phoebe may delight to be:
 The primrose, and the purple hyacinth,
 The dainty violet, and the wholesome minth;
 The double daisy, and the cowslip (queen
 Of summer flowers), do overpeer the green;
 And round about the valley as ye pass,
 Ye may ne see (for peeping flowers) the grass.—
 They are at hand by this.
 Juno hath left her chariot long ago,
 And hath return'd her peacocks by her rainbow:
 And bravely, as becomes the wife of Jove,
 Doth honour by her presence to our grove:
 Fair Venus she hath let her sparrows fly,
 To tend on her, and make her melody;
 Her turtles and her swans unyoked be,
 And flicker near her side for company:
 Pallas hath set her tigers loose to feed,
 Commanding them to wait when she hath need:
 And hitherward, with proud and stately pace,
 To do us honour in the sylvan chase,
 They march, like to the pomp of heaven above,
 Juno, the wife and sister of King Jove,
 The warlike Pallas, and the Queen of Love.

(The *Muses* and *Country Girls* assemble to welcome the *Goddesses*.)

POMONA

— with country store like friends we venture forth.
 Think'st, Faunus, that these goddesses will take our gifts in worth?

FAUNUS

Nay, doubtless; for, 'shall tell thee, dame, 'twere better give a thing,
 A sign of love, unto a mighty person, or a king,
 Than to a rude and barbarous swain both bad and basely born:
 For gently takes the gentleman that oft the clown will scorn.

GEORGE PEELE

The welcoming Song

COUNTRY GODS

O Ida, O Ida, O Ida, happy hill!
This honour done to Ida may it continue still!

MUSES

Ye country gods, that in this Ida wonne,
Bring down your gifts of welcome,
For honour done to Ida.

GODS

Behold in sign of joy we sing,
And signs of joyful welcome bring,
For honour done to Ida.

PAN

The god of shepherds, and his mates,
With country cheer salutes your States;
Fair, wise, and worthy, as you be!
And thank the gracious Ladies Three,
For honour done to Ida.

PARIS. OENONE.

PARIS

Oenone, while we bin disposed to walk,
Tell me, what shall be subject of our talk:
'Thou hast a sort of pretty tales in store;
'Dare say no nymph in Ida's woods hath more.
Again, beside thy sweet alluring face,
In telling them thou hast a special grace.
Then prithee, sweet, afford some pretty thing,
Some toy that from thy pleasant wit doth spring.

OENONE

Paris, my heart's contentment, and my choice,
Use thou thy pipe, and I will use my voice;
So shall thy just request not be denied,
And time well-spent, and both be satisfied.

PARIS

Well, gentle nymph, although thou do me wrong,
 That can ne tune my pipe unto a song,
 Me list this once, Oenone, for thy sake,
 'This idle task on me to undertake. [*They sit under a tree together.*]

OENONE

And whercon then shall be my roundelay?
 For thou hast heard my store long since, 'dare say—
 How Saturn did divide his kingdom tho'
 'To Jove, to Neptune, and to Dis below:
 How mighty men made foul successful war
 Against the gods, and state of Jupiter:
 How Phoreyas' ympe, that was so trick and fair
 'That tangled Neptune in her golden hair,
 Became a Gorgon for her lewd misdeed;—
 A pretty fable, Paris, for to read;
 A piece of cunning, trust me for the nonce,
 'That wealth and beauty alter men to stones:
 How Salmacis, resembling Idleness,
 'Turns men to women all through wantonnes':
 How Pluto raught Queen Ceres' daughter thence,
 And what did follow of that love offence:
 Of Daphne turn'd into the laurel tree,
 'That shows a mirror of virginity:
 How fair Narcissus, tooting * on his shade,
 Reproves disdain, and tells how form doth vade:
 How cunning Philomela's needle tells,
 What force in love, what wit in sorrow, dwells:
 What pains unhappy souls abide in hell,
 'They say, because on earth they lived not well,—
 Ixion's wheel, proud 'Tantal's pining wo,
 Prometheus' torment, and a many more;
 How Danaus' daughters ply their endless task;
 What toil the toil of Sysiphus doth ask.
 All these are old, and known, I know; yet, if thou wilt have any,
 Choose some of these; for, trust me else, Oenone hath not many.

PARIS

Nay, what thou wilt; but since my cunning not compares with thine,
 Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.

* Looking.

GEORGE PEELE

OENONE

ere is a pretty sonnet then, we call it Cupid's Curse:
hey that do change old love for new, pray gods they change for worse,"
[*They sing.*

OENONE

Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

PARIS

Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

OENONE

My love is fair, my love is gay,
And fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's Curse;
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse.

BOTH

Fair, and fair, etc. |
Fair, and fair, etc. | *Repeated.*

OENONE

My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry, merry roundelays.
Amen to Cupid's Curse;
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse.

BOTH

Fair, and fair, etc. |
Fair, and fair, etc. | *Repeated.*

ROBERT GREENE

(c. 1560 - 1592)

ROBERT GREENE was born at Norwich of parents who were several degrees more respectable than himself. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1578, and where he made friends with men as graceless as himself. After travelling in Spain and Italy, where he practised "such villainie as is abominable to declare", he returned to Cambridge and migrated to Clare Hall, graduating M.A. in 1583 and incorporating at Oxford in 1588. In or about 1583 he went to London, and commenced his precarious career as playwright and pamphleteer, a career which was sadly interrupted by his sordid profligacy. About 1585 he married, but deserted his wife after he had spent her money and she had borne him a son. His miserable life was rendered more miserable by frequent fits of repentance. He died at the age of thirty-two, and his death-scene is one of the most memorable in literary history—indeed it reads more like a passage from one of Zola's novels than a true story. His death was caused by a surfeit of Rhenish wine and pickled herrings. As he lay dying he wrote for help to his wife, whom he had left six years before. Some writers have stated that Greene was a clergyman, but though there were great discrepancies in his life, there was no discrepancy as great as that. Greene had many faults, but hypocrisy was not one of them; he could not have concealed the fact that he was in holy orders, if

he had been. In a well-known epigram Martial boasted that "His page was wanton, but his life was chaste". This saying might be reversed and applied to Greene. His life was profligate, but his writings singularly pure for that age. His chief plays are *Alphonsus King of Arragon*, an echo of *Tamerlane*; *Orlando Furioso*; *The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, probably written to rival *Dr. Faustus*; and *The Scottish History of James IV, slain at Flodden*. This last play belies its name, as it is not a chronicle-play, but a dramatization of a story found in Cinthio's *Itecatommithi*, the collection from which Shakespeare drew the plot of *Othello*. Greene, in fact, introduced real characters into a fictitious story, just as in mid-Victorian days T. W. Robertson did when writing *David Garrick*. Greene was not an all-accomplished dramatist, but he drew characters with some cleverness, and developed his plots with no little success.

Greene's romances, pamphlets, and miscellaneous writings may be divided into three classes—euphuistic, cony-catching, and penitential. Of the first class the most famous is *Pandosto* (1588), also known as *Dorastus and Fawnia*, because it is the direct source of *The Winter's Tale* and of Shakespeare's geographical knowledge of Bohemia. *Perimedes the Blacksmith* (1588), *Menaphon* (1589), and *Philomela* (1592) are other members of this class. It is doubtful whether the

exposing the ways of transgressors, or merely to put money in the author's pocket. They are amusing productions, the *Disputation between a He-Cony-Catcher and a She-Cony-Catcher* being perhaps the best. The penitential pamphlets are the work of his last days. In one of them, *Greene's Groutsworth of Wit*, he attacked Shakespeare as "an upstart crow". Many critics have been unable to forgive Greene for this attack; but seeing that Shakespeare developed late and had written little of outstanding merit before Greene died, it is not to be wondered at that Greene failed to foresee Shakespeare's

Greene's prose writings.
Greene as a writer followed the fashion; he imitated Lyly and Marlowe, and yet he added his own contribution of grace and delicacy to early drama. He was gross in his life, and shared Sir Toby Belch's taste for pulled herrings as a food which at once aroused appetite and provoked thirst. But, like a greater than Sir Toby, at times he "babbed of green fields", and showed himself, amid the squalor of his surroundings, a true poet of the country side.

[Editions by A. B. Grosart, J. Churton Collins, and F. H. Dickinson; J. C. Jordan, *Robert Greene*.]

Sephestia's Song to her Child

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee,
Mother's woe, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy,
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changed made him so,
When he left his pretty boy
Lost his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee,
Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
For one another's place supplies;
Thus he griev'd in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smil'd, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crow'd, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bless,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

(From *Menaphon*.)

Doron's Description of Samela

Like to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela;
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When wash'd by Arethusa fount they lie,
Is fair Samela;
As fair Aurora in her morning grey,
Deck'd with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela;
Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
Wheneas her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
Shines fair Samela;
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela;
Her cheeks, like rose and lily, yield forth gleams,
Her brows' bright arches fram'd of ebony;
Thus fair Samela
Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the show of majesty,
For she's Samela;
Pallas in wit, all three, if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity
Yield to Samela.

(From *Menaphon*.)

The Shepherd's Wife's Song

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
And sweeter too,
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown;
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet delights do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain.

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight;

And merrier too,
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet dearies dogan,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sitteth blithe to eat
His cream and curds, as doth the king his meat.

And blither too,
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen;
More wanton too,
For kings have many griefs' affects to move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief than love:

Ah then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the king upon his beds of down;
More sounder too,

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sith;

And blither too,
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land:

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

(From *The Mourning Garment*.)

From "Dorastus and Fawnia"

In the country of Bohemia, there reigned a king called Pandosto, whose fortunate success in wars against his foes, and bountiful courtesy towards his friends in peace, made him to be greatly feared and loved of all men. This Pandosto had to wife a lady called Bellaria, by birth royal, learned by education, fair by nature, by virtues famous, so that it was hard to judge whether her beauty, fortune, or virtue won the greatest commendations. These two, linked together in perfect love, led their lives with such fortunate content that their subjects greatly rejoiced to see their quiet disposition. They had not been married long, but Fortune, willing to increase their happiness, lent them a son, so adorned with the gifts of nature, as the perfection of the child greatly augmented the love of the parents and the joy of their commons; in so much that the Bohemians, to show their inward joys by outward actions, made bonfires and triumphs throughout all the kingdom, appointing jousts and tourneys for the honour of their young prince: whither resorted not only his nobles, but also divers kings and princes which were his neighbours, willing to show their friendship they ought to Pandosto, and to win fame and glory by their prowess and valour. Pandosto, whose mind was fraught with princely liberality, entertained the kings, princes, and noblemen with such submissive courtesy and magnificent bounty, that they all saw how willing he was to gratify their good wills, making a general feast for his subjects, which continued by the space of twenty days; all which time the jousts and tourneys were kept to the great content both of the lords and ladies there present. This solemn triumph being once ended, the assembly, taking their leave of Pandosto and Bellaria, the

young son, who was called Garinter, was nursed up in the house to the great joy and content of the parents.

Fortune envious of such happy success, willing to show some sign of her inconstancy, turned her wheel, and darkened their bright sun of prosperity with the misty clouds of mishap and misery. For it so happened that Egistus, king of Sicilia, who in his youth had been brought up with Pandosto, desirous to show that neither tract of time nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a navy of ships and sailed into Bohemia to visit his old friend and companion, who, hearing of his arrival, went himself in person and his wife Bellaria, accompanied with a great train of lords and ladies, to meet Egistus; and espying him, alighted from his horse, embraced him very lovingly, protesting that nothing in the world could have happened more acceptable to him than his coming, wishing his wife to welcome his old friend and acquaintance: who, to show how she liked him whom her husband loved, entertained him with such familiar courtesy as Egistus perceived himself to be very well welcome. After they had thus saluted and embraced each other, they mounted again on horseback and rode toward the city, devoting and recounting how being children they had passed their youth in friendly pastimes: where, by the means of the citizens, Egistus was received with triumphs and shows, in such sort that he marvelled how on so small a warning they could make such preparation.

Passing the streets, thus, with such rare sights, they rode on to the palace, where Pandosto entertained Egistus and his Sicilians with such banqueting and sumptuous cheer, so royally as they all had cause to commend his princely liberality; yea, the very basest slave that was known to come from Sicilia was used with such courtesy that Egistus might easily perceive how both he and his were honoured for his friend's sake. Bellaria, who in her time was the flower of courtesy, willing to show how unfeignedly she loved her husband by his friend's entertainment, used him likewise so familiarly that her countenance betrayed how her mind was affected towards him, oftentimes coming herself into his bed chamber to see that nothing should be amiss to unlike him. This honest familiarity increased daily more and more betwixt them; for Bellaria, noting in Egistus a princely and bountiful mind, adorned with sundry and excellent qualities, and Egistus, finding in her a virtuous and courteous disposition, there grew such a secret uniting of their affections, that the one could not well be without the company of the other: in so much, that when Pandosto was busied with such urgent affairs that he could not be present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walk with him into the garden, where they two in private and pleasant devices would pass away the time to both their contents. This custom still continuing betwixt them, a certain melancholy passion entering the mind of Pandosto drove him into sundry and doubtful thoughts. First, he

called to mind the beauty of his wife Bellaria, the comeliness and bravery of his friend Egistus, thinking that love was above all laws and, therefore, to be stayed with no law; that it was hard to put fire and flax together without burning; that their open pleasures might breed his secret displeasures. He considered with himself that Egistus was a man and must needs love, that his wife was a woman and, therefore, subject unto love, and that where fancy forced friendship was of no force.

These and such like doubtful thoughts, a long time smothering in his stomach, began at last to kindle in his mind a secret mistrust, which, increased by suspicion, grew at last to a flaming jealousy that so tormented him as he could take no rest. He then began to measure all their actions, and to misconstrue of their too private familiarity, judging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancy, so that he began to watch them more narrowly to see if he could get any true or certain proof to confirm his doubtful suspicion. While thus he noted their looks and gestures and suspected their thoughts and meanings, they two silly souls, who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily each other's company, which drave him into such a frantic passion, that he began to bear a secret hate to Egistus and a lowering countenance to Bellaria; who, marvelling at such unaccustomed frowns, began to cast beyond the moon, and to enter into a thousand sundry thoughts, which way she should offend her husband: but finding in herself a clear conscience ceased to muse, until such time as she might find fit opportunity to demand the cause of his dumps. In the meantime Pandosto's mind was so far charged with jealousy, that he did no longer doubt, but was assured, as he thought, that his friend Egistus had entered a wrong point in his tables, and so had played him false play: whereupon, desirous to revenge so great an injury, he thought best to dissemble the grudge with a fair and friendly countenance, and so under the shape of a friend to show him the trick of a foe. Devising with himself a long time how he might best put away Egistus without suspicion of treacherous murder, he concluded at last to poison him; which opinion pleasing his humour he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to pass he called unto him his cupbearer, with whom in secret he brake the matter, promising to him for the performance thereof to give him a thousand crowns of yearly revenues.

The manner of the death and last end of
ROBERT GREENE *Maister of Artes*

After that he had pend the former discourse (then lying sore sicke of a surfet which hee had taken with drinking) hee continued most patient and penitent; yea, he did with teares forsake the world, renounced

swearing, and desired forgiveness of God for his sinnes, so that during all the time of his sicknesse (which was about a moneths space) hee was neuer heard to sweare, curse, or blasphem the name of God as he was accustomed to do before that time, which greatly comforted his welwillers, to see how mightily the grace of God did worke in him.

He confessed himselfe that he was neuer heart sick, but said that al his paine was in his belly. And although he continually scowred, yet still his belly sweld, and neuer left swelling upward, untill it sweld him at the hart and in his face.

During the whole time of his sicknes, he continually called vpon God, and recited these sentences following:

O Lord forgive me my manifold offences.

O Lord haue mercie vpon me.

O Lord forgive me my secret sinnes, and in thy mercie

(Lord) pardon them all.

Thy mercie (O Lord) is aboue thy works.

And with such like godly sentences hee passed the time, euen till he gaue vp the Ghost.

And this is to bee noted, that his sicknesse did not so greatly weaken him, but that he walked to his chaire & backe againe the night before he departed, and then (being feeble) laying him downe on his bed, about nine of the clocke at night, a friend of his tolde him, that his Wife had sent him commendations, and that shee was in good health: wherat he greatly reioiced, confessed that he had mightily wronged her, and wished that hee might see her before he departed. Whereupon (feeling his time was but short), hee tooke pen and inke, & wrote her a Letter to this effect.

Sweet Wife, as euer there was any good will or friendship
betweene thee and mee, see this bearer (my Host) satisfied
of his debt, I owe him tenne pound, and but for him I had
perished in the streetes. Forget and forgive my wronges
done vnto thee, and Almighty God haue mercie on
my soule. Farewell till we meet in heauen,
for on earth thou shalt neuer
see me more. This 2. of
September, 1592.

Written by thy dying Husband
ROBERT GURNE.

THOMAS LODGE

(? 1558 – 1625)

THOMAS LODGE was the son of a Lord Mayor of London, and grandson of Sir William Laxton, the founder of Oundle School. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and at Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1577 and M.A. in 1581. He was entered at Lincoln's Inn, but abandoned a legal for a literary career, with intervals of adventure and voyaging. He was never an actor, as was at one time believed. After a short experience of soldiering, he sailed to the Canaries in 1588; in 1591 he accompanied Cavendish to South America. About 1596 Lodge abandoned literature as a profession and began to study medicine, graduating M.D. at Avignon in 1600 and at Oxford in 1602. Some time about 1600 he became a Roman Catholic, and the last twenty years or so of his life appear to have been chiefly devoted to the practice of medicine, principally among his fellow-religionists. He died of plague in 1625.

Lodge was a man of tireless energy and immense versatility. He wrote pamphlets, novels, plays, poems, sonnets, satires, translations, and medical works. In some of his pamphlets he crossed swords with Stephen Gosson, and defended plays and players against that redoubtable antagonist. His own plays are neither numerous nor

important; he collaborated with Greene to write *A Looking Glasse for London and England* (1591), a curious but inartistic piece; his only other play is *The Wounds of Civill War* (1587), a heavy play dealing with Marius and Sulla. The best known of Lodge's romances is *Rosalynde: Euphues' Golden Legacie*, which he wrote to relieve the tedium of his voyage to the Canaries. Shakespeare afterwards dramatized this romance under the name of *As You Like It*. His other romances include *Euphues' Shadow* and *A Margarite of America*. Lodge's plays are poor, and his romances more interesting historically than intrinsically; but his poems, especially his short songs, are exquisite, among the best of his day. *Glaucus and Scilla*, a more ambitious effort, perhaps inspired Shakespeare to write *Venus and Adonis*. Lodge abandoned imaginative writing about 1596, though in his medical days he translated Josephus and Seneca and wrote a *Treatise of the Plague*. As a literary man his desire outran his performance; but he will always be remembered as the inspirer of one of the most charming of Shakespeare's comedies and as the author of some of the daintiest songs in the language.

[Sir Edmund Gosse, *Seventeenth Century Studies*; M. E. N. Fraser, *Thomas Lodge as a Dramatist*.]

From "Rosalynde: Euphues" Golden Legacie"

The Wrestling Match

At last, when the tournament ceased, the wrestling began, and the Norman presented himself as a challenger against all comers, but he looked like Hercules when he advanced himself against Achilles, so that the fury of his countenance amazed all that durst attempt to encounter with him in any deed of activity: till at last a brave franklin of the country came with two tall men that were his sons, of good lineaments and comely personage. The eldest of these doing his obeisance to the king entered the list, and presented himself to the Norman, who straight coped with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glory of his strength, roused himself with such fury, that not only he gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his copulent personage: which the younger brother seeing, leaped presently into the place, and thirsting after the revenge, assailed the Norman with such valour, that at the first encounter he brought him to his knees; which repulsed so the Norman, that, recovering himself, fear of disgrace doubling his strength, he stepped so sternly to the young franklin, that taking him up in his arms he threw him against the ground so violently, that he broke his neck, and so ended his days with his brother. At this unlooked for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a deep passion of pity; but the franklin, father unto these, never changed his countenance, but as a man of a courageous resolution took up the bodies of his sons without show of outward discontent.

All this while stood Rosader and saw this tragedy; who, noting the undoubted virtue of the franklin's mind, alighted off from his horse, and presently sat down on the grass, and commanded his boy to pull off his boots, making him ready to try the strength of this champion. Being furnished as he would, he clapped the franklin on the shoulder and said thus:

"Bold yeoman, whose sons have ended the term of their years with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and thwartest the injury of fate with content in brooking the death of thy sons, stand awhile, and either see me make a third in their tragedy, or else revenge their fall with an honourable triumph."

The franklin, seeing so goodly a gentleman to give him such courteous comfort, gave him hearty thanks, with promise to pray for his happy success. With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leaped within the lists, where noting more the company than the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troop of ladies that glistened there like the stars

of heaven; but at last, Love, willing to make him as amorous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynde, whose admirable beauty so inveigled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himself, he stood and fed his looks on the favour of Rosalynde's face; which she perceiving blushed, which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashful red of Aurora at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton, was not half so glorious.

The Norman seeing this young gentleman fettered in the looks of the ladies, drave him out of his *memento* with a shake by the shoulder. Rosader looking back with an angry frown, as if he had been awakened from some pleasant dream, discovered to all by the fury of his countenance that he was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth and the sweetness of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action; but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wished him to be graced with the palm of victory. After Rosader was thus called out of his *memento* by the Norman, he roughly clapped to him with so fierce an encounter, that they both fell to the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe; in which space the Norman called to mind by all tokens, that this was he whom Saladyne had appointed him to kill; which conjecture made him stretch every limb, and try every sinew, that working his death he might recover the gold which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but still cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to encourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous look, as might have made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalynde so fired the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman he ran upon him and braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to mind the beauty of his new mistress, the fame of his father's honours, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by his misfortune, roused himself and threw the Norman against the ground, falling upon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yielded nature her due, and Rosader the victory.

The death of this champion, as it highly contented the franklin, as a man satisfied with revenge, so it drew the king and all the peers into a great admiration, that so young years and so beautiful a personage should contain such martial excellence; but when they knew him to be the youngest son of Sir John of Bordeaux, the king rose from his seat and embraced him, and the peers entreated him with all favourable courtesy, commending both his valour and his virtues, wishing him to go forward in such haughty deeds, that he might attain to the glory of his father's honourable fortunes.

Rosalynde's Madrigal

Love in my bosom like a bee
 Doth suck his sweet;
 Now with his wing, he plays with me,
 Now with his feet.
 Within mine eyes he make his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast;
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest.
 Ah, wanton, will ye!

And if I sleep, then percheth he
 With pretty flight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee
 The livelong night.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
 He music plays if so I sing;
 He lends me every lovely thing,
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
 Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
 Will whip you hence,
 And bind you, when you long to play,
 For your offence;
 I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
 I'll make you fast it for your sin,
 I'll count your power not worth a pin.
 Alas, what hereby shall I win,
 If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a God.
 Then sit thou safely on my knee,
 And let thy bower my bosom be;
 Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee.
 O Cupid, so thou pity me,
 Spare not but play thee.

THOMAS LODGE

Montanus's Sonnet

Phoebe sate,
Sweet she sate,
 Sweet sate Phoebe when I saw her;
White her brow,
Coy her eye:
 Brow and eye how much you please me!
Words I spent,
Sighs I sent:
 Sighs and words could never draw her.
O my love,
Thou art lost,
 Since no sight could ever ease thee.

Phoebe sat
By a fount;
 Sitting by a fount I spied her:
Sweet her touch,
Rare her voice:
 'Touch and voice what may distain you?
As she sung
I did sigh,
 And by sighs whilst that I tried her,
O mine eyes!
You did lose
 Her first sight whose want did pain you.

Phoebe's flocks,
White as wool:
 Yet were Phoebe's locks more whiter.
Phoebe's eyes
Dovelike mild:
 Dovelike eyes, both mild and cruel.
Montan swears,
In your lamps
 He will die for to delight her.
Phoebe yield,
Or I die:
 Shall true hearts be fancy's fuel?

THOMAS LODGE.

Rosalynce's Description

Like to the cleare in hyberia sphere
Where all imperial glory dwelleth,
Of selfsame colour is her haire,
Whether untolded or in twine:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalynce,
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Repining heaven by every look,
The gods do feare whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I thinke
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her cheeks are like the bladders of gold
That beautified Aurora's face,
Or like the silver cream should
That Phoebus' smiling look doth trace:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalynce,
Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom rankes of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds she balme can looke,
Apt to entice a deity:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her neck, like to a stately tower
Where Love himself imprisoned he,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eye:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalynce,
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where nature moulds the dew of light,
To feed perfection with the same:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphires blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view:
Heigh ho, fair Rosalynce,
Nature herself her shape admires,
The gods are wounded in her sight,

And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
 And at her eyes his brand doth light:
 Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Then muse not, nymphs, though I beinoan
 The absence of fair Rosalynde,
 Since for her fair there is fairer none,
 Nor for her virtues so divine:
 Heigh ho, fair Rosalynde.
 Heigh ho, my heart, would God that she were mine!

THOMAS NASH

(1567 – 1601)

THOMAS NASH was born at Lowestoft in 1567, and was the son of a minister. As the Reverend William Nash chose scriptural names (Nathaniel, Israel, Rebecca, Martha) for his other children, it is likely that he was a Puritan; hence, in all probability, arose his Bohemian son's antipathy to Puritanism. Nash was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, which he dutifully described as "an university within itself". After graduating B.A. in 1586, he probably visited Italy and Germany, acquiring a strong liking for the former and an equally strong disrelish for the latter. By 1588 he had settled in London, and adopted literature as a means of livelihood. His first work was *The Anatomie of Absurditie* (1589), a kind of comic companion work to Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*. He then flung himself with characteristic impetuosity into the Martin Marprelate controversy, lashing the Puritans with merciless satire. There is some doubt as to how many of the innumerable anony-

mous pamphlets were Nash's work, but his *nom de guerre* seems to have been Pasquil, and he almost certainly wrote *Martin's Month's Minde* (1589), *The First Parte of Pasquil's Apologie* (1590), and *An Almond for a Parrat* (1590). On the conclusion of this controversy Nash declared war upon Gabriel Harvey and his brothers, and a series of most amusing pamphlets followed, culminating in *Have with You to Saffron Walden* (1596). Three years later the controversy, which had gone to scandalous lengths, was stopped by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Amongst Nash's other pamphlets are *The Terrors of the Night* (1594), *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem* (written in 1593, during a temporary fit of repentance), and *Lenten Stuffe* (1599), an encomium of Yarmouth and its red herrings. *The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jack Wilton* (1594) is the earliest English picaresque novel. It attempted a new kind of writing, which no one again essayed until Defoe

siege of Rouen, and visits Venice, Florence, and Rome. He spends some time in London, and gives a lively description of its society. Real persons, such as Sir Thomas More, the Earl of Surrey, Francis I of France, Erasmus, and Cornelius Agrippa are introduced. His account of the loves of Surrey and Geraldine caused many generations of readers to mistake fiction for fact. *Jack Wilton* is somewhat incoherent, but is vividly written and shows close observation of human nature. As a prose writer Nash stands very high; in fact, his prose is more like Shakespeare's than is that of any of his contemporaries. He has the same irrepressibility, the same delight in inverted logic, and the same inexhaustible wealth of vocabulary. His two favourite authors and models appear to have been Rahe-

lowe's *Dido, Queen of Carthage* is poor. It is uncertain whether Nash completed this play in order to print it, or whether it was finished for production on the stage. *Sumner's Last Will and Testament*, a satirical masque, is more successful; it contains a charming poem on spring, which is partly given first place in *The Golden Treasury*. Nash was much less of a reprobate than Peele or Greene; he was more a scapegrace than a humiliate. Though he had a bitter tongue, he endeared himself to his contemporaries, one of whom called him "ingenious, ingenious, fluent, facetious Thomas Nash".

[R. B. McKerrow, *The Works of Thomas Nash*; H. F. B. Brett Smith, *The Unfortunate Traveller*; J. J. Jusserand, *The English Novel in the time of Shakespeare*; Sir Walter Raleigh, *The English Novel*.]

Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring, the sweet Spring!

A Lament in Time of Plague

Adieu! farewell earth's bliss,
'This world uncertain is:
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from his darts can fly:
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth
Gold cannot buy you health:
Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made;
'The plague full swift goes by;
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour:
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye:
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave:
Swords may not fight with fate:
Earth still holds ope her gate.
Come, come, the bells do cry:
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness
'Tasteth death's bitterness:
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply;
I am sick, I must die.

Lord have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree
'To welcome destiny:

Heaven is our heritage,
 Earth but a player's stage;
 Mount we unto the sky;
 I am sick, I must die
 I could have money on it!

From "The Unfortunate Traveller"

What is there in *France* to bee learned more than in *England*, but falshood in fellowship, perfect stonement, to hear no man but for my pleasure, to sweare *Ah par la mort Dieu*, when a man's hammer are scald? For the idle Traveller, (I meane not for the Foolbeard,) I have knowen some that haue continued there by the space of halfe a dozen yeares, and when they come home, they haue hid a little worried leane face vnder a broad French hat, kept a terrible cocke with the dust in the streete in their long cloakes of gray paper, and spoke English strangely. Nought els haue they profited by their trauell, save learnt to distinguish of the true *Bordeaux* Grape, and knowe a cup of neate *Cognacque* wine from wine of *Orleance*: yea, and peradventure thus also, to estimate of the pox as a pimple, to weare a velvet patch on their face, and walke melancholy with their Armes folded.

From *Spaine* what bringeth our Traveller? a small crownd hat of the fashion of an olde deepe parringer, a diminutive Aldermans ruffe with short strings like the droppings of a mans nose, a close belled doublet comming downe with a peake behinde as late as the crupper, and cut off before by the brest-bone like a partlet or neckercher, a wide paire of gascoynes which vngathered wold make a couple of women, ryding kirtles, huge hangers that haue half a cow hide in them, a caper that is lineally descended from halfe a dozen Dukes at the brest. Let his cloake be as long or as short as you will: if long, it is faced with Turkey trogeran raueld; if short, it hath a cape like a Calues tunic, and is not so deepe in his whole length, nor hath so much cloath in it, I will iustifie, as only the standing cape of a Dutchmans cloke. I haue not yet toucht all, for he hath in either shoo as much tuffatie for his tynges as wold serue for an ancient; which serueth him (if you wil haue the mysterie of it) of the owne accord for a shoo-rag. A soldier & a braggart he is (that concluded); he ietteth strouting, dancing on hys toes with his hands vnder his sides. If you talk with him, he makes a dishcloth of his owne Country in comparison of *Spaine*, but if you vrge him more particularly wherein it exceeds, he can giue no instance but in *Spaine* they haue better bread than any we haue; when (pore hungrie slaues) they may crumble it into water well inough, & make mizers with it, for they haue not a good morsell of meate except it be salt pilchers to eat with it all the yere long; and,

which is more, they are poore beggers, and lye in fowle straw cuerie night.

Italy, the Paradice of the earth and the Epicures heauen, how doth it forme our yong master? It makes him to kis his hand like an ape, cringe his necke like a starueling, and play at hey passe repasse come aloft, when he salutes a man. From thence he brings the art of atheisme, the art of epicurising, the art of whoring, the art of poysoning, the art of Sodomitie. The onely probable good thing they haue to keepe vs from vtterly condemning it is that it maketh a man an excellent Courtier, a curious carpet knight: which is, by interpretation, a fine close leacher, a glorious hipocrite. It is nowe a priue note amongst the better sort of men, when they would set a singular marke or brand on a notorious villaine, to say, he hath beene in *Italy*.

With the Dane and the Dutchman I will not encounter, for they are simple honest men, that, with *Danaus* Daughters, doe nothing but fill bottomeles tubs, & will be drunke & snort in the midst of dinner: he hurts himselfe only that goes thither, he cannot lightly be damnd, for the vintners, the brewers, the malt-men, and alewiues pray for him. Pitch and pay, they will pray all day: score & borrow, they will wish him much sorrow. But lightly a man is nere the better for their prayers, for they commit all deadly sin for the most part of them in mingling their drinke, the vintners in the highest degree.

Why iest I in such a necessarie perswasive discourse? I am a banisht exile from my country, though nere linkt in consanguinitie to the best: an Earle borne by birth, but a begger now as thou seest. These manie yeres in *Italy* haue I liued an outlaw. A while I had a liberall pension of the Pope, but that lasted not, for he continued not: one succeeded him in his chaire that cared neither for Englishmen nor his owne countrymen. Then was I driuen to pick vp my crums among the Cardinals, to implore the beneuolence & charitie of al the Dukes of *Italy*, whereby I haue since made a poore shift to liue, but so liue as I wish my selfe a thousand times dead.

Cum patriam amisi, tunc me periisse putato:

When I was banisht, thinke I caught my bane.

The sea is the native soile to fishes; take fishes from the sea, they take no ioy, nor thriue, but perish straight. So likewise the birds remooued from the aire (the abode whereto they were borne), the beasts from the earth, and I from *England*. Can a lamb take delight to be suckled at the breasts of a she-wolfe? I am a lamb nourisht with the milke of wolues, one that, with the *Ethiopians* inhabiting ouer against *Meroe*, feed on nothing but scorpions: vse is another nature, yet ten times more contentiue were nature, restored to her kingdom from whence she is excluded. Beleene me, no aire, no bread, no fire, no water doth a man anie good out of his owne countrey. Cold frutes neuer prosper in a hot soyle, nor

hot in a cold. Let no man for anie transitorie pleasure sell away the inheritance he hath of breathing in the place where hee was borne. Get thee home, my yong lad, laye thy bones peaceably in the sepulcher of thy fathers, waxe olde in overlooking thy ground; be at hand to close the eyes of thy kined. The diuel and I am desperate, he of being restored to heauen, I of being recalled home.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

(1564 1593)

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE was born in Canterbury on 6th Feb., 1564. His father was a shoemaker by trade. He was educated at the King's School, Canterbury, which he entered in 1578, and at Benet College, Cambridge (now Corpus Christi). He matriculated in 1581, took his B.A. degree in 1584, and his M.A. in 1587. Francis Kett, the mystic, who was burnt for heresy in 1589, was a Fellow and tutor of Benet College, and may perhaps have helped to develop Marlowe's attitude towards religion, an attitude often described as atheistical, but probably merely unconventional. At the time of his mysterious death a warrant had been issued summoning Marlowe to appear before the Privy Council to answer an accusation of blasphemy. It was not until three centuries later that the authorities adopted Tiberius's principle — *deorum iniurias dis curae*. After going down from Cambridge, Marlowe became a secret service agent of some kind, and travelled abroad in this capacity. The government specially recommended him for the M.A. degree, which the college authorities were apparently indisposed to grant. It is likely that Marlowe settled in London in 1586,

and that he soon joined the Lord Admiral's Company of Players. His career as a dramatist must have begun soon after his career as an actor. Nothing definite is known about his life in London; it was rumoured that he was wild and licentious. Certainly he worked hard, for in six years he wrote six plays, four of which were great successes on the stage. He was criticized by Nash, and attacked by Greene and Gabriel Harvey; he numbered Sir Walter Raleigh and Thomas Walsingham among his friends. On 30th May, 1593, he met three shady characters, Ingram Frizer, Nicholas Skeres, and Robert Poley, at the house of Eleanor Bull, widow, in Deptford. All his three companions were more or less connected with the secret service. They remained at Mistress Bull's from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., when a quarrel about the payment of the bill broke out between Frizer and Marlowe, in the course of which Marlowe was stabbed in the eye and died on the spot. Frizer was pardoned as having acted in self-defence, and lived until 1627, having been a churchwarden for twenty-two years. This is the official account of Marlowe's death, as unearthed by an American

scholar, Dr. J. Leslie Hotson, in 1925. As the two eyewitnesses and the murderer were men who would not stick at perjury, we may be allowed to doubt whether even yet we have got the true story. The story told in court, however, disposes of various fables about mistresses, bawdy serving-men, and blasphemy, which were used by Puritanical writers to point a moral.

Marlowe's earliest extant play is *Tamburlaine the Great*, which was probably produced in 1587. It is in two parts, but is virtually one play in ten acts. At the outset of the play Marlowe, with superb self-confidence, proclaims himself an innovator:

From jiggling veins of rhyming
mother-wits,
And such conceits as clownage
keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent
of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian
Tamburlaine
Threatening the world with high
astounding terms.

With all its faults of violence and bombast, *Tamburlaine* was incomparably the best tragedy that had as yet been produced on the English stage. It is important not only for its intrinsic merits, which are considerable, but also as a piece of pioneer work. It is the first play to be written in blank verse, as distinguished from mere unrhymed decasyllabic lines. Marlowe's verse, while dignified and majestic, is much more supple and infinitely less monotonous than that of any of his predecessors. *Tamburlaine* is obviously a young man's work, but its exaggeration contributed to its success, and its influence on English tragedy was very great.

The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus was produced in 1588. It is not a well-constructed play, being a series of disconnected scenes rather than a connected whole. Its text is not in a satisfactory condition, and the comic scenes, which contain extremely poor fooling, are, it is believed or hoped, by another hand. Yet *Doctor Faustus* is a memorable play; the address to Helen and the concluding scenes of the play and soliloquies of Faustus are among the best things not only in Marlowe, but in all English drama. Goethe said of this play, "How greatly it is all planned!" and thought of translating it. In the great work of his life he extended and embroidered the Faust legend almost beyond recognition; but it may be doubted if he wrote anything that arouses so much pity and terror as the conclusion of Marlowe's play.

The Famous Tragedy of the Rich Jew of Malta was produced about 1590. Its plot, unlike those of the other plays, appears to have been invented by Marlowe, hence, perhaps, its wild extravagances. It is a play of very unequal merits; the first two acts are written in Marlowe's best style, and the last three are feeble and melodramatic. Barabas is scarcely a more life-like figure than Mr. Punch, whom he resembles in his taste for atrocities. He finally perishes by means of "something lingering with boiling oil in it" which he had prepared for someone else. In spite of some absurdities, this play has many passages of noble poetry in it, notably the opening soliloquy of the Jew.

Edward II (c. 1591) is the most flawless of Marlowe's plays, though

not the most magnificent. It is his greatest work as a dramatist, but not as a poet. Marlowe's genius was in some respects epic rather than dramatic; Calliope rather than Melpomene was the Muse whom he served. An historical play gave the poetical side of his genius less scope; to admire *Edward II* more than the other plays is to admire what is less typical of the poet's genius. It is obvious that Shakespeare had this play in mind when he was writing *Richard II*, but he did not surpass his model. The death-scene in Marlowe's play is one of the most moving scenes in all drama, ancient or modern.

Marlowe's other two plays are of comparatively small importance. Both have been preserved in a mutilated and mangled state. *The Massacre at Paris* is notable for little except its strong anti-Catholic tendencies. In *Dido, Queen of Carthage* Marlowe failed mainly because he adhered too closely to Virgil, regardless of the different medium in which he was working. This again shows the epic nature of Marlowe's genius. Nash either collaborated in this play or, more probably, finished it after Marlowe's death.

As a poet Marlowe stands almost higher than as a dramatist. His college-exercise version of Ovid's *Amores* and his line-for-line rendering of the first book of Lucan's *Pharsalia* are commonplace, but in his *Hero and Leander*, which is a recasting rather than a paraphrase of the poem of Musaeus, he has written what may claim to be the greatest as well as the most influential of Elizabethan poems. *Venus and Adonis*, clearly an imitation of it, is pale and colourless in

comparison. Among Marlowe's shorter poems *Come live with me and be my love* is, as Walton called it, "choicely good".

Marlowe, although he died so young, was great not merely in promise but in performance. He created blank verse, founded English tragedy, and wrote some of the finest passages of dramatic poetry in the language. He is incomparably the greatest of Shakespeare's predecessors, being as much above Greene, Kyd, and Peele as Shakespeare is above Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher. Less than three months older than Shakespeare in actual age, he was years older in development. He was Shakespeare's master, and Shakespeare does not pay any other contemporary a compliment like that paid to Marlowe in *As You Like It*, III, v, 82. To no pioneer do English poetry and drama owe so much; and yet it is not merely as a pioneer that he deserves to be remembered. He deserves to be loved and revered as one of our greatest poets. Nor must it be thought that he taught Shakespeare merely to use blank verse; he taught Shakespeare and England in his mighty lines how to write about high matters in the grand style. Sublimity is his greatest gift to English literature.

[A. H. Bullen, *Marlowe's Works*; A. W. Verity, *Influence of Christopher Marlowe on Shakespeare's Earlier Style*; J. A. Symonds, *Shakespeare's Predecessors*; F. S. Boas, *Shakespeare and his Predecessors*; Marlowe and his Circle; J. Leslie Hotson, *The Death of Christopher Marlowe*; J. M. Robertson, *Marlowe: a Conspectus*. A new edition of Marlowe is appearing under the general editorship of R. H. Case.]

The Death of Zenocrate

TAMBURLAINE

Proud fury and intolerable fit,
 That dares torment the body of my Love,
 And scourge the Scourge of the immortal God:
 Now are those Spheres where Cupid used to sit,
 Wounding the world with wonder and with love,
 Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death:
 Whose darts do pierce the Centre of my soul.
 Her sacred beauty hath enchanted heaven,
 And had she liv'd before the siege of Troy,
 Helen, whose beauty summoned Greece to arms,
 And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos,
 Had not been nam'd in Homer's Iliads:
 Her name had been in every line he wrote:
 Or had those wanton Poets, for whose birth
 Old Rome was proud, but gazed a while on her,
 Nor Lesbia, nor Corinna had been nam'd,
 Zenocrate had been the argument
 Of every Epigram or Elegy.

[The music sounds, and she dies.]

What, is she dead? 'Techelles, draw thy sword,
 And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,
 And we descend into th' infernal vaults,
 To hale the fatal Sisters by the hair,
 And throw them in the triple moat of Hell,
 For taking hence my fair Zenocrate.
 Casane and Theridamas to arms,
 Raise Cavaleros higher than the clouds,
 And with the cannon break the frame of heaven,
 Batter the shining palace of the Sun,
 And shiver all the starry firmament:
 For amorous Jove hath snatched my love from hence,
 Meaning to make her stately Queen of heaven.
 What God so ever holds thee in his arms,
 Giving thee Nectar and Ambrosia,
 Behold me here divine Zenocrate,
 Raving, impatient, desperate and mad,
 Breaking my steeled lance, with which I burst
 The rusty beams of Janus' Temple doors,
 Letting out death and tyrannizing war:
 To march with me under this bloody flag,

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

And if thou pitiest Tamburlaine the great,
Come down from heaven and live with me again.

THIRIDAMA.

Ah good my Lord be patient, she is dead,
And all this raging cannot make her live,
If words might serve, our voice had rent the air,
If tears, our eyes have watered all the earth
If grief, our murdered hearts have strained forth blood,
Nothing prevails, for she is dead my Lord.

TAMBURLAINE.

For she is dead? thy words do pierce my soul.
Ah sweet Theridamas, say so no more.
Though she be dead, yet let me think she lives,
And feed my mind that dies for want of her:
Where ere her soul be, thou shalt stay with me
Embalm'd with Cassia, Ambergris and Myrrh,
Not lapt in lead but in a sheet of gold,
And till I die thou shalt not be interr'd.
Then in as rich a tomb as Mausolus,
We both will rest and have one Epitaph
Writ in as many several languages,
As I have conquered kingdoms with my sword.
This cursed town will I consume with fire,
Because this place bereft me of my Love:
The houses burnt, will look as if they mourn'd
And here will I set up her statue,
And march about it with my mourning camp,
Drooping and pining for Zenocrate. [*The Army is drawn.*]

(*Tamburlaine, Pt. II, lines 3046-3110.*)

Helen

FAUSTUS

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?
And burnt the topless Towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss: [*Kisses her.*]
Her lips suck forth my soul, see where it flies:
Come Helen, come give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven be in these lips,

And all is dross that is not Helena:
 I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
 Instead of Troy shall Wertenberg be sack'd,
 And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
 And wear thy colours on my plumed Crest:
 Yea I will wound Achilles in the heel,
 And then return to Helen for a kiss.
 O thou art fairer than the evening air,
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,
 When he appeared to hapless Semele,
 More lovely than the monarch of the sky
 In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms,
 And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

(*Doctor Faustus*, lines 1328-1347.)

The Death of Faustus

(*The clock strikes eleven.*)

FAUSTUS

Ah Faustus,
 Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
 And then thou must be damn'd perpetually:
 Stand still you ever moving spheres of heaven,
 That time may cease, and midnight never come:
 Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
 Perpetual day, or let this hour be but
 A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
 That Faustus may repent, and save his soul,
O lente, lente currite noctis equi:
 The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
 The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
 O I'll leap up to my God: who pulls me down?
 See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament.
 One drop would save my soul, half a drop, ah my Christ.
 Ah rend not my heart for naming of my Christ,
 Yet will I call on him: oh spare me Lucifer!
 Where is it now? 'tis gone: And see where God
 Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows:
 Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
 And hide me from the heavy wrath of God.
 No, no.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Earth gape. O no, it will not harbour me:
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouth,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven:
Ah, half the hour is past: *[The watch strikes.]*
"Twill all be past anon:
Oh God,
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransomed me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved.
O no end is limited to damned souls,
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or, why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah *Pythagoras metempsychosis*, were that true,
'This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Unto some brutish beast: all beasts are happy,
For when they die,
'Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements,
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me:
No Faustus, curse thy self, curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven:
[The clock striketh twelve.]
O it strikes, it strikes: now body turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell:
[Thunder and lightning.]
O soul, be changed into little water drops,
And fall into the Ocean, ne'er be found:
My God, my God, look not so fierce on me:

(Enter devils.)

Adders, and Serpents, let me breathe a while:
Ugly hell gape not, come not Lucifer,
I'll burn my books. Ah Mephistopheles! *[Exit with him.]*

(Enter Chorus.)

CHORUS

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
 And burned is Apollo's Laurel bough,
 That sometime grew within this learned man:
 Faustus is gone, regard his hellish fall,
 Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
 Only to wonder at unlawful things,
 Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits,
 To practise more than heavenly power permits.

(*Doctor Faustus*, lines 1419-1485.)

From "The Jew of Malta"

THE OPENING SOLILOQUY

(*Enter Barrabas in his Counting-house, with heaps
 of gold before him.*)

JEW

So that of thus much that return was made:
 And of the third part of the Persian ships,
 There was the venture summ'd and satisfied.
 As for those Samintes, and the men of Uzz,
 That bought my Spanish Oils, and Wines of Greece,
 Here have I pursed their paltry silverlings.
 Fie; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash.
 Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
 The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
 Whereof a man may easily in a day
 Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
 The needy groom that never fingered groat,
 Would make a miracle of thus much coin:
 But he whose steel-barr'd coffers are crammed full,
 And all his life-time hath been tired,
 Wearying his finger ends with telling it,
 Would in his age be loath to labour so,
 And for a pound to sweat himself to death;
 Give me the Merchants of the Indian Mines,
 That trade in metal of the purest mould;
 The wealthy Moor, that in the Eastern rocks
 Without control can pick his riches up,
 And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones;

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Receive them free, and sell them by the weight,
Bags of fiery Opals, Sapphires, Amethysts,
Jacinths, hard Topaz, grass-green Emeralds,
Beauteous Rubies, sparkling Diamonds,
And scildsene costly stone, of great price,
As one of them indifferently rated,
And of a Carreck of this quantity,
May serve in peril of calamity
To ransom great Kings from captivity.
'This is the ware wherein consists my wealth'
And thus we think should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so enbace
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind
Into what corner peers my Halcyon's bill?
Ha, to the East? yea: See how stands the Vane,
East and by-South: why then I hope my ship
I sent for Egypt and the bordering Isles
Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks
Mine Argosy from Alexandria,
Loaden with Spice and Silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candie shore
To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.

(Lines 30-82.)

From "Hero and Leander"

On Hellespont guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Seaborderers, disjoin'd by Neptune's might:
The one Abydos, the other Sestos high.
At Sestos, Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,
The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn,
Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove,
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis that before her lies.

Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she wore a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reach'd to the ground beneath.
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives.
Many would praise the sweet smell as she pass'd,
When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast,
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble stone,
Which lightened by her neck, like Diamonds shone.
She wore no gloves, for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells all silvered used she,
And branched with blushing coral to the knee;
Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which as she went would chirrup through the hills.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pin'd,
And looking in her face, was stricken blind.
But this is true, so like was one the other,
As he imagin'd Hero was his mother.
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And with still panting rock'd, there took his rest.
So lovely fair was Hero, Venus Nun,
As nature wept, thinking she was undone;
Because she took more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft:
Therefore in sign her treasure suffered wrack,
Since Hero's time, hath half the world been black.
Amorous Leander, beautiful and young,
(Whose tragedy divine Musaeus sung)
Dwelt at Abydos: since him dwelt there none,
For whom succeeding times make greater moan.
His dangling tresses that were never shorn,
Had they been cut, and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allur'd the vent'rous youth of Greece
To hazard more than for the golden Fleece.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Fair Cynthia wished his arm might be her sphere,
 Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.
 His body was as straight as Ceres' wand,
 Jove might have sipp'd out Nectar from his hand.
 Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
 So was his neck in touching, and surprised
 The white of Pelops' shoulder. I could tell ye,
 How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly,
 And whose immortal finger did imprint
 That heavenly path, with many a curious dint,
 That runs along his back, but my rude pen
 Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men,
 Much less of powerful gods: let it suffice,
 That my slack muse sings of Leander's eyes,
 Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
 That leapt into the water for a kiss
 Of his own shadow, and despising many,
 Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
 Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,
 Enamoured of his beauty had he been,
 His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
 That in the vast uplandish country dwelt,
 The barbarous Thracian soldier mov'd with nought,
 Was mov'd with him, and for his favour sought.
 Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
 For in his looks were all that men desire,
 A pleasant smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
 A brow for love to banquet royally,
 And such as knew he was a man would say,
 Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
 Why art thou not in love, and lov'd of all?
 Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall.
 The men of wealthy Sestos, every year,
 (For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
 Rose-checked Adonis) kept a solemn feast,
 Thither resorted many a wandering guest,
 To meet their loves; such as had none at all,
 Came lovers home from this great festival.
 For every street like to a firmament
 Glistered with breathing stars, who where they went,
 Frighted the melancholy earth, which deem'd
 Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seem'd,
 As if another Phaeton had got
 The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.

But far above the loveliest Hero shin'd,
And stole away th' enchanted gazer's mind,
For like Sea-nymphs enveigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the standers by.
Nor that night-wand'ring pale and wat'ry star
(When yawning dragons draw her thirling car
From Latmus mount up to the gloomy sky,
Where crown'd with blazing light and majesty,
She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood,
'Than she the hearts of those that near her stood.
Even as, when gaudy Nymphs pursue the chase,
Wretched Ixion's shaggy footed race,
Incensed with savage heat, gallop amain
From steep Pine-bearing mountains to the plain:
So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,
And all that view'd her, were enamour'd on her.
And as in fury of a dreadful fight,
'Their fellows being slain or put to flight,
Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead strooken,
So at her presence all surprised and taken,
Await the sentence of her scornful eyes:
He whom she favours lives, the other dies.
'There might you see one sigh, another rage,
And some (their violent passions to assuage)
Compile sharp satires, but alas too late,
For faithful love will never turn to hate.
And many seeing great princes were denied,
Pined as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast day, O cursed day and hour,
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower
'To Venus temple, where unhappily,
As after chanced, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this, had Venus none,
'The walls were of discoloured Jasper stone,
Wherein was Proteus carved, and overhead,
A lively vine of green sea agate spread;
Where by one hand, light headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other, wine from grapes out wrung.
Of Crystal shining fair the pavement was,
'The town of Sestos called it Venus glass.
'There might you see the gods in sundry shapes,
Committing heady riots, incest, rapes:
For know, that underneath this radiant floor
Was Danaë's statue in a brazen tower,

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Jove slyly stealing from his sister's bed,
 To dally with Idalian Ganymed,
 And for his love Panopæa bellowing loud,
 And tumbling with the Rainbow in a cloud
 Blood-quaffing Mars heaving the iron net,
 Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set
 Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy,
 Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy
 That now is turned into a Cypress tree,
 Under whose shade the Wood gods love to be,
 And in the midst a silver altar stood;
 There Hero sacrificing turtles' blood,
 Veiled to the ground, veiling her eye lids close,
 And modestly they opened as she rose
 Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head,
 And thus Leander was enamoured.
 Stone still he stood, and evermore he gazed
 Till with the fire that from his countenance blazed,
 Relenting Hero's gentle heart was struck,
 Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.

It lies not in our power to love, or hate,
 For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
 When two are stript long ere the course begin,
 We wish that one should lose, the other win;
 And one especially do we affect
 Of two gold Ingots like in each respect.
 The reason no man knows, let it suffice,
 What we behold is censured by our eyes.
 Where both deliberate, the love is slight,
 Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

He kneel'd, but unto her devoutly pray'd;
 Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said:
 Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him,
 And as she spake those words, came somewhat near him.
 He started up, she blushed as one ashamed;
 Wherewith Leander much more was inflamed.
 He touched her hand, in touching it she trembled,
 Love deeply grounded, hardly is dissembled.
 These lovers parled by the touch of hands,
 True love is mute, and oft amazed stands.
 Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangled,
 The air with sparks of living fire was spangled,
 And night deep drenched in misty Acheron
 Heaved up her head, and half the world upon

Breathed darkness forth (dark night is Cupid's day).
 And now begins Leander to display
 Love's holy fire, with words, with sighs and tears,
 Which like sweet music entered Hero's ears,
 And yet at every word she turned aside,
 And always cut him off as he replied.
 At last, like to a bold sharp Sophister,
 With cheerful hope thus he accosted her.

Fair creature, let me speak without offence,
 I would my rude words had the influence,
 'To lead thy thoughts as thy fair looks do mine,
 'Then shouldst thou be his prisoner who is thine.
 Be not unkind and fair, misshapen stuff
 Are of behaviour boisterous and rough.
 O shun me not, but hear me ere you go,
 God knows I cannot force love, as you do.
 My words shall be as spotless as my youth,
 Full of simplicity and naked truth.
 'This sacrifice (whose sweet perfume descending,
 From Venus' altar to your footsteps bending)
 Doth testify that you exceed her far,
 'To whom you offer, and whose Nun you are.
 Why should you worship her? her you surpass,
 As much as sparkling Diamonds flaring glass.
 A Diamond set in lead his worth retains,
 A heavenly Nymph, belov'd of human swains,
 Receives no blemish, but oft-times more grace,
 Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
 Base in respect of thee, divine and pure,
 Dutiful service may thy love procure,
 And I in duty will excel all other,
 As thou in beauty dost exceed love's mother.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love

Come live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 'That valleys, groves, hills and fields,
 Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the Rocks,
 Seeing the Shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow Rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing Madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of Roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
 Embroidered all with leaves of Myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty Lambs we pull,
 Fair lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and Ivy buds,
 With Coral clasps and Amber studs,
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come live with me, and be my love.

The Shepherd: Swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May-morning,
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

THOMAS KYD

(1558 1594)

THOMAS KYD was the son of a London scrivener, and was educated at Merchant Taylors' School. That is almost all that we know of his life apart from his writings; we do know, however, that he was a friend of Marlowe, and in 1593 was accused of sharing Marlowe's heterodox (probably Unitarian) views on religion. He was apparently not at either University, and at an early age adopted literature as a profession. He published a translation from Tasso, which he named *The Householders Philosophie*, and a pamphlet on a recent murder, *The Trueth of the most wicked and secret Murthering of John Brewen, Goldsmith, of London, committed by his owne wife*. He also translated a French tragedy by Robert Garnier, *Pompey the Great*,

his faire Cornelia's Tragedie, a stiff and tedious production. *The Tragedye of Solymán and Perseda* has also been attributed to him on somewhat flimsy evidence. His principal work, or at any rate his principal extant work, is *The Spanish Tragedie, containing the lamentable end of Don Horatio and Belimperia, with the pitiful death of old Hieronymo*. This play, a notable landmark in English dramatic history, was probably written about 1580; on negative evidence it was certainly written before the defeat of the Armada in 1588. It is full of horrors, which are thus admirably summarized by the Ghost at the end of the play:

Horatio murder'd by his father's bower;
 Vild Serberine by Pedringano slain;

False Pedringano hang'd by quaint
device;
Fair Isabella by herself misdane;
Prince Balthazar by Belimperia
stabb'd;
The Duke of Castile and his wicked
son
Both done to death by old Hiero-
nimo;
My Belimperia fall'n, as Dido
fell,
And good Hieronimo slain by him-
self.

In spite of, or perhaps because of, its orgy of bloodshed, *The Spanish Tragedie* was immensely popular and had a long life, giving pleasure not only to the audiences of the 'eighties, but to younger and more sophisticated generations of playgoers. Several of its phrases became proverbial. Those who, like Ben Jonson, were self-constituted directors of public taste, tried in vain to wean the public from their liking for this crude old play. Jonson himself, in his younger days, wrote some additions to it; whether they are the un-Jonsonian additions which we possess or whether these are the work of Webster is an unsolved and probably an insoluble problem. The success of *The Spanish Tragedie* caused the production of a companion-play usually called *The First Part of Jeronimo*. A sequel to *The Spanish Tragedie* was obviously impossible, as so many of its *dramatis personæ* were dead; so *Jeronimo*, though written later, is a forerunner to the other play. *Jeronimo* is a crude, ill-written play, so absurd that some critics interpret it as intentionally so. It is almost impossible to believe that Kyd wrote this burlesque upon his own work; and there are reasons for supposing that this play was not

written until after 1600, when Kyd had been dead some five years. There is a considerable body of evidence, too long to summarize here, that in 1588 or thereabouts Kyd wrote a *Hamlet*, some passages of which possibly survive in the 1603 quarto edition of Shakespeare's play. There is no Elizabethan document whose loss is more to be regretted than the loss of this old play; for no other document would throw more light on Shakespeare's mind and art. There is no doubt that Shakespeare had an older play in front of him when he wrote *Hamlet*, and small doubt that that play was Kyd's.

Kyd is one of the most important and one of the least interesting of Shakespeare's predecessors. His work has the historic but not the intrinsic value of Marlowe's. His sombre and Senecan masterpiece set the fashion in the early 'nineties for tragedies of the type of *Titus Andronicus*, and at a later date for plays like those of Webster and Tourneur. Though its plot is fairly well constructed and its dialogue more human than that of Marlowe, it is not great literature. "Sporting Kyd", as Jonson humorously called him—the epithet being highly inappropriate—did, however, contribute certain valuable elements to early drama, such as a better plot and good stage situations. Marlowe influenced Shakespeare the poet, and Kyd influenced Shakespeare the dramatist.

[F. S. Boas, *The Works of Thomas Kyd*; J. W. Cunliffe, *The Influence of Seneca on English Tragedy*; W. H. Widgery, *The First Quarto Edition of Hamlet, 1603*; J. A. Symonds, *Shakspeare's Predecessors*.]

The Spanish Tragedie

(Enter the Ghost of ANDREA, and with him REVENGE.)

GHOST

When this eternall substance of my soule,
 Did liue imprisond in my wanton flesh,
 Each in their function seruing others neede,
 I was a Courtier in the *Spanish* Court:
 My name was *Don Andrea*, my descent
 Though not ignoble, yet inferiour farre
 To gracious fortunes of my tender youth:
 For there in prime and pride of all my yeeres,
 By ductious seruice, and deserving loue,
 In secret I possest a worthy Dame,
 Which hight sweete *Bel-imperia* by name:
 But in the haruest of my sommer ioyes,
 Deathes winter nipt the blossomes of my blisse,
 Forcing diuorce betwixt my loue and me:
 For in the late conflict with *Portingale*,
 My valour drew me into dangers mouth,
 Till life to death made passage through my woundes:
 When I was slaine, my soule descended straight
 To passe the flowing streame of *Acheron*;
 But churlish *Charon* onely Boat-man there,
 Sayd, that my rites of buriall not performde,
 I might not sit amongst his passengers:
 Ere *Sol* had slept three nightes in *Thetis* lap,
 And slakt his smoaking Chariot in her flood,
 By *Don Horatio* our Knight-Marshals sonne,
 My Funerals and obsequies were done:
 Then was the Ferri-man of Hell content,
 To passe me ouer to the slimie strond,
 That leades to fell *Auernus* ougly waues:
 There pleasing *Cerberus* with homed speech,
 I past the perils of the formost porch,
 Not farre from hence amidst ten thousand soules,
 Sate *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Rhadamant*:
 To whom no sooner gan I make approch,
 To craue a passport for my wandring Ghost,
 But *Minos* in grauen leaues of Lotterie,
 Drew foorth the manner of my lyfe and death.
 This Knight (quoth he) both liu'd and dyed in loue,

And for his loue tryed fortune of the Warres,
And by Warres fortune, lost both loue and life.
Why then sayd *Eacus*, conuey him hence,
'To walke with Louers in our fieldes of loue,
And spend the course of euerlasting time,
Vnder greene Mirtle trees and Cypers shades.
No, no, sayd Rhadamant, it were not well,
With louing soules, to place a Martialist;
He died in warre, and must to Martiall fieldes:
Where wounded *Hector* liues in lasting paine,
And *Achillis* mermedons do scour the plaine.
Then *Minos*, mildest censor of the three,
Made this deuice to end the difference.
Send him (quoth he) to our infernall King:
'To doome him as best seemes his Maiestie:
To this effect my passport straight was drawne,
In keeping on my way to *Plutos* Court,
Through dreadfull shades of euer glooming night:
I saw more sights then thousand tongues can tell,
Or pennies can write, or mortall hartes can thinke.
Three wayes there were, that on the right hand side,
Was ready way vnto the foresaid fieldes,
Where Louers liue, and bloodie Martialistes:
But either sort containd within his boundes,
The left hand path declining fearefullie,
Was readie downefall to the deepest hell,
Where bloodie furies shake their whippes of steele,
And poore *Ixion* turnes an endles wheele:
Where Vzurers are choakt with melting gold,
And Wantons are imbraste with ouglie Snakes,
And Murderers greeue with euerkilling woundes,
And Periurde wightes scalded in boyling lead,
And all foule sinnes with tormentes ouerwhelmd,
'Twixt these two wayes, I trode the middle path,
Which brought me to the faire *Elisian* greene:
In middst whereof, there standes a stately Towre,
'The Walles of Brasse, the Gates of Adamant:
Heere finding *Pluto* with his *Proserpine*,
I shewed my Pasport humbled on my knee:
Whereat faire *Proserpine* began to smile,
And begd that onely she might giue my doome.
Pluto was pleasd, and scald it with a kisse.
Foorthwith *Reuenge* she rounded thee in th' care,
And bade thee lead me through the gates of Horror.

REVENGE

Then know *Andrea*, that thou art arined,
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death:
Don Balthazar the Prince of *Portingale*,
Depriu'd of life by *Bel-imperia*:
Heere sit we downe to see the misterie,
And serue for *Chorus* in this Tragedie.

(*Lines 1-95.*)

[Horatio, Hieronymo's son, is murdered while with his mistress Belimperia, by his rival Balthazar and Belimperia's brother, Lorenzo. Hieronymo goes mad when he discovers his son's body.]

HIERONIMO

My sonne, and what's a sonne?
A thing begot within a paire of minutes, there about:
A lumpe bred vp in darkenesse, and doth serue
To ballace these light creatures we call Women:
And at nine moneths ende, creepes foorth to light.
What is there yet in a sonne?
To make a father dote, raue, or runne mad.
Being borne, it poutes, cryes, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a sonne? He must be fed,
Be taught to goe, and speake I, or yet.
Why might not a man loue a Calfe as well?
Or melt in passion ore a frisking Kid,
As for a sonne, me thinkes a young Bacon,
Or a fine little smooth Horse-colt
Should moue a man, as much as doth a sonne.
For one of these in very little time,
Will grow to some good vse, where as a sonne,
The more he growes in stature and in yeeres,
The more vnsquard, vnbeuelled he appeares,
Recons his parents among the rancke of fooles,
Strikes care vpon their heads with his mad ryots.
Makes them looke olde, before they meet with age:
This is a sonne: And what a losse were this, considered truly.

O but my *Horatio*, grew out of reach of these
 Insatiate humours: He loued his louing parents,
 He was my comfort, and his mothers ioy,
 'The very arme that did holde vp our house,
 Our hopes were stored vp in him.
 None but a damned murderer could hate him:
 He had not seene the backe of nineteene yeere,
 When his strong arme vnhorst the proud Prince *Balthazar*,
 And his great minde too full of Honour,
 Tooke him vs to mercy, that valiant, but ignoble Portingale.
 Well, heauen is heauen still.
 And there is *Nemesis* and Furies,
 And things called whippes,
 And they sometimes doe meete with murderers,
 'They doe not alwayes scape, that's some comfort.
 I, I, I, and then time steales on: and steales, and steales
 'Till violence leapes forth like thunder
 Wrapt in a ball of fire,
 And so doth bring confusion to them all.

(Lines 1869-1910.)

RICHARD HAKLUYT

(c. 1553 - 1616)

RICHARD HAKLUYT was born about 1553, and was a member of an old Herefordshire family which was probably of Welsh origin. He was educated at Westminster School, and in 1570 proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1574 and M.A. in 1577. He took holy orders as soon as he reached the statutory age. While he was still a schoolboy, his cousin of the Middle Temple, who bore the same names as himself and who is frequently confused with him, directed his attention to the study of geography, navigation, and exploration; and from that time a love of these subjects became

his ruling passion. He studied them at Oxford and lectured on them, possibly at Oxford too; he wished to found a lectureship on them, certainly not at Oxford, more probably at Ratcliffe or somewhere else where seafaring men congregated. Hakluyt's interest in navigation and kindred subjects was always practical, not academic. In 1582 he published his first work, *Divers Voyages touching the discoverie of America and the Ilands adiacent unto the same*. In the following year he went to Paris as chaplain to the English embassy, and remained there for five years. This appears to have been all the travel-

ling which our greatest editor of travels experienced personally. *A particular Discourse concerning Western Discoveries* was written in 1584, but not printed until almost three centuries later. In 1586 he became a prebendary of Bristol, and returned to England two years later. In 1589 appeared the first edition of his great work, *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by sea or over-land to the remote and farthest distant quarters of the earth, at any time within the compasse of these 1500 yeres* (one volume). The second edition, very much amplified, was in three volumes, which appeared respectively in 1598, 1599, and 1600, and carried the record down to the year of publication. Vol. I deals with voyages to the North and North-east, and contains 109 narratives; Vol. II treats of voyages to the South and South-east, and contains 165 separate pieces; Vol. III has 243 different narratives, commencing with the fabulous discovery of the West Indies in 1170 by Madoc, and including the voyages of Columbus, Cabot, Frobisher, Drake, Hawkins, and Raleigh. There are in all, therefore, 517 separate narratives. It is almost unnecessary to say that Hakluyt's life was uneventful; had it not been he would not have found time to edit a compilation of this magnitude. He was appointed rector of Wetheringsett in 1590, prebendary of Westminster in 1602, archdeacon in 1603, and chaplain of the Savoy

in 1604. His last publication was a translation from the Portuguese, which he named *Virginia richly valued*. He died on 23rd Nov., 1616.

There is little doubt that the historian Froude, with the best intentions, did a disservice to Hakluyt when he called his great work "the prose epic of the modern English nation". His phrase has sent many a reader to the book in a mood of pleasurable anticipation, which rapidly disappeared when it was discovered that the modern English epic included many Latin documents, and many patents, letters, instructions, and so on, as well as truly epic narratives. But when the nature of Hakluyt's cyclopean compilation is understood, disappointment will vanish in delight. There are few books which better repay the exercise of that art which ought to be cultivated by all readers, but in which few confess their proficiency—the art of skipping. The narratives of many of the early explorers, written in many cases by an unknown hand, are unequalled as tales of heroism plainly told. Hakluyt was an ideal editor, a man of tireless energy and assiduity; and though an excellent writer he kept himself in the background, with admirable self-denial. He effaced himself and let his documents speak for themselves. He has not written our national epic, but has left enough material for a whole epic cycle. All that is wanted is a Homer and a school of Homeridae.

From "Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries"

THE ARMADA

Upon the 29 of July in the morning, the Spanish Fleet after the foresaid tumult, having arranged themselves again into order, were, within sight of Greveling, most bravely and furiously encountered by the English; where they once again got the wind of the Spaniards; who suffered themselves to be deprived of the commodity of the place in Calais road, and of the advantage of the wind near unto Dunkirk, rather than they would change their array or separate their forces now conjoined and united together, standing onely upon their defence.

And albeit, there were many excellent and warlike ships in the English fleet, yet scarce were there 22 or 23 among them all which matched 90 of the Spanish ships in bigness, or could conveniently assault them. Wherefore the English ships using their prerogative of nimble stirrage, whereby they could turn and wield themselves with the wind which way they listed, came often times very near upon the Spaniards, and charged them so sore, that now and then they were but a pike's length asunder: and so continually giving them one broad-side after another, they discharged all their shot both great and small upon them, spending one whole day from morning till night in that violent kind of conflict, until such time as powder and bullets failed them. In regard of which want they thought it convenient not to pursue the Spaniards any longer, because they had many great vantages of the English, namely for the extraordinary bigness of their ships, and also for that they were so nearly conjoined, and kept in so good array, that they could by no means be fought withal one to one. The English thought therefore, that they had right well acquitted themselves, in chasing the Spaniards first from Calais, and then from Dunkirk, and by that means to have hindered them for joining with the Duke of Parma his forces, and getting the wind of them, to have driven them from their own coasts.

The Spaniards that day sustained great loss and damage, having many of their ships shot through and through, and they discharged likewise great store of ordnance against the English; who indeed sustained some hindrance, but not comparable to the Spaniards' loss: for they lost not any one ship or person of account. For very diligent inquisition being made, the English men all that time wherein the Spanish Navy sailed upon their seas, are not found to have wanted above one hundreth of their people; albeit Sir Francis Drake's ship was pierced with shot above forty times, and his very cabin was twice shot through, and about the conclusion of the fight, the bed of a certain gentleman

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lying weary thereupon, was taken quite from under him with the force of a bullet. Likewise, as the Earl of Northumberland and Sir Charles Blunt were at dinner upon a time, the bullet of a demi-culvering broke through the midst of their cabin, touched their feet, and struck down two of the standers by, with many such accidents befalling the English ships, which it were tedious to rehearse. Whereupon it is most apparent, that God miraculously preserved the English nation. For the L. Admiral wrote unto her Majesty that in all human reason, and according to the judgment of all men (every circumstance being duly considered) the English men were not of any such force, whereby they might, without a miracle, dare once to approach within sight of the Spanish Fleet: insomuch that they freely ascribed all the honour of their victory unto God, who had confounded the enemy, and had brought his counsels to none effect.

The same day the Spanish ships were so battered with English shot, that that very night and the day following, two or three of them sank right down: and among the rest a certain great ship of Biscay, which Captain Cross assaulted, which perished even in the time of the conflict, so that very few therein escaped drowning; who reported that the governors of the same ship slew one another upon the occasion following: one of them which would have yielded the ship was suddenly slain; the brother of the slain party in revenge of his death slew the murderer, and in the meanwhile the ship sank.

The same night two Portugal galleons of the burden of seven or eight hundred tons apiece, to wit the Saint Philip and the Saint Matthew, were forsaken of the Spanish Fleet, for they were so torn with shot that the water entered into them on all sides. In the galleon of Saint Philip was Francis de Toledo, brother unto the Count de Orgas, being Colonel over two and thirty bands: besides other gentlemen; who seeing their mast broken with shot, they shaped their course, as well as they could, for the coast of Flanders: whither when they could not attain, the principal men in the ship committing themselves to their skiff, arrived at the next town, which was Ostend; and the ship itself being left behind with the residue of their company, was taken by the Vlishingera.

In the other galleon, called the S. Matthew, was embarked Don Diego Pimentelli, another camp-master and colonel of 32 bands, being brother unto the Marquis of Tannares, with many other gentlemen and captains. Their ship was not very great, but exceeding strong, for of a great number of bullets which had battered her, there were scarce 20 wherewith she was pierced or hurt: her upper work was of force sufficient to bear off a musket shot: this ship was shot through and pierced in the fight before Greveling; insomuch that the leakage of the water could not be stopped: whereupon the Duke of Medina sent his great skiff unto the governor thereof, that he might save himself and the principal

persons that were in his ship: which he, upon a halt courage, refused to do: wherefore the Duke charged him to sail next unto himself: which the night following he could not perform, by reason of the great abundance of water which entered his ship on all sides; for the avoiding whereof, and to save his ship from sinking, he caused 50 men continually to labour at the pump, though it were to small purpose. And seeing himself thus forsaken and separated from his admiral, he endeavoured what he could to attain unto the coast of Flanders: where, being espied by 4 or 5 men of war, which had their station assigned them upon the same coast, he was admonished to yield himself unto them. Which he refusing to do, was strongly assaulted by them altogether, and his ship being pierced with many bullets, was brought into far worse case than before, and 40 of his soldiers were slain. By which extremity he was enforced at length to yield himself unto Peter Banderduess and other captains, which brought him and his ship into Zeland; and that other ship also last before mentioned: which both of them, immediately after the greater and better part of their goods were unladen, sank right down.

For the memory of this exploit, the foresaid Captain Banderduess caused the banner of one of these ships to be set up in the great Church of Leyden in Holland, which is of so great a length, that being fastened to the very roof, it reached down to the ground.

About the same time another small ship being by necessity driven upon the coast of Flanders, about Blankenberg, was cast away upon the sands, the people therein being saved. Thus almighty God would have the Spaniards' huge ships to be presented, not only to the view of the English, but also of the Zelanders; that at the sight of them they might acknowledge of what small ability they had been to resist such impregnable forces, had not God endued them with courage, providence, and fortitude, yea, and fought for them in many places with his own arm.

The 29 of July the Spanish fleet being encountered by the English (as is aforesaid) and lying close together under their fighting sails, with a south-west wind sailed past Dunkirk, the English ships still following the chase. Of whom the day following when the Spaniards had got sea room, they cut their main sails; whereby they sufficiently declared that they meant no longer to fight but to fly. For which cause the L. Admiral of England despatched the L. Henry Seymer with his squadron of small ships unto the coast of Flanders, where, with the help of the Dutch ships, he might stop the Prince of Parma his passage, if perhaps he should attempt to issue forth with his army. And he himself in the mean space pursued the Spanish fleet until the second of August, because he thought they had set sail for Scotland. And albeit he followed them very near, yet did he not assault them any more, for want of powder and bullets. But upon the fourth of August, the wind arising, when as the Spaniards had spread all their sails, betaking themselves wholly to flight, and

leaving Scotland on the left hand, trended toward Norway (whereby they sufficiently declared that their whole intent was to save themselves by flight, attempting for that purpose, with their battered and crazed ships, the most dangerous navigation of the Northern seas) the English seeing that they were now proceeded unto the latitude of 57 degrees, and being unwilling to participate that danger whereinto the Spaniards plunged themselves, and because they wanted things necessary, and especially powder and shot, returned back for England; leaving behind them certain pinnaces only, which they enjoined to follow the Spaniards aloof, and to observe their course. And so it came to pass that the fourth of August with great danger and industry, the English arrived at Harwich: for they had been tossed up and down with a mighty tempest for the space of two or three days together, which it is likely did great hurt unto the Spanish fleet, being (as I said before) so maimed and battered. The English now going on shore, provided themselves forthwith of victuals, gunpowder, and other things expedient, that they might be ready at all assays to entertain the Spanish fleet, if it chanced any more to return. But being afterward more certainly informed of the Spaniards' course, they thought it best to leave them unto those boisterous and uncouth Northern seas, and not there to hunt after them.

The Spaniards seeing now that they wanted four or five thousand of their people and having divers maimed and sick persons, and likewise having lost 10 or 12 of their principal ships, they consulted among themselves, what they were best to do, being now escaped out of the hands of the English, because their victuals failed them in like sort, that they began also to want cables, cordage, anchors, masts, sails, and other naval furniture, and utterly despaired of the Duke of Parma his assistance (who verily hoping and undoubtedly expecting the return of the Spanish Fleet, was continually occupied about his great preparation, commanding abundance of anchors to be made, and other necessary furniture for a Navy to be provided) they thought it good at length, so soon as the wind should serve them, to fetch a compass about Scotland and Ireland, and so to return for Spain.

For they well understood, that commandment was given throughout all Scotland, that they should not have any succour or assistance there. Neither yet could they in Norway supply their wants. Wherefore, having taken certain Scottish and other fisherboats, they brought the men on board their ships, to the end they might be their guides and Pilots. Fearing also lest their fresh water should fail them, they cast all their horses and mules overboard: and so touching nowhere upon the coast of Scotland, but being carried with a fresh gale between the Orcades and Faar-Isles, they proceeded far North, even unto 61 degrees of latitude, being distant from any land at the least 40 leagues. Here the Duke of Medina general of the Fleet commanded all his followers to shape their

course for Biscay: and he himself with twenty or five and twenty of his ships which were best provided of fresh water and other necessities, holding on his course over the main Ocean, returned safely home. The residue of his ships being about forty in number, and committed unto his Vice-admiral, fell nearer with the coast of Ireland, intending their course for Cape Clear, because they hoped there to get fresh water, and to refresh themselves on land. But after they were driven with many contrary winds, at length, upon the second of September, they were cast by a tempest arising from the southwest upon divers parts of Ireland, where many of their ships perished. And amongst others, the ship of Michael de Oquendo, which was one of the great Galliaesses: and two great ships of Venice also, namely, la Ratta and Belanzara, with other 36 or 38 ships more, which perished in sundry tempests, together with most of the persons contained in them.

Likewise some of the Spanish ships were the second time carried with a strong west wind into the Channel of England, whereof some were taken by the English upon their coast, and others by the men of Rochelle upon the coast of France.

Moreover, there arrived at Newhaven, in Normandy, being by tempest enforced so to do, one of the four great Galliaesses, where they found the ships with the Spanish women which followed the Fleet at their setting forth. Two ships also were cast away upon the coast of Norway, one of them being of a great burden; howbeit all the persons in the said great ship were saved: insomuch that of 134 ships, which set sail out of Portugal, there returned home 53 only small and great: namely of the four galliaesses but one, and but one of the four galleys. Of the 91 great galleons and hulks there were missing 58 and 33 returned: of the pataches and zabraes 17 were missing, and 18 returned home. In brief, there were missing 81 ships, in which number were galliaesses, galleys, galleons, and other vessels, both great and small. And amongst the 53 ships remaining, those also are reckoned which returned home before they came into the English Channel. Two galleons of those which were returned, were by misfortune burnt as they rode in the haven; and such like mishaps did many others undergo. Of 30,000 persons which went in this expedition, there perished (according to the number and proportion of the ships) the greater and better part; and many of them which came home, by reason of the toils and inconveniences which they sustained in this voyage, died not long after their arrival. The Duke of Medina immediately upon his return was deposed from his authority, commanded to his private house, and forbidden to repair unto the Court; where he could hardly satisfy or yield a reason unto his malicious enemies and backbiters. Many honourable personages and men of great renown deceased soon after their return; as namely John Martines de Ricalde, with divers others. A great part also of the Spanish Nobility and Gentry

employed in this expedition perished either by fight, diseases, or drowning before their arrival; and among the rest Thomas Perenot of Granduell a Dutchman, being Earl of Cantebroi, and son unto Cardinal Granduell's brother.

Upon the coast of Zeland Don Diego de Pimentell, brother unto the Marquis de Tamnares, and kinsman unto the Earl of Beneventum and Calua, and Colonel over 32 bands with many other in the same ship was taken and detained as prisoner in Zeland.

Into England (as we said before) Don Pedro de Valdez, a man of singular experience, and greatly honoured in his country, was led captive, being accompanied with Don Vasquez de Silva, Don Alonzo de Sayas, and others.

Likewise upon the Scottish Western Isles of Lewis, and Islay, and about Cape Kintyre upon the mainland, there were cast away certain Spanish ships, out of which were saved divers Captains and Gentlemen, and almost four hundred soldiers, who for the most part, after their shipwreck, were brought unto Edinburgh in Scotland, and being miserably needy and naked, were there clothed at the liberality of the King and the Merchants, and afterward were secretly shipped for Spain; but the Scottish fleet wherein they passed touching at Yarmouth on the coast of Norfolk, were there stayed for a time until the Council's pleasure was known; who in regard of their manifold miseries, though they were enemies, winked at their passage.

Upon the Irish coast many of their Noblemen and Gentlemen were drowned; and divers slain by the barbarous and wild Irish. Howbeit there was brought prisoner out of Ireland, Don Alonzo de Lagon, Colonel of two and thirty bands, commonly called a *terza* of Naples; together with Rodorigo de Lasso, and two others of the family of Cordova, who were committed unto the custody of Sir Horatio Palavicini, that Monsieur de Taligny the son of Monsieur de Nove (who being taken in fight near Antwerp, was detained prisoner in the Castle of Turney) might be ransomed for them by way of exchange. To conclude, there was no famous nor worthy family in all Spain, which in this expedition lost not a son, a brother, or a kinsman.

For the perpetual memory of this matter, the Zelanders caused new coin of silver and brass to be stamped: which on the one side contained the arms of Zeland, with this inscription: *GLORY TO GOD ONLY*: and on the other side, the pictures of certain great ships, with these words: *THE SPANISH FLEET*: and in the circumference about the ships: *IT CAME, WENT, AND WAS. Anno 1588.* That is to say, the Spanish fleet came, went, and was vanquished this year; for which, glory be given to God only.

Likewise they coined another kind of money; upon the one side whereof was represented a ship fleeing and a ship sinking: on the other

side four men making prayers and giving thanks unto God upon their knees; with this sentence: Man purposeth, God disposeth. 1588. Also, for the lasting memory of the same matter, they have stamped in Holland divers such like coins, according to the custom of the ancient Romans.

While this wonderful and puissant Navy was sailing along the English coasts, and all men did now plainly see and hear that which before they would not be persuaded of, all people throughout England prostrated themselves with humble prayers and supplications unto God: but especially the outlandish Churches (who had greatest cause to fear, and against whom by name, the Spaniards had threatened most grievous torments) enjoined to their people continual fastings and supplications, that they might turn away God's wrath and fury now imminent upon them for their sins: knowing right well, that prayer was the only refuge against all enemies, calamities, and necessities, and that it was the only solace and relief for mankind, being visited with affliction and misery. Likewise such solemn days of supplication were observed throughout the united Provinces.

Also a while after the Spanish Fleet was departed, there was in England, by the commandment of her Majesty, and in the united Provinces, by the direction of the States, a solemn festival day publicly appointed, wherein all persons were enjoined to resort unto the Church, and there to render thanks and praises unto God: and the Preachers were commanded to exhort the people thereunto. The foresaid solemnity was observed upon the 29 of November; which day was wholly spent in fasting, prayer, and giving of thanks.

Likewise, the Queen's Majesty herself, imitating the ancient Romans, rode into London in triumph, in regard of her own and her subjects' glorious deliverance. For being attended upon very solemnly by all the principal estates and officers of her Realm, she was carried through her said City of London in a triumphant chariot, and in robes of triumph, from her Palace unto the Cathedral Church of Saint Paul, out of the which the ensigns and colours of the vanquished Spaniards hung displayed. And all the Citizens of London in their Liveries stood on either side the street, by their several Companies, with their ensigns and banners: and the streets were hanged on both sides with blue cloth, which, together with the foresaid banners, yielded a very stately and gallant prospect. Her Majesty being entered into the Church, together with her Clergy and Nobles gave thanks unto God, and caused a public Sermon to be preached before her at Paul's cross; wherein none other argument was handled, but that praise, honour, and glory might be rendered unto God, and that God's name might be extolled by thanksgiving. And with her own princely voice she most Christianly exhorted the people to do the same: whereupon the people with a loud acclamation wished her a most long and happy life, to the confusion of her foes.

Thus the magnificent, huge, and mighty fleet of the Spaniards (which themselves termed in all places invincible) such as sailed not upon the Ocean sea many hundred years before, in the year 1588 vanished into smoke; to the great confusion and discouragement of the authors thereof. In regard of which her Majesty's happy success all her neighbours and friends congratulated with her, and many verses were penned to the honour of her Majesty by learned men, whereof some which came to our hands we will here annex.

(Translated from the Latin of Emanuel van Meteren.)

WILLIAM WARNER

(? 1558 1609)

WILLIAM WARNER was born in London about 1558, and was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, but did not graduate. He acquired a sound reputation as a lawyer, and a much wider fame as a man of letters. He appears to have been a protégé of the first and second Lords Hunsdon, who both held the office of Lord Chamberlain. We know little more about him than the entry of his death in the parish register tells us: "Master William Warner, a man of good yeares and of honest reputation; by profession an attorneye of the common pleas, author of 'Albion's England'". Warner's literary works consist of *Pan his Syrinx* (1585), a collection of seven prose tales; a translation of the *Menaechmi* of Plautus (1595), which Shakespeare may have seen in manuscript before he wrote *The Comedy of Errors*; and *Albion's England* (1st ed. 1586). The prose tales are not of much account. The translation of Plautus is not quite certainly Warner's, as it is ascribed to him only on the strength of his

initials; it is merely of interest on account of its alleged connexion with Shakespeare. *Albion's England*, however, is an important poem, not only in bulk, but in certain vivid and powerful qualities. It is an historical or episodic poem in fourteen-syllable couplets. The first edition contained four books, beginning with Noah and ending with William the Conqueror. Other editions carried on the story to later and even contemporary events, so that the final (posthumous) edition of 1612 was in sixteen books, and included "the most chief Alterations and Accidents . . . in the . . . Raigne of . . . King James." Warner was not, as the egregious Francis Meres called him, "our English Homer"; but his poem is vigorous and unpretentious, and its tedium is relieved by stirring passages. Judging by the number of editions (seven in twenty-six years), it was extremely popular; and while this popularity was doubtless due in part to the patriotic qualities of the poem, it was also due to merit of a more

solid kind. It ousted *The Mirror of Magistrates* from popular favour, and in its turn was to some extent ousted by Drayton's *Polyolbion*. To the literary historian

Warner is of interest as an almost unique example of an Englishman of his generation who was quite untouched by Italian influences.

Albion's England

BOOK IX. CHAP. XLIX

'The Spanyards' long time care and coste, invincible surnamed,
 Was now a flote, whilst Parma too from Flanders hither aimed.
 Like fleete of eightscore ships and od the ocean never bore,
 So huge, so strong, and so compleate in every strength and store.
 Carikes, galions, argosies, and galiasses such
 That seemed so many castles and their tops the cloudes to tuch.
 These on the Lizardes show themselves, and threaten England's fall:
 But theare with fiftie shippes of ours that fleete was fought withall.
 Howbeit of a greater sorte our navie did consist,
 But parte kept died in the porte that might of health have miste,
 Had Spain's armada of our wants in Plimnorth's haven wiste.
 The reste had eye on Parma, that from Flanders' armoor threatates:
 Meanwhile lord Charles our admiral and Drake did worthy feats.
 Whose feareless fiftie moole-hils bod their trypeld mountaines bace,
 And even at first (so pleas'd it God) pursewed as if in chace:
 By this (for over idle seemed to English hearts the shore)
 Our gallants did embark each-wheare, and made our forces more.
 But in such warlike order then their shippes at anker laye
 That we, unles we them disperse, on bootles labour staye:
 Nor lacked policie that to that purpose made us waye.
 Ours fyred divers shippes, that downe the current sent so skaerd,
 That cables cut and ankers lost the Spanyards badly faered.
 Dispersed thus, we spare not shot, and part of them we sinke,
 And part we boord, the rest did flye, not fast enough they thinke.
 Well guided little axes so force tallest oaks to fall,
 So numbrous herds of stately harts fly beagles few and small.
 Nine days together chased we them, not actionis save in flight.
 About eight thowsands perished by famine, sea and fight.
 For treasure, shippes and carrages, lost honor, prisoners tayne
 The Spaniards, hardly scaping hence scapt not rebukes in Spaine.
 Well might thus much (as much it did) cheer England, but much more
 Concurrancie from one to all to stop that common sore.
 Even Catholiques (that erred name doth please the papists) waer
 As forward in this quarrel as the formost arms to bear:

Recusants and suspects of note of others was the caer
 And had not our God-guided fight on seas prevailed, yet
 The Spaniards, land wherso they could had with our armies met.
 Our common courage wished no lesse so lightly feard we foes,
 Such hope in God, such hate of them, such hearts to barter bloes.
 Heere flam'd the Cyclops' forges, Mars his armonie was heere,
 Himself he sheads in us and with our cause ourselves we cheere.
 But (which has scarrefide our wounds, if wounded, with the balme
 Of her sweete presence, so applaus'd as in sea-stormes a calme)
 Her royall self, Elizabeth our soveraigne lawfull queene,
 In magnanimious majestic amidst her troupes was scene.
 Which made us weepe for joy: nor was her kindness lesse to us.
 Thinke nothing letting them that might the common cause discuss,
 Wheare prince and people have in love a sympathie as thus
 Howbeit, force nor policie, but God's sole providence,
 Did cleare, fore-boasted conquest and belighted thraldome hence.
 He in Sancherib his nose did put his hooke and brought
 Him back again the way he came, without performing ought:
 He fought for us, alonely we did shout and trumpets sound,
 When as the walles of Jerico fell flat unto the ground.
 Yea least (for earst did never heere like strong supplies befall,
 Like loyall hearts in everyone, like war-like mindes in all,
 Less spaer of purses, more foresight, and valiant guides to act
 As shewde our hardie little fleet that battell never slackt.)
 Leaste, I say, might have been sayd the cause that we subdew'de,
 Even God, to glorifie himselfe, our gayned cause pursew'de,
 Without our losse of man, or mast, or foe once touching shore,
 Save such as wrackt, weare prisnors, or but landing, liv'd not more;
 And as in publique praiers we did his defence implore,
 So being victors, publicuely, we yielded thanks therefore.
 Her hignes selfe (good cause she had) in view of everie eye,
 On humbled knees did give him thanks that gave her victorie.
 Remaineth, what she wonne, what Spaine and Rome did lose in fame:
 Remaineth, popes use potentates but to retrive their game.

THOMAS WATSON

(? 1557 - 1592)

THOMAS WATSON was born in
 London about 1557, and was per-
 haps educated at Oxford. He
 studied law, but not very seriously,

and appears to have been a man of
 independent means and an en-
 thusiast for poetry and music. He
 was one of the best Latinists of his

day, and translated into Latin Petrarch's sonnets, Tasso's *Aminia*, and the *Antigone* of Sophocles. He was also well read in Italian and French literature. He was a man of a scholarly, not to say pedantic cast of mind; and when he endeavoured to write English verse, he reclined quite openly on the bosom of Petrarch, Ronsard, and other less celebrated writers. His first volume of verse, ΕΚΑΤΟΜΗΛΟΙΑ, or *Passionate Centurie of Love*, appeared in 1582. It contained a hundred poems which the author insisted on calling sonnets, though each contains eighteen lines (three repetitions of the form found in the last six lines of a Shakespearean sonnet). Watson had the soul of a scholiast, and wrote a curious prose commentary on each of his frigid poems, explaining their origin and quoting parallel passages. He seems to have been the first or among the first to double

the rôle of author and commentator, as Jonson did a generation later, to the detriment of his work. His second volume, *The Tears of Fancie, or Love Disdained*, appeared posthumously in 1593. It is more correct than the earlier volume, as its sonnets contain fourteen lines, but it is equally frigid. "The truest poetry is the most feigning"; and there is no feigning at all in Watson's work. His love and despair are all quite obviously make-believe. He is of importance as a competent though not accomplished metrist, as an early sonneteer, and as a popularizer of artificial love poetry. His influence on greater sonneteers, who infused real passion into their poetry, was great. Sidney and Shakespeare studied his work. The egregious Francis Meres groups Watson with Shakespeare, Marlowe, and others as "best for tragedie", but his dramatic writings, if they ever existed, are lost.

Passionate Centurie of Love

II

In this passion the Author describeth in how pitious a case the hart of a louer is, being (as he fayneth heere) seperated from his owne body, and remoued into a darksome and solitarie wildernes of woes. The conueyance of his inuention is plaine and pleasant enough of it selfe, and therefore needeth the lesse annotation before it.

My harte is sett him downe twixt hope and feares
Vpon the stonie banke of high desire,
To view his own made flud of blubbering teares
Whose waues are bitter salt, and hote as fire:
There blowes no blast of wind but ghostly grones
Nor waues make other noyse then pitious moanes.
As life were spent he waiteth *Charons* boate,
And thinkes he dwells on side of *Stigian* lake:
But blacke despaire some times with open throate,
Or spightfull Ielousie doth cause him quake,
With howlinge shrikes on him they call and crie
That he as yet shall nether liue nor die:

And wanteth voyce to make his iust complaint.
 No flowr but *Hiacynth* in all the place,
 No sunne comes there, nor any heau'nly sainte,
 But onely shee, which in him selfe remaines,
 And ioyes her ease though he abound in paines.

VII

This passion of loue is lively expressed by the Authour, in that he lauishlie praiseth the person and beautifull ornamentes of his loue, one after another as they lie in order. He partly imitateth herein *Ienias Siluius*, who setteth downe the like in describing *Laetitia* the loue of *Emyalus*; and partly he followeth *Ariosto cant. 7*, where he describeth *Helina*; and partly borroweth from some others where they describe the famous *Helen of Greece*: you may therefore, if you please aptlie call this sonnet a Scholler of good iudgement hath already Christened it *εὐχρηστικὸν σονετὶ*.

Harke you that list to heare what sainte I serue;
 Her yellowe lockes exceede the beaten goulde;
 Her sparkeling eies in heau'n a place deserue;
 Her forehead high and faire of comely mould;
 Her wordes are musicke all of silver sound;
 Her wit so sharpe as like can scarce be found;
 Each eyebrowe hangs like *Iris* in the skie;
 Her *Eagles* nose is straight of stately frame;
 On either cheeke a *Rose* and *Lillie* lies;
 Her breath is sweete perfume, or hollic flame;
 Her lips more red than any *Corall* stone;
 Her necke more white, then aged *Seams* that mone;
 Her brest transparent is, like Christall rocke;
 Her fingers long, fit for *Apolloes* Lute;
 Her slipper such as *Momus* dare not mocke;
 Her vertues all so great as make me mute:
 What other partes she hath I neede not say,
 Whose face alone is cause of my decaye.

XI

In this sonnet is couertly set forth, how pleasaunt a passion the Author one day enioyed, when by chance he ouerharde his mistress, whilst she was singing priuately by her selfe: And sone after into howe sorrowfull a dumpe, or sounden extasie he fell, when vpon the first sight of him she abruptlie finished her song and melodie.

O Goulden bird and *Phenix* of our age,
 Whose sweete records and more then earthly voice
 By wondrous force did then my griefe asswage
 When nothing els could make my heart reioyce,

Thy teunes (no doubt) had made a later end,
 If thou hadst knowen how much they stood my frend.
 When silence dround the latter warbling noate,
 A sudden griefe eclypst my former ioye,
 My life it selfe in calling *Carons* boate
 Did sigh, and say, that pleasure brought anoy;
 And blam'd mine care for listning to the sound
 Of such a songe, as had increast my wound.
 My heauie heart remembring what was past
 Did sorrowe more than any tounge can tell;
 As did the damned soules that stoode agast,
 When *Orpheus* with his wife return'd from hell:
 Yet who would think, that Musicke which is swete,
 In curing paines could cause delites to flecte?

XLVII

This Passion conteineth a relation through out from line to line; as, from euery line of the first staffe as it standeth in order, vnto euery line of the second staffe: and from the second staffe vnto the third. The oftener it is read of him that is no great clarke, the more pleasure he shall haue in it. And this posie a scholler set down ouer this Sonnet, when he had well considered of it: *Tam casu, quam arte et industria*. The two first lines are an imitation of *Seraphine, Sonnetto 103*.

Col tempo el Villanello al giogo mena
 El Tor si fiero, e si crudo animale,
 Col tempo el Falcon s'vsa à menar l'ale
E ritornare à te chiamando à pena.

In time the Bull is brought to weare the yoake;
 In time all haggred Haukes will stoope the Lures;
 In time small wedge will cleaue the sturdiest Oake;
 In time the Marble weares with weakest shewres:
 More fierce is my sweete *loue* more hard withall,
 Then Beast, or Birde, then Tree, or Stony wall.
 No yoake preuailes, shee will not yeeld to might;
 No Lure will cause her stoope, she beares full gorge;
 No wedge of woes make printe, she reakes no right;
 No shewre of tears can moue, she thinkes I forge:
 Helpe therefore *Heau'nly Boy*, come perce her brest
 With that same shaft, which robbes me of my rest.
 So let her feele thy force, that she relent;
 So keepe her lowe, that she vouchsafe a pray;
 So frame her will to right, that pride be spent;
 So forge, that I may speede without delay;
 Which if thou do, I'le sweare, and singe with ioy,
 That *Loue* no longer is a blinded Boy.

Here the Authour after some dolorous discourse of his unhappines, and rehearsall of some particular hurtes which he susteineth in the pursuite of his loue: first questioneth with his *Lady* of his desert; and then, as hauinge made a sufficient proofe of his innocency, perswadeth her to pitie him, whom she herselfe hath hurte. Moreover it is to be noted, that the first letters of all the verses in this Passion being ioyned together as they stand, do containe this posie agreeable to his meaning, *Amor me punit et vrit*.

A A World of woes doth raigne within my brest,
m My pensive thoughtes are cou'ed all with care,
o Of all that sing the *Sacraunt* doth please me best.
r Restraint of ioyes exiles my wonted fare,
M Mad mooded *Loue* vsurping Reasons place
e Extremitie doth ouer rule the case.
P Paine drieth vp my vaines and vitall bloud,
u Vlesse the *Saint* I serue geue helpe in time:
n None els, but she alone, can do me good.
g Graunt then ye Gods, that first she may not cline
i Immortall heau'ns, to liue with *Saintes* alone
t Then she vouchsafe to yeeld me loue for loue
E Examine well the time of my distresse
t Thou dainty *Dame*, of whom I pine away,
V Vnguyltie though, as needes thou must confesse,
r Remembring but the cause of my decay:
i In vewing thy sweete face arose my griefe,
t Therefore in tyme vouchsafe me some reliefe.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

(? 1556 - ? 1610)

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE was a son of Hugh Montgomerie of Hesselhead Castle, Ayrshire, and was born about 1556. We do not know where he was educated, though his poems attest that he was a man of considerable culture. He entered the king's service, was styled "captain", by courtesy or otherwise, and became semi-officially Poet Laureate to the court. He fell into disgrace, it is not known

why or when, and received a pension which was irregularly paid. He became a man with a grievance, which he aired in many of his poems, thereby impairing their interest. To add to his discontentment he became involved in a lengthy lawsuit concerning his pension, and although he was in the end successful in his suit, his conviction that he was an injured man became stronger and stronger. So

little do we know of his later years that his death has been dated as early as 1591 and as late as 1614.

By far the most famous of Montgomerie's poems is *The Cherrie and the Slae* (printed 1597), an allegorical poem whose key is lost, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the reader is offered by the critics an embarrassing multiplicity of keys for it. It is a poem of about 1600 lines written in peculiar fourteen-line stanzas—a metrical form of some intricacy which Montgomerie invented or popularized. Many of its stanzas are fresh and vigorous, and show a genuine love of nature. It is free from the aureate style. *The Flyting betwixt Montgomerie and Polwart* (published 1621) is an imitation of Dunbar's notorious poem, which it equals in scurrility but not in the exuberance of its verbosity. *The Mind's Melodie*, a version of some of the Psalms and other spiritual songs, is more creditable to Montgomerie's piety than to his poetical gifts. His sonnets and miscellaneous poems are for the most part good

when they are amatory or occasional, poor when they are devotional, and contemptible when they sing the praises of King James. Montgomerie is, for several reasons, an interesting figure in literary history. Although he was only some eight years Shakespeare's senior, he belongs in everything but date to the fifteenth century. He is what physiologists term a "throw-back" to the age of Dunbar, with his allegories, flytings, and curiously complicated metres. He also possesses the melancholy interest which attaches to the last survivor of any school of literature. He is the last of the "makaris". Aytoun, the Earl of Stirling, and other poets of Scottish birth followed English models and adopted an entirely English vocabulary.

[Dr. James Cranstoun edited Montgomerie's Poems for the S.T.S. in three volumes in 1887; twenty years later a useful supplementary volume, edited by Mr. George Stevenson, gave a better text of *The Cherrie and the Slae* from Laing MS. No. 447.]

Off the Cherrie and the Slae

About ane bank, quhair birdis on bewis
 'Ten thousand tymes thair nottis renewis
 Ilk hour into the day,
 Quhair merle and maveis nicht be sene,
 With progne and with phelomene,
 Quhilk causit me to stay.
 I lay and lenit me to ane buss,
 'To heir the birdis beir;
 Thair mirth was so melodius,
 'Throw nature of the yeir:
 Sum singing, sum springing,
 So heich into the skye;
 So nimlie and trimlie
 'Thir birdis flew me by.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

I saw the hurchun and the hair,
Quhilk fed amange the flouris fair,
war happin to and fro:
I saw the cwnyng and the kat,
Quhais downis with the dew was wat,
With mony beistis ma,
The hairt, the hynd, the da, the rae,
the fumart, and the fox,
was skippin all frome bray to bray,
Amang the watter brokis;
Sum feidding, sum dreidding,
In cais of suddane snairis;
With skipping, and trippin,
thay hanttit ay in pairis.

The air was so attemperat,
But ony mist Immaculatt,
Baith purefeit and cleir:
The feildis ower all was flureischit,
As natour haid thame nurischitt,
Bayth delicat and deir:
And euerie blume on branche and bewch
So prettillie thay spred,
bingang thair heidis out ower the heuch,
In mayis cullour cled;
Sum knapping, Sum drapping
Of balmie liquor sweit,
Destelling and smelling
Throw phebus helsum heit.

The Coukou and the cussatt cryid,
the turtill, on the vther syde,
Na plesure haid to play:
Sua schill in sorow was hir sang,
That with hir voce the rochis rang,
for echo ansuerit ay,
Lamenting still Narcissus' cais,
That steruit at the well;
Quha throw the schadow of his face
for luif did slay him sell:
Sair weiping and creiping,
about that well he baid;
Quhylis lying, quhylis crying,
Bot it na ansuer maid.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE

The dew as dymontis did hing
Vpoun the tender twiskis ying,
Owertwinkling all the treis:
And ay quhair flouris did flureis fair,
Thair suddanlie I saw repair
Ane suarme of sounding beis.
Sum sucitlie hes the hony socht,
Quhill thay war claggit soir;
Sum willinglie the wakx hes wrocht
To keip it vp in store;
So heipping, for keiping,
Into thair hyvis thay hyd it:
preceislie and viselie,
for winter thay provydit.

To pen the pleasur of that park,
how euerie blaysum, brench, and bark,
Aganis the sone did schyne,
I leave to poyetis to compyle,
In staitlie vers and ornate style:
It passit my ingyne.
Bot as I movit me allone,
I saw ane rever Rin
Out ouer ane craig and Roch of stone,
Syne lichtit in ane lin:
With tumbling and Rumbling,
Among the rockis round,
Devalling and falling
Into the pitt profound.

To heir the stertlie streameis cleir,
Me thocht it mwsick to the eir,
Quhair daskene did abound,
With trubill sueit, & tennour Iust;
And ay the echo reparcuest
hir diapassoun sound,
Set with the ci soll fa uthe clewe,
Thairby to know the note,
Sounding ane michtie senabrewe
Out of the elphis thrott:
Discreittlie, mair sueitlie,
Nor craftie amphioun;
Or mwssis that vsis
That fountoun eloquon.

Quha wald haue tyrit to heir that tunc,
The birdis corrobrat ay abone,
Throw schuitting of the larkis?
sum flew so heiche into the skyis,
Quhill cupid walknit with the cryis
Of naturall chappell clerkis;
Quha leaving all the heavinis abone,
alleichtit on the yeird,
Lo, heir that littill god of luif
Befoir me thair appeird;
So myldlyke and childlyke,
With bow threis quarteris skant;
So moylie so coylie,
he luikit lyk ane sant.

Ane cleirlye crisp hang ower his eis,
his quaver be his nakkit theis
hang in ane siluer caiss:
Of gold betuix his schoulderis grew
Tua prettie wingis quhairwith he flew,
On his left arme ane brace,
That god of all his geir he schowk,
And layit it on the ground:
I ran als bissie for to luik
Quhair fairleis nicht be fund:
I maisit, I gaisit,
To se that geir so gay:
Persaving my having,
he comptit me his pray.

“ Quhat wald thou gif me frend,” quod he,
“ To haue thir prettie wingis to flie,
To sport the for ane quhyle?
Or quhat, gif I suld lend the heir
my bow and all my schuting geir,
Sum bodie to begyle?”
“ That geir,” quod I, “ can nocht be bocht,
Yit wald I haue it fane.”
“ Quhat gif,” quod he, “ it cost the nocht,
Bot rander it agane?”
His wingis than he bringis than,
And band thame on my bak:
“ Go, flie now,” quod he now,
And so my leif I tak.

I sprang vpoun cwpidois wingis,
 the bow and quaver bayth resingis,
 To lene me for ane day.
 As Icarus with borrowit flycht,
 I muntit heichar nor I mycht,
 Oure perrellus ane play.
 'Than furth I drew that deidlie dairt,
 that sumtyme hurt his mother;
 quhairwith I hurt my wantoun hairt,
 In hoip to hurt ane vther.
 I hurt me and bruit me,
 the ofter I it hanteil;
 Sum se now, In me now,
 the butterfle and candill.

As scho delytthyth in the low,
 So was I browdin of my bow,
 As ignorant as scho:
 And as scho fleis quhill scho be fyrit,
 So, with the dairt that I desyrit,
 My handis hes hurt me to.
 As fulyche factoun, by suit,
 His fatheris cairt obtenit,
 I langit in cupiddis bow to schuit,
 bot wist nocht quhat it menit.
 Mair wilfull nor skylfull,
 to flie I was so fund,
 desyring, Inspyring,
 And sa was sene appond.

To lait I leirnit, quha hewis he,
 the spaill sall fall into his ey:
 To lait I went to scuillis:
 To lait I hard the suallow preich,
 To lait experience dois teich—
 The scuilmaister of fuillis:
 To lait I find the nest I seik,
 quhan as the birdis ar flowne:
 To lait the stable duir I steik,
 quhan as the steid is stowin.
 To lait ay thair stait ay
 All fulych folk espy:
 behind so, thai find so,
 remeid, and so do I.

(*Lines 1-182.*)

RICHARD HOOKER

(? 1553 1600)

RICHARD HOOKER was born at Heavitree, near Exeter, in or about 1553. He was educated at Exeter Grammar School, and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1574 and M.A. in 1577, obtaining a fellowship in the latter year. He was a keen student, and his acquaintance with Greek and Hebrew was very wide, and for a time he deputed for the professor of Hebrew. About 1581 he took holy orders, and preached at St. Paul's Cross in London. His London landlady, Mrs. Churchman, suggested to him that he needed someone to look after him, and, being empowered to choose him a wife, not unnaturally selected her own daughter Joan, whom he at once married. "O hell! to choose love by another's eyes," said *Hermia*; and Hooker soon found the truth of the saying. His wife appears to have been something of a shrew, though it is possible that her bad qualities have been exaggerated by Walton and others because her sympathies were with the Puritans. She certainly appears to have mishandled Hooker's papers after his death; but when she summoned her husband from gossiping with his friends to rock the cradle, she was surely not guilty of any unusual action or heinous offence. Hooker, who of course vacated his fellowship on his marriage, at first held the living of Drayton Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire, but his friends, in order to free him from a life of sheep-tending and cradle-rocking, pro-

cured his appointment as Master of the Temple in 1585. Hooker preached at the Temple on Sunday mornings; the afternoon lecturer was one Walter Travers, an eminent Puritan, who had been an unsuccessful candidate for the mastership. A sharp though courteous controversy arose between Hooker and Travers, and inspired the former to write his great work on ecclesiastical polity. Any controversy, however, no matter how politely conducted, was repugnant to Hooker's gentle and sensitive nature, and in 1591 he requested the Archbishop of Canterbury to give him a country benefice "where I may study, and pray for God's blessing on my endeavours, and keep myself in peace and privacy, and behold God's blessings spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread without oppositions". He was accordingly presented to the rectory of Beacombe, Wiltshire, and was instituted to a minor prebend of Salisbury. In 1595 he received the better living of Bishopshorne, near Canterbury, where he laboured continually at his great book until his death on 2nd November, 1600.

Of the Lawes of Ecclesiasticall Politie has a curious and rather uncertain literary history. The first four books were published in or a little before 1594. The fifth appeared in 1597. The sixth and eighth books appeared first in 1648, while the seventh did not appear until 1662. There is some doubt about the authenticity of the post-

humously published books; but the consensus of opinion is that the seventh and eighth books are substantially Hooker's, being worked up from his rough notes; but that the so-called sixth book, though also substantially Hooker's, is part of another work, and has no right to a place in the *Ecclesiasticall Politie*. The matter is not quite clear, and the nature of the book encouraged pious frauds among religious and political enthusiasts. Hooker's book is a masterpiece both in thought and style. In the first two books he expounds philosophical principles and in the later books he applies them to the question in hand, so that in ways the first two books are the most generally interesting. But Hooker had great gifts; what might seem to be merely of temporary interest becomes of permanent interest in his hands; what is mortal has put on immortality. In his broad, tolerant, and sympathetic spirit, in his calmness, his dignity, and his freedom from rancour, Hooker stands almost alone among theo-

logical controversialists. No one, no matter what his religious or political views may be, can rise from a perusal of Hooker without a greatly increased respect for the Church of England, not only of 1600, but of to-day. His book is typical of England and English ways of thought, equally far removed from Rome and from Geneva. His style is as judicious as his subject-matter, and keeps carefully to the *via media* between stiffness and familiarity, between pedantry and colloquialism, between preciousness and vulgarity. Hooker himself was a holy and humble man of heart; a profound scholar and a wise man too. His book, like many books, has had a somewhat curious fate. It was written to support a mildly Big-Indian policy, but is now used by Little-Indians when attacking the Big-Indian extremists.

[Izaak Walton, *Life of Hooker*; J. Keble, *Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* (revised by R. W. Church and F. Paget); W. F. Hook, *Ecclesiastical Biography*.]

Of the Lawes of Ecclesiasticall Politie

CHAP. I

He that goeth about to persuade a multitude, that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers; because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regiment is subject, but the secret lets and difficulties, which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider. And because such as openly reprove supposed disorders of state are taken for principal friends to the common benefit of all, and for men that carry singular freedom of mind; under this fair and plausible colour whatsoever they utter passeth for good and current. That which wanteth in the weight of their speech, is supplied by the aptness of men's minds to accept and believe it. Whereas on the other

side, if we maintain things that are established, we have not only to strive with a number of heavy prejudices deeply rooted in the hearts of men, who think that herein we serve the time, and speak in favour of the present state, because thereby we either hold or seek preferment; but also to bear such exceptions as minds so averted beforehand usually take against that which they are loath should be poured into them.

Albeit therefore much that we are to speak in this present cause may seem to a number perhaps tedious, perhaps obscure, dark, and intricate; (for many talk of the truth, which never sounded the depth from whence it springeth; and therefore when they are led thereunto they are soon weary, as men drawn from those beaten paths wherewith they have been inured); yet this may not so far prevail as to cut off that which the matter itself requireth, howsoever the nice humour of some be therewith pleased or no. They unto whom we shall seem tedious are in no wise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labour which they are not willing to endure. And if any complain of obscurity, they must consider, that in these matters it cometh no otherwise to pass than in sundry the works both of art and also of nature, where that which hath greatest force in the very things we see is notwithstanding itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labour is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it and for the lookers-on. In like manner, the use and benefit of good laws all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious; for better examination of their quality, it becometh the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain of them to be discovered. Which because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable, and the matters which we handle seem by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them) dark, intricate, and unfamiliar. For as much help whereof as may be in this case, I have endeavoured throughout the body of this whole discourse, that every former part might give strength unto all that follow, and every later bring some light unto all before. So that if the judgments of men do but hold themselves in suspense as touching these first more general meditations, till in order they have perused the rest that ensue; what may seem dark at the first will afterwards be found more plain, even as the later particular decisions will appear I doubt not more strong, when the other have been read before.

The Laws of the Church, whereby for so many ages together we have been guided in the exercise of Christian religion and the service of the true God, our rites, customs, and orders of ecclesiastical government, are called in question: we are accused as men that will not have Christ Jesus to rule over them, but have wilfully cast his statutes behind their backs, hating to be reformed and made subject unto the sceptre of his discipline. Behold therefore we offer the laws whereby we live unto the general trial and judgment of the whole world; heartily beseeching Almighty God, whom we desire to serve according to his own will, that both we and others (all kind of partial affection being clean laid aside) may have eyes to see and hearts to embrace the things that in his sight are most acceptable.

And because the point about which we strive is the quality of our laws, our first entrance hereinto cannot better be made, than with consideration of the nature of law in general, and of that law which giveth life unto all the rest, which are commendable, just, and good; namely the law whereby the Eternal himself doth work. Proceeding from hence to the law, first of Nature, then of Scripture, we shall have the easier access unto those things which come after to be debated, concerning the particular cause and question which we have in hand.

CHAP. II

All things that are, have some operation not violent or casual. Neither doth any thing ever begin to exercise the same, without some fore-conceived end for which it worketh. And the end which it worketh for is not obtained, unless the work be also fit to obtain it by. For unto every end every operation will not serve. That which doth assign unto each thing the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure, of working, the same we term a Law. So that no certain end could ever be attained, unless the actions whereby it is attained were regular; that is to say, made suitable, fit and correspondent unto their end, by some canon, rule or law. Which thing doth first take place in the works even of God himself.

All things therefore do work after a sort according to law: all other things according to a law, whereof some superior, unto whom they are subject, is author; only the works and operations of God have Him both for their worker, and for the law whereby they are wrought. The being of God is a kind of law to his working: for that perfection which God is, giveth perfection to that he doth. Those natural, necessary, and internal operations of God, the Generation of the Son, the Proceeding of the Spirit, are without the compass of my present intent: which is to touch only such operations as have their beginning and being by a voluntary purpose, wherewith God hath eternally decreed when and

how they should be. Which eternal decree is that we term an eternal law.

Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High; whom although to know be life, and joy to make mention of his name; yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know him not as indeed he is, neither can know him: and our safest eloquence concerning him is our silence, when we confess without confession that his glory is inexplicable, his greatness above our capacity and reach. He is above, and we upon earth; therefore it beloveth our words to be wary and few.

Our God is one, or rather very Oneness, and mere unity, having nothing but itself in itself, and not consisting (as all things do besides God) of many things. In which essential Unity of God a Trinity personal nevertheless subsisteth, after a manner far exceeding the possibility of man's conceit. The works which outwardly are of God, they are of such sort of Him being one, that each Person hath in them somewhat peculiar and proper. For being Three, and they all subsisting in the essence of one Deity; from the Father, by the Son, through the Spirit, all things are. That which the Son doth hear of the Father, and which the Spirit doth receive of the Father and the Son, the same we have at the hands of the Spirit as being the last, and therefore the nearest unto us in order, although in power the same with the second and the first.

The wise and learned among the very heathens themselves have all acknowledged some First Cause, whereupon originally the being of all things dependeth. Neither have they otherwise spoken of that cause than as an Agent, which knowing what and why it worketh, observeth in working a most exact order or law. Thus much is signified by that which Homer mentioneth, Διὸς ἂν ἐπ' ἀέτερο βουλή. Thus much acknowledged by Mercurius Trismegistus, Τὸν πάντα κόσμον ἐκείνου ὁ δημιουργὸς οὐ χερσὶν ἀλλὰ λόγῳ. Thus much confessed by Anaxagoras and Plato, terming the Maker of the world an *intellectual* Worker. Finally the Stoics, although imagining the first cause of all things to be fire, held nevertheless, that the same fire having art, did ὁσὸν βούλεται ἐπὶ γενέσει κόσμου. They all confess therefore in the working of that first cause, that Counsel is used, Reason followed, a Way observed; that is to say, constant order and Law is kept; whereof itself must needs be author unto itself. Otherwise it should have some worthier and higher to direct it, and so could not itself be the first. Being the first, it can have no other than itself to be the author of that law which it willingly worketh by.

God therefore is a law both to himself, and to all other things besides. To himself he is a law in all those things, whereof our Saviour speaketh, saying, "My Father worketh as yet, so I". God worketh nothing without cause. All those things which are done by him have some end

for which they are done; and the end for which they are done is a reason of his will to do them. His will had not inclined to create woman, but that he saw it could not be well if she were not created. *Non est bonum*, "It is not good man should be alone; therefore let us make a helper for him." That and nothing else is done by God, which to leave undone were not so good.

If therefore it be demanded, why God having power and ability infinite, the effects notwithstanding of that power are all so limited as we see they are: the reason hereof is the end which he hath proposed, and the law whereby his wisdom hath stinted the effects of his power in such sort, that it doth not work infinitely but correspondently unto that end for which it worketh, even "all things *χρηστώς*, in most decent and comely sort", all things in Measure, Number, and Weight.

The general end of God's external working is the exercise of his most glorious and most abundant virtue. Which abundance doth show itself in variety, and for that cause this variety is oftentimes in Scripture exprest by the name of *riches*. "The Lord hath made all things for his own sake." Not that any thing is made to be beneficial unto him, but all things for him to show beneficence and grace in them.

The particular drift of every act proceeding externally from God we are not able to discern, and therefore cannot always give the proper and certain reason of his works. Howbeit undoubtedly a proper and certain reason there is of every finite work of God, inasmuch as there is a law imposed upon it; which if there were not, it should be infinite, even as the worker himself is.

They err therefore who think that of the will of God to do this or that there is no reason besides his will. Many times no reason known to us; but that there is no reason thereof I judge it most unreasonable to imagine, inasmuch as he worketh all things *κατὰ τὴν βουλήν τοῦ θελήματος αὐτοῦ*, not only according to his own will, but "the Counsel of his own will". And whatsoever is done with counsel or wise resolution hath of necessity some reason why it should be done, albeit that reason be to us in some things so secret, that it forceth the wit of man to stand, as the blessed Apostle himself doth, amazed thereat: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments," etc. That law eternal which God himself hath made to himself, and thereby worketh all things whereof he is the cause and author; that law in the admirable frame whereof shineth with most perfect beauty the countenance of that wisdom which hath testified concerning herself, "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, even before his works of old I was set up"; that law, which hath been the pattern to make, and is the card to guide the world by; that law which hath been of God and with God everlastingly; that law, the author and observer whereof is one only God to be blessed for ever:

how should either men or angels be able perfectly to behold? The book of this law we are neither able nor worthy to open and look into. That little thereof which we darkly apprehend we admire, the rest with religious ignorance we humbly and meekly adore.

Seeing therefore that according to this law He worketh, "of whom, through whom, and for whom, are all things"; although there seem unto us confusion and disorder in the affairs of this present world: "*Tamen quoniam bonus mundum rector temperat, recte fieri cuncta ne dubites*": "Let no man doubt but that every thing is well done, because the world is ruled by so good a guide", as transgresseth not His own law: than which nothing can be more absolute, perfect, and just.

The law whereby He worketh is eternal, and therefore can have no show or colour of mutability: for which cause, a part of that law being opened in the promises which God hath made (because his promises are nothing else but declarations what God will do for the good of men) touching those promises the Apostle hath witnessed, that God may as possibly "deny himself" and not be God, as fail to perform them. And concerning the counsel of God, he termeth it likewise a thing "unchangeable"; the counsel of God, and that law of God whereof now we speak, being one.

Nor is the freedom of the will of God any whit abated, let, or hindered, by means of this; because the imposition of this law upon himself is his own free and voluntary act.

This law therefore we may name eternal, being "that order which God before all ages hath set down with himself, for himself to do all things by".

HENRY CONSTABLE

(1562 1613)

HENRY CONSTABLE was the son of Sir Robert Constable of Newark, and was born in 1562. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1580. He became an ardent Roman Catholic while still a young man, and appears to have been engaged in secret service, a dangerous occupation in Elizabethan times, and doubly so for one of his religion. He resided in Paris for some time, and in 1598 visited

Edinburgh with a commission from the Pope empowering him to promise James the support of the Catholic nations in his claim to succeed Elizabeth, if James would promise to ameliorate the lot of Catholics in England after his accession. Constable did not see James, and his mission was a failure. When James did come to the throne, Constable returned to England, but was imprisoned in the Tower for a few months. He

was released before December, 1604. Nothing more is known of his life except that he died at Liège on 9th October, 1613.

Constable's sonnet - sequence *Diana* first appeared in 1592. This edition contained only 23 sonnets; the second edition (1594) was entitled *Diana, or the excellent conceitful Sonnets of H. C. augmented with divers Quatorzains of honorable and lerned personages*, and contained 76 sonnets, many of which, however, are by other pens. Eight are Sir Philip Sidney's; and none of the additional poems can be ascribed with absolute certainty to Constable. His spiritual sonnets

were not printed until 1815. He contributed four charming poems to *England's Helicon* (1600). His work is almost too scanty to give a satisfactory display of his genius; though some of his poems are fantastic and full of conceits, he is always correct and elegant, often tuneful and captivating. He is, like many contemporary sonneteers, greatly indebted to French and Italian models, especially Desportes and Petrarch.

[Sir Sidney Lee, *Elizabethan Sonnets*; editions of Constable by W. C. Hazlitt (1859) and John Gray (1897).]

Of his mistrisse: upon occasion of her walking in a Garden

My ladie's presence makes the roses red,
Because to see her lips they blush for shame:
'The lilies leaves, for envy, pale became,
And her white hands in them this envy bred.
'The marigold abroad the leaves doth spread,
Because the sun's and her power is the same;
'The violet of purple colour came,
Dy'd with the blood she made my heart to shed.
In brieft all flowers from her their virtue take:
From her sweet breath their sweet smells do proceed,
'The living heate which her eye-beames do make
Warmeth the ground, and quickeneth the seed.
'The raine wherewith she watereth these flowers
Falls from mine eyes, which she dissolves in showers.

To the Ladie Rich

Heralds at armes doe three perfections quote;
'To wit---most faire, most rich, most glittering:
So when these three concurre within one thing,
Needs must that thing of honour be, of note.
Lately did I behold a rich faire coate

HENRY CONSTABLE

Which wished fortune to mine eyes did bring:
A lordly coate but worthy of a king:
Wherein all these perfections one might note -
A field of lilies, roses proper bare,
'To stars in chiefe, the crest was waves of gold:
How glittering was the coate the starrs declare,
'The lilies made it faire for to behold;
And *rich* it was, as by the gold appears,
So happy he which in his armes it beares.

Danielus Song to his Diaphenia

Diaphenia like the Daffadown-dillie,
White as the sunne, faire as the lillie,
Heigh hoe, how I doo love thee!
I doo love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their Dams,
How blest were I if thou would'st proove me!

Diaphenia like the spreading Roses,
That in thy sweetes all sweetes incloses,
Faire sweete, how I doo love thee!
I doo love thee as each flower
Loves the sunne's life-giving power;
For dead, thy breath to life might moove me.

Diaphenia like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
Deare Joy, how I doo love thee!
As the Birds doo love the spring,
Or the Bees their carefull King;
'Then in requite, sweet Virgin, love me.

SIR EDWARD DYER

(d. 1607)

EDWARD DYER was born at
rpham Park, Somersetshire,
ch was destined, one hundred
s after his death, to be the
hplace of Henry Fielding. The

date of his birth is unknown, and
not much is known of his life. He
was educated at Oxford, but his
college is not known with any cer-
tainty, and he did not graduate.

He appears to have gone to court under the wing of Leicester, and was a favourite, though not a prime favourite, of the queen. He was an intimate friend of Sir Philip Sidney's, was a pall-bearer at his funeral, and was bequeathed half his books. He was out of favour at court for some time, but was sent on diplomatic missions to the Low Countries and Denmark, and in 1596 was appointed Chancellor of the Order of the Garter and knighted. He is said, not on the best of evidence, to have been a great waster of money and an alchemist. The latter accusation, if true, explains the former. He died in 1607.

Dyer had a great reputation as a

poet in his day, and was mentioned by Meres as "famous for elegy". His poems were never collected, and many now are lost, so that we are constrained to say of him what Drummond of Hawthornden said, that his works "are so few that have come to my hands, I cannot well say anything of them". He resembles "single-speech Hamilton", for his reputation is sustained almost entirely by one poem, *My Mynde to me a Kingdome is*. This is a famous and an excellent poem, though perhaps the later stanzas do not quite come up to the standard of the opening lines. A. B. Grosart edited Dyer's writings in *Miscellanies* of the Fuller Worthies Library.

My Mynde to me a Kingdome is

My mynde to me a kyngdome is;
Such preasente joyes therein I fynde,
'That it excells all other blisse
'That earth affords or growes by kynde:
'Thoughe muche I wante which moste would have
Yet still my mynde forbiddes to crave.

No princely pompe, no wealthy store,
No force to winne the victorie,
No wilye wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feede a lovinge eye;
'To none of these I yielde as thrall:
For why? My mynde doth serve for all.

I see how plenty suffers ofte,
And hasty clymers sone do fall;
I see that those which are alofte,
Mishapp doth threaten moste of all;
'They get with toyle, they keepe with feare:
Such cares my mynde could never beare.

SIR EDWARD DYER

Content I live, this is my staye,
I seeke no more than maye suffyse;
I presse to beare no haughty swaye;
Look what I lack, my mynde supplies:
Lo, thus I triumph like a kynge,
Content with that my mynde doth bringe.

Some have too muche, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more.
'They are but poore though muche they have,
And I am ryche with lyttle store;
'They poore, I ryche; they begge, I gyve;
'They lacke, I leave; they pyne, I lyve.

I laughe not at another's losse,
I grudge not at another's gayne;
No wordly waues my mynde can toss:
My state at one dothe still remayne:
I feare no foe, I fawn no friende;
I loathe not lyfe nor dread my ende.

Some weighe their pleasure by theyre luste,
'Theyre wisdom by theyre rage of wyl;
'Theyre treasure is theyre onlye truste,
A clokèd crafte theyre store of skylle.
But all the pleasure that I fynde
Is to mayntayne a quiet mynde.

My wealthe is healthe and perfect ease;
My conscience cleere my choice defence;
I neither seeke by brybes to please
Nor by deceyte to breede offence;
'Thus do I lyve, thus will I dye;
Would all did so well as I.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

(? 1561 - 1595)

ROBERT SOUTHWELL was born at Horsham St. Faith's, Norfolk, about 1561. He was educated at Douai and Paris, and at an early age was fired with the ambition to become a Jesuit. He attained his desire in 1578, and spent the two years of his novitiate at Tournai. He became prefect of studies in the English College at Rome, and was ordained priest in 1584. In 1586 he went to England, although two years before a law had been enacted by which any native-born subject of the queen who had been ordained a Roman Catholic priest since the first year of her accession was guilty of treason if he resided in England more than forty days, and was subject to the death-penalty, with the barbarous ceremonies reserved for traitors. Brutal as this law may at first sight appear to be, it was merely Elizabeth's not unnatural rejoinder to the Pope, who had excommunicated her, and whose emissaries were stirrers-up of conspiracy and rebellion, and virtually self-created outlaws. Southwell, not being content with being a Jesuit, desired to be a martyr, and after a secret ministry of six years, during which he assumed the name of Cotton, and feigned an interest

in field-sports to disguise his sacerdotal character, his ambition was attained at Tyburn on 21st February, 1595. At various times during his previous two and a half years' imprisonment he was tortured, but with resolute firmness refused to give any information on any subject whatever.

Southwell's spectacular death has given to his poems an interest which they would not otherwise possess, especially, as is natural, among his co-religionists. Much, indeed, of Southwell's religious verse can only be appreciated by Roman Catholics. His longest poem is *St. Peter's Complaint*, nearly 800 lines long; his most famous *The Burning Babe*, which Jonson praised. He endeavoured—and a laudable endeavour it was—to write sacred poetry which could vie with contemporary profane poetry. His poems are full of conceits, antitheses, and paradoxes, but have often rhetorical and sometimes poetical merit. His devotional prose is not widely known.

[A. B. Grosart, *The Complete Poems of Robert Southwell, S.J.*; Christobel M. Hood, *The Book of Robert Southwell.*]

The Burning Babe

As I in hoary Winter's night stood shivering in the snowe,
 Surpris'd I was with sodayne heat, which made my hart to glowe;
 And liftinge upp a fearefull eye to vewe what fire was nere,
 A prety Babe all burninge bright, did in the ayre appeare.

Who scorched with excessive heate, such floodes of teares did shedd,
As though His floodes should quench His flames which with His teares
were fedd;

Alas! quoth He, but newly borne, in fiery heates I frye,
Yet none approch to warme their hartes or feele my fire but I!
My faultles brest the fornace is, the fuell woundinge thornes,
Love is the fire, and sighes the smoke, the ashes shame and scornes;
The fuell Justice layeth on, and Mercy blowes the coales,
The mettall in this fornace wrought are men's defilèd soules,
For which, as nowe on fire I am, to worke them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath to washe them in My bloode:
With this He vanisht out of sight, and swiftly shroneke awaye,
And straight I callèd unto mynde that it was Christmas-daye.

New Prince, New Pompe

Behould a sely tender Babe,
In freesing winter nighte,
In homely manger trembling lies;
Alas, a pitious sighte!

'The inns are full, no man will yelde
'This little pilgrime bedd;
But fore'd He is with sely beastes
In cribb to shroude His headd.

Despise not Him for lyinge there,
First what He is enquire;
An orient perle is often founde
In depth of dirty mire.

Waye not His cribb, His wodden dishe,
Nor beastes that by Him feede;
Way not His mother's poore attire,
Nor Josephe's simple weede.

'This stable is a Prince's courte,
'The cribb His chaire of State;
'The beastes are parcell of His pompe,
'The wodden dishe His plate.

The persons in that poore attire
His royall liveries weare;

'The Prince Himself is come from heaven,
'This pompe is prised there.

With joy approach, O Christian wight!
Do homage to thy King;
And highly prise His humble pompe
Which He from heaven doth bringe.

SAMUEL DANIEL

(1562 - 1619)

SAMUEL DANIEL was the son of a music-master, and was born near Taunton in 1562. He was educated at Magdalen Hall (now Hertford College), Oxford, but did not take a degree. He visited Italy, probably before 1590, when he became tutor to William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke and Shakespeare's patron. He became, as was natural, a firm friend of "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother". In 1591 twenty-seven of his sonnets were printed without permission in Nash's edition of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*. Daniel was annoyed at this liberty, especially as his sonnets were disfigured by typographical mistakes, and he was a man who always desired that his work should appear without spot or blemish. Accordingly in 1592 he published his collection of sonnets, *Delia*, which originally contained fifty poems, but which was augmented in later editions, in which *The Complaynt of Rosamond* was also inserted. Daniel's sonnets were well liked, and are for the most part good; but, like many Elizabethan sonnets, they owe a heavy debt to continental sonneteers. His Senecan tragedy *Cleopatra* appeared also in

later editions of *Delia*. It was a companion piece to Lady Pembroke's *Antonie*. In 1595 he published the first instalment of his largest work *First Fowre Bookes of the Civile Wars between the two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke*. A fifth book appeared in the same year, the sixth in 1601, and the seventh and eighth books in 1609. Jonson complained about this poem, "Daniel wrott Civil Warres, and yett hath not one batle in all his Book". It is a somewhat prosaic poem, with occasional good passages, and a very competent style of workmanship throughout. About 1598 Daniel became tutor to the young daughter of the Countess of Cumberland; he liked his pupil, but not his work. In 1599 he published *Musophilus or a General Defence of Learning*. His poems were all popular, and most of them ran into several editions. In 1602 he wrote his excellent pamphlet *A Defence of Ryme*, in which he successfully opposed Campion's attack on rhyme. When James came to the throne Daniel sent him a *Panegyricke Congratulatorie*, and consequently soon acquired a comfortable position at court. He was appointed inspector of the children

of the queen's revels, and had both to organize and write entertainments. His tragedy of *Philotas*, based on Plutarch's *Life of Alexander*, almost got him into serious trouble, and was not a success. His prose *History of England* is well written but is not a scholarly piece of work. His court entertainments include *The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses*, *The Queenes Arcadia*, *Tethys Festival* (written to celebrate Prince Henry's creation as Knight of the Bath), and *Hymens Triumph*. All these pieces contain good writing, but Daniel was by nature too serious to succeed in such trifles. In 1607 he was appointed one of the grooms of the queen's privy chamber, and was henceforward in a position of affluence, though he did not feel quite at home in his work. In his old age he turned agriculturalist, and rented a farm in Wiltshire, where he died.

Few of the greater Elizabethans are less appreciated than Daniel, in spite of the cordial praise which Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt bestowed upon his work. Coleridge says that his "style and language are just such as any very pure and manly writer of the present day—Wordsworth, for example—would use; it seems quite modern in comparison with the style of Shakespeare". The later seventeenth

and the eighteenth century, unable to stomach the Elizabethans as a whole, found Daniel more "correct" and therefore more tolerable than most of his contemporaries. And yet to-day many critics agree with Jonson that Daniel was "a good honest man . . . but no poet". He was not happy in his choice of subjects; his historical poem is neither good history nor good poetry; his sonnets are imitative, his masques perfunctory. In some of his epistles and shorter poems his gifts are seen to better advantage. He was an excellent critic and, what does not always follow, an admirable self-critic. He revised his work not once but many times, as carefully as did Tennyson. He took a lofty view of the dignity of the profession of letters without taking an unduly exalted view of his own performances therein. His ideas on the importance and the future of the English language should endear him to all who share those views. Well does he deserve the epithet "well-linguaged". He has been acclaimed as a "poets' poet", but he is so, perhaps, less on account of the charm of his work than on account of his absolute devotion to the craft of letters.

[A. B. Grosart, *The Works of Samuel Daniel*; Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, *Adventures in Criticism*.]

Delia

SONNET I

Vnto the boundlesse Ocean of thy beautie,
Runnes this poore Riuer, charg'd with streames of zeale:
Returning thee the tribute of my dutie,
Which here my loue, my youth, my plaints reueale.

SAMUEL DANIEL

Here I vnclaspe the Booke of my charg'd soule,
Where I haue cast th' accounts of all my care:
Here haue I summ'd my sighs, here I inrole
How they were spent for thee; looke what they are:
Looke on the deere expences of my youth,
And see how iust I reckon with thine eies:
Examine well thy beautie with my truth,
And crosse my cares ere greater summes arise.
Reade it (sweet maide) though it be done but sleightly;
Who can shew all his loue, doth loue but lightly.

SONNET VI

Faire is my Loue, and cruell as she's faire;
Her brow shades frownes, although her eyes are sunny,
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despaire;
And her disdaines are Gall, her fauours Iunny.
A modest Maide, deckt with a blush of honor,
Whose feete doe tread greene paths of youth and loue,
'The wonder of all eyes that looke vpon her:
Sacred on earth, design'd a Saint aboue.
Chastitie and Beautie, which were deadly foes,
Liue reconciled friends within her brow:
And had she pittie to conioyne with those,
'Then who had heard the plaints I vtter now?
For had she not beene faire and thus vnkinde,
My Muse had slept, and none had knowne my minde.

Song from "Hymen's Triumph"

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.

Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
Heigh-ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full nor fasting.
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies;
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
 Heigh-ho!

To the Ladie Margaret, Countesse of Cumberland

He that of such a height hath built his minde,
 And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
 As neither feare nor hope can shake the frame
 Of his resolved pow'rs, nor all the winde
 Of vanitie or malice pierce to wrong
 His setled peace, or to disturbe the same;
 What a faire seate hath he, from whence he may
 The boundlesse wastes and wildes of man suruay.

And with how free an eye doth he looke downe
 Vpon these lower regions of turmoyle!
 Where all the stormes of passions mainly beat
 On flesh and bloud; where honour, pow'r, renowne
 Are onely gay afflictions, golden toyle;
 Where greatnesse stands vpon as feeble feet
 As frailty doth, and onely great doth seeme
 To little minds, who doe it so esteeme.

He lookes vpon the mightiest Monarchs warres
 But onely as on stately robberies;
 Where euermore the fortune that preuailes
 Must be the right; the ill-succeeding marres
 The fairest and the best-fac't enterprize:
 Great Pirat Pompey lesser Pirats quales;
 Iustice, he sees, as if seduced, still
 Conspires with pow'r, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of Right t' appeare as manifolde
 As are the passions of vncertaine man;
 Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
 To serue his ends and make his courses holde:
 He sees, that let Deceit worke what it can,
 Plot and contriue base wayes to high desires;
 That the all-guiding Prouidence doth yet
 All disappoint, and mocks this smoake of wit.

Nor is he mou'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of 'Tyrants threats, or with the surly brow
Of power, that proudly sits on others crimes,
Charg'd with more crying sinnes then those he checks;
'The stormes of sad confusion, that may grow
Vp in the present, for the comming times,
Appall not him, that hath no side at all
But of himselfe, and knowes the worst can fall.

Although his heart so neere allied to earth,
Cannot but pittie the perplexed State
Of troublous and distrest mortalitie,
'That thus make way vnto the ougly birth
Of their owne sorrowes, and doe still beget
Affliction vpon imbecillitie:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must runne,
He lookes thereon, not strange, but as foredone.

And whilst distraught Ambition compasses
And is incompast; whilst as craft deceiues
And is deceiued; whilst man doth ransacke man,
And builds on bloud, and rises by distresse;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaues
'To great expecting hopes; he lookes thereon
As from the shore of peace with vnwet eie,
And beares no venture in impietie.

'Thus, Madam, fares that man that hath prepar'd
A rest for his desires, and sees all things
Beneath him, and hath learn'd this booke of man,
Full of the notes of frailty, and compar'd
'The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom I see you labour all you can
'To plant your heart, and set your thoughts as neare
His glorious mansion as your pow'rs can beare.

Which, Madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that cleere iudgement that hath carryed you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kinde,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inur'd to any hue
'The world can cast; that cannot cast that minde
Out of her forme of goodnesse, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here befallles
 You in the region of your selfe remaine;
 Where no vaine breath of th' impudent molests,
 That hath secur'd within the brasen walles
 Of a cleere conscience, that without all staine
 Rises in peace, in innocencie rests;
 Whilst all what malice from without procures,
 Shewes her owne ougly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none reioyce more in reuenge
 Then women vse to doe; yet you well know,
 That wrong is better cheekt, by being contemn'd
 Then being pursu'd: leauing to him t' auenge
 To whom it appertaines; wherein you show
 How worthily your cleerenesse hath condemn'd
 Base malediction, liuing in the darke,
 That at the raies of goodnesse still doth barke.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
 The centre of this world, about the which
 These reuolutions of disturbances
 Still roule; where all th' aspects of miserie
 Predominate; whose strong effects are such
 As he must beare, being pow'rlesse to redresse;
 And that vnlesse aboue himselfe he can
 Erect himselfe, how poore a thing is man!

And how turmoyl'd they are, that leuell lie
 With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;
 That neuer are at peace with their desires,
 But worke beyond their yeeres, and euen denie
 Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispence
 With death; that when ability expires,
 Desire liues still: so much delight they haue
 To carry toyle and trauell to the graue.

Whose ends you see, and what can be the best
 They reach vnto, when they haue cast the summe
 And reckonings of their glory; and you know
 This floting life hath but this Port of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that feares no ill to come:
 And that mans greatnesse rests but in his show;
 The best of all whose dayes consumed are
 Either in warre, or peace conceiuing warre.

This concord, Madame, of a well-tun'd minde
 Hath beene so set, by that all-working hand
 Of heauen, that though the world hath done his worst
 To put it out, by discords most vnkinde;
 Yet doth it still in perfect vnion stand
 With God and man, nor euer will be fore't
 From that most sweet accord, but still agree
 Equall in Fortunes inequality.

And this note (Madame) of your worthinesse
 Remaines recorded in so many hearts,
 As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
 In th' inheritance of Fame you must possess;
 You that haue built you by your great deserts,
 Out of small meanes, a farre more exquisit
 And glorious dwelling for your honoured name
 Then all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

From "A Defence of Ryme"

But yet now notwithstanding all this which I haue heere deliuered in the defence of Ryme, I am not so farre in loue with mine owne mysterie, or will seeme so froward, as to bee against the reformation, and the better setting these measures of ours. Wherein there be many things, I could wish were more certaine and better ordered, though my selfe dare not take vpon me to be a teacher therein, hauing so much neede to learne of others. And I must confesse, that to mine owne eare, those continuall cadences of couplets vsed in long and continued Poemes, are very tyresome, and vnpleasing, by reason that still, me thinks, they runne on with a sound of one nature, and a kinde of certaintie which stuffs the delight rather then intertaines it. But yet notwithstanding, I must not out of mine owne daintinesse, condemne this kinde of writing, which peraduenture to another may seeme most delightfull, and many worthy compositions we see to haue passed with commendation in that kinde. Besides, me thinkes sometimes, to beguile the eare, with a running out, and passing ouer the Ryme, as no bound to stay vs in the line where the violence of the matter will breake thorow, is rather gracefull then otherwise. Wherein I fine my *Homer-Iucan*, as if he gloried to seeme to haue no bounds, albeit hee were confined within his measures, to be in my conceipt most happy. For so thereby, they who care not for Verse or Ryme, may passe it ouer without taking notice thereof, and please themselves with a well-measured Prose. And I must confesse

my Aduersary hath wrought this much vpon me, that I thinke a Tragedie would indeede best comorte with a blank Verse, and dispence with Ryme, sauing in the *Chorus* or where a sentence shall require a couplet. And to auoyde this ouerglutting the care with that alwayes certaine, and ful incounter of Ryme, I haue assaid in some of my Epistles to alter the vsuall place of meeting, and to sette it further off by one Verse, to trie how I could disuse my owne care and to ease it of this continuall burthen, which indeede seemes to surcharge it a little too much, but as yet I cannot come to please my selfe therein: this alternate or crosse Ryme holding still the best place in my affection.

Besides, to me this change of number in a Poem of one nature fits not so wel, as to mixe vncertainly, feminine Rymes with masculine, which, euer since I was warned of that deformitie by my kinde friend and countriman Maister *Hugh Samford*, I haue alwayes so auoyded it, as there are not aboue two couplettes in that kinde in all my Poem of the Ciuill warres: and I would willingly if I coulde, haue altered it in all the rest, holding feminine Rymes to be fittest for Ditties, and either to be set certaine, or else by themselves. But in these things, I say, I dare not take vpon mee to teach that they ought to be so, in respect my selfe holdes them to be so, or that I thinke it right; for indeede there is no right in these things that are continually in a wandring motion, carried with the violence of our vncertaine likings, being but onely the time that giues them their power. For if this right, or truth, should be no other thing then that wee make it, we shall shape it into a thousand figures, seeing this excellent painter Man, can so well lay the colours which himselfe grindes in his owne affections, as that hee will make them serue for any shadow, and any counterfeit. But the greatest hinderer to our proceedings, and the reformation of our errours, is this *Selle-loue*, whereunto we Versifiers are euer noted to be especially subiect; a disease of all other, the most dangerous, and incurable, being once seated in the spirits, for which there is no cure, but onely by a spirituall remedy. *Multos puto, ad sapientiam potuisse peruenire, nisi putassent se peruenisse:* and this opinion of our sufficiencie makes so great a cracke in our iudgement, as it wil hardly euer holde any thing of worth, *Cæcus amor sui*, and though it would seeme to see all without it, yet certainly it discernes but little within. For there is not the simplest writer that will euer tell himselfe, he doth ill, but as if he were the parasite onely to sooth his owne doings, perswades him that his lines can not but please others, which so much delight himselfe:

*Suffenus est quisque sibi. — neque idem unquam
Aequè est beatus, ac poema cum scribit,
Tam gaudet in se tamque se ipse miratur.*

And the more to shew that he is so, we shall see him euermore

in all places, and to all persons repeating his owne compositions: and,

Quem vero arripuit, tenet occiditque legendo.

Next to this deformitie stands our affectation, wherein we alwayes bewray our selues to be both vnkinde, and vnnaturall to our owne natiue language, in disguising or forging strange or vnusuall wordes, as if it were to make our verse seeme an other kind of speach out of the course of our vsuall practise, displacing our wordes, or inuesting new, onely vpon a singularitie: when our owne accustomed phrase, set in the due place, would expresse vs more familiarly and to better delight, than all this idle affectation of antiquitie, or noueltie can euer doe. And I can not but wonder at the strange presumption of some men that dare so audaciously aduenture to introduce any whatsoever forraine wordes, be they neuer so strange; and of themselves as it were, without a Parliament, without any consent, or allowance, establish them as Free-denizens in our language. But this is but a Character of that perpetuall reuolution which wee see to be in all things that neuer remaine the same, and we must heerein be content to submit ourselues to the law of time, which in few yeeres wil make al that for which we now contend, *Nothing*.

SIR JOHN DAVIES

(1569 – 1626)

SIR JOHN DAVIES was the son of a Wiltshire gentleman, and was born in 1569. He was educated at Winchester and Queen's College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1590. In 1588 he was admitted a member of the Middle Temple, and was called to the Bar in 1595. His celebrated poem, *Orchestra, or a Poeme of Dancing*, appeared in 1596. It is written in 131 stanzas of seven lines, and was composed in fifteen days. It is a remarkable *tour de force*, and in spite of its subject, may be read with very considerable pleasure. It was dedicated to his friend Richard Martin, subsequently recorder of

London, to whom Jonson afterwards dedicated his *Poetaster*. In 1598 the two friends quarrelled, and Davies broke a cudgel on Martin's head in the hall of the Middle Temple. Martin on one occasion pointed out that "Judas" was an anagram of "Davis" (as it is, since *i* and *j* are the same letter, and *v* and *u* also rank as equivalents); but whether this was the cause or the effect of the quarrel is not clear. Davies was disbarred, and spent his enforced leisure at Oxford in composing *Nosce Teipsum* (1599), a poem on the immortality of the soul, written in the metre of Gray's *Elegy*. It is one

of the best didactic poems in the language, and its popularity did something to rehabilitate its author's reputation. His *Hymns to Astraea*, twenty-six poems each one of which is an acrostic (ELISABETHA REGINA), also helped his career, and he was employed in writing entertainments for the court. In 1601 he was reinstated at the Bar, and his life was thenceforward devoted to law and politics rather than literature. He soon gained the favour of King James, who appointed him Solicitor-General for Ireland and knighted him in 1603. In 1606 he was promoted to be Attorney-General for Ireland, and he remained in that country until 1619, becoming Speaker of the Irish Parliament in 1613. He played a prominent part in the plantation of Ulster, and made a determined though unsuccessful effort to banish all Roman Catholic priests from Ireland. In 1612 he published his prose treatise *A Discoverie of the True Causes why Ireland was never entirely subdued, nor brought under Obedience of the*

Crozone of England, untill the Beginning of his Majesties happie Raigne. He also wrote a legal treatise in law-French. In 1619 he returned to England, where he practised as king's serjeant. He was appointed Chief Justice in 1626, but died of apoplexy before he took office. He had been too stout for many years; Manningham in his *Diary* (1603) alluded to his corpulence and waddling gait in terms so indelicate that the editor of the *Diary* for the Camden Society felt compelled to suppress the passage.

Davies was an easy writer, and rose superior to the not very promising subjects which he selected and to the difficult verse-forms which he sometimes chose. His didactic poem is entertaining, and his acrostics are poems, not mere verse-exercises. In his *Gullinge Sonnets* he pleasantly ridiculed that fashionable verse-form; in his *Epigrams* he rivalled the coarseness but not the charm of Martial. His works have been edited by A. B. Grosart.

From "Nosce Teipsum"

An Acclamation

Oh! what is man (great Maker of mankind!)
 That Thou to him so great respect dost beare!
 That Thou adornst him with so bright a mind,
 Mak'st him a king, and euen an angel's peere!

O! what a liuely life, what heauenly power,
 What spreading vertue, what a sparkling fire,
 How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
 Dost Thou within this dying flesh inspire!

SIR JOHN DAVIES

Thou leau'st Thy print in other works of Thine,
But Thy whole image Thou in Man hast writ:
There cannot be a creature more diuine,
Except (like Thee) it should be infinit.

But it exceeds man's thought, to thinke how he
God hath raisd man, since God a man became:
The angels doe admire this Misterie,
And are astonisht when they view the same.

That the Soule is Immortal, and cannot Die

Nor hath He giuen these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the bodie's life depend:
The Soule though made in time, suruiues for aye,
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

Her onely end, is neuer-ending blisse;
Which is, th' eternall face of God to see;
Who Last of Ends, and First of Causes, is:
And to doe this, she must eternall bee.

How senselesse then, and dead a soule hath hee,
Which thinks his soule doth with his body die!
Or thinks not so, but so would haue it bee,
That he might sinne with more securitie.

For though these light and vicious persons say,
Our soule is but a smoake or ayrie blast;
Which, during life, doth in our nostrils play,
And when we die, doth turne to wind at last;

Although they say, "Come let us eat and drinke";
Our life is but a sparke, which quickly dies:
Though thus they say, they know not what to think,
But in their minds ten thousand doubts arise.

Therefore no heretikes desire to spread
Their light opinions, like these Epicures:
For so the staggering thoughts are comforted,
And other men's assent their doubt assures.

SIR JOHN DAVIES

Yet though these men against their conscience strive,
There are some sparkles in their flintie breasts
Which cannot be extinct, but still reuiue;
That though they would, they cannot quite bee beasts;

But who so makes a mirror of his mind,
And doth with patience view himselfe therein,
His Soule's eternitie shall clearely find,
'Though th' other beauties be defac't with sin.

From "Orchestra"

For that braue Sunne the Father of the Day,
Doth loue this Earth, the Mother of the Night;
And like a reuellour in rich aray,
Doth daunce his galliard in his lemman's sight,
Both back, and forth, and sidewaies, passing light;
His princely grace doth so the gods amaze,
'That all stand still and at his beauty gaze.

But see the Earth, when she approacheth neere,
How she for ioy doth spring, and sweetly smile;
But see againe her sad and heauy cheere
When changing places he retires a while:
But those blake cloudes he shortly will exile,
And make them all before his presence flye,
As mists consum'd before his cheerefull eye.

Who doth not see the measures of the Moone,
Which thirteene times she daunceth euery yeare?
And ends her paine, thirteene times as soone
As doth her brother, of whose golden haire
She borroweth part, and proudly doth it weare;
'Then doth she coyly turne her face aside,
'Then halfe her cheeke is scarce sometimes discide.

Next her, the pure, subtile, and clensing Fire
Is swiftly carried in a circle euen:
Though Vulcan be pronounst by many, a lyer,
The only halting god that dwels in heauen:
But that foule name may be more fitly giuen
To your false Fire, that farre from heauen is fall:
And doth consume, waste, spoile, disorder all.

And now behold your tender nurse the Ayre
And common neighbour that ay runns around:
How many pictures and impressions faire
Within her empty regions are there found,
Which to your senses Dauncing doe propound!
For what are Breath, Speech, Eechos, Musicke, Winds,
But Dauncings of the Ayre in sundry kinds?

For when you breath, the ayre in order moues,
Now in, now out, in time and measure trew;
And when you speake, so well she dauncing loues,
That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
With thousand formes she doth her selfe endew:
For all the words that from our lips repaire
Are nought but tricks and turnings of the ayre.

Hence is her prattling daughter Eecho borne,
That daunces to all voyces she can heare:
There is no sound so harsh that shee doth scorne,
Nor any time wherein shee will forbear
The ayrie pauement with her feet to weare:
And yet her hearing sence is nothing quick,
For after time she endeth euery trick.

And thou sweet Musicke, Dauncing's onely life,
The eare's sole happinesse, the ayre's best speach,
Loadstone of fellowship, charming-rod of strife,
The soft mind's Paradise, the sicke mind's leach,
With thine own tong, thou trees and stons canst teach,
That when the Aire doth dance her finest measure,
Then art thou borne, the gods and mens sweet pleasure.

Lastly, where keepe the Winds their reuelry,
Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hayes,
But in the Ayre's tralucent gallery?
Where shee herselfe is turnd a hundreth wayes,
While with those Maskers wantonly she playes;
Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
As two at once encomber not the place.

If then fire, ayre, wandring and fixed lights
In euery prouince of the imperiall skie,
Yeeld perfect formes of dauncing to your sights,

SIR JOHN DAVIES

In vaine I teach the care, that which the eye
With certaine view already doth descrie.

But for your eyes perceiue not all they see,
In this I will your Senses Master bee.

For loe the Sea that fleets about the Land,
And like a girdle clips her solide waist,
Musicke and measure both doth vnderstand:
For his great chrystall eye is alwayes cast
Vp to the Moone, and on her fixed fast:

And as she daunceth in her pallid spheere,
So daunceth he about his center heere.

Sometimes his proud greene waues in order set,
One after other flow vnto the shore,
Which, when they haue with many kisses wet,
They ebbe away in order as before;
And to make knowne his courtly loue the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three-forkt mace,
And with his armes the timorous Earth embrace.

Onely the Earth doth stand for euer still:
Her rocks remoue not, nor her mountaines meet,
(Although some wits enricht with Learning's skill
Say heau'n stands firme, and that the Earth doth fleet,
And swiftly turneth vnderneath their feet)
Yet though the Earth is euer stedfast scene,
On her broad breast hath Dauncing euer beene.

(*Stanzas XXXIX - LI.*)

Hymns to Astraea

HYMNE V

To the Larke

E Earley, cheerfull, mounting Larke,
L Light's gentle vsher, Morning's clark,
I In merry notes delighting:
S Stint awhile thy song, and harke,
A And learne my new inditing.

B Beare vp this hymne, to heau'n it beare,
 E Euen vp to heau'n, and sing it there,
 T To heau'n each morning beare it;
 H Haue it set to some sweet sphere,
 A And let the Angels heare it.

R Renownd Astraea, that great name,
 E Exceeding great in worth and fame,
 G Great worth hath so renownd it;
 I It is Astraea's name I praise,
 N Now then, sweet Larke, do thou it raise,
 A And in high Heauen resound it.

Epigrammes

Of a Gull

Oft in my laughing rimes, I name a Gull;
 But this new terme will many questions breed;
 Therefore at first I will expresse at full,
 Who is a true and perfect Gull indeed:
 A Gull is he who feares a veluet gowne,
 And, when a wench is braue, dares not speak to her;
 A Gull is he which trauerseth the towne,
 And is for marriage known a common woer;
 A Gull is he which while he proudly weares,
 A siluer-hilted rapier by his side,
 Indures the lyes and knocks about the cares,
 Whilst in his sheath his sleeping sword doth bide;
 A Gull is he which weares good handsome cloaths,
 And stands, in Presence, stroaking up his haire,
 And fills up his unperfect speech with oaths,
 But to define a Gull in termes precise,—
 A Gull is he which seemes, and is not wise.

KING JAMES VI AND I

(1566 -- 1625)

KING JAMES VI of Scotland and I of England was the only son of Mary Queen of Scots and her cousin Henry, Lord Darnley, and was born in Edinburgh Castle in 1566. In 1567, after the forced abdication of his mother, he was crowned at Stirling, and his childhood was passed under the direction of the Earl of Mar and the tuition of George Buchanan (q.v.). His reign in Scotland was notable for his struggles with the Presbyterian clergy and the Roman Catholic nobility; in the end he succeeded fairly well in getting his own way. When he ascended the throne of England in 1603, he found that his methods were not nearly so successful. His Scottish favourites and his Scottish manners and accent did not endear him to the people of England, and his struggles with Parliament and arbitrary methods of taxation laid the foundations of the Great Rebellion. The poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury and the judicial murder of Raleigh (q.v.) did much to destroy the remnants of his popularity; and his favourite scheme of a Spanish marriage for Prince Charles, and its total failure, embittered the concluding years of his reign. He died in 1625.

James desired to shine in many branches of literature. He would fain have been a poet, a theologian, a critic, and a publicist. In no

department does his work rise above a decent mediocrity, though it has an interest of its own. *The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie* (1584) is what might be expected from a precocious lad of eighteen; the critical precepts which the volume contains are more interesting than the poems which are by way of illustrating them. *Basilicon Doron* (1599) is addressed to Prince Henry, and contains instructions for his "dearest sonne and natural successor". *Demonologie* (1597) is a dialogue not without interest, in which he attempts to combat the views of Reginald Scot (q.v.). In *A Counterblaste to Tobacco* he attempted, with the futility of Dame Partington, to put a stop to the practice of smoking. His theological and other political writings scarcely deserve separate enumeration. His collected works were published in a sumptuous folio edition in 1616, edited by James Montagu, Bishop of Winchester, who also prepared a Latin version (published 1619) lest the continent of Europe should be deprived of the benefit of perusing the royal author's treatises.

[A. F. Westcott, *New Poems of James I from a hitherto unpublished MS. in the British Museum*; C. H. McIlwain, *Political Works of King James I*; R. S. Rait, *Lusus Regius*.]

Ane Schort Treatise, conteining some Reulis and Cautelis to be Obseruit and Eschewit in Scottis Poesie

The Preface to the Reader

The cause why (docile Reader) I have not dedicat this short treatise to any particular personis, (as commounly workis usis to be) is, that I esteeme all thais quha hes already some beginning of knowledge, with ane earnest desyre to atteyne to farther, alyke meit for the reading of this worke, or any uther, quhilk may help thame to the atteining to their foirsaid desyre. Bot as to this work, quhilk is intitulit, *The Reulis and cautelis to be obseruit and eschewit in Scottis Poesie*, ze may marvell peraventure, quhairfore I sould haue writtin in that mater, sen sa mony learnit men, baith of auld and of late hes already written thairof in dyuers and sindry languages: I answer, That nochtwithstanding, I haue lykewayis writtin of it, for twa caussis: The ane is, As for them that wrait of auld, lyke as the tyme is changeit sensyne, sa is the ordour of Poesie changeit. For then they obseruit not *Flowing*, nor eschewit not *Ryming in termes*, besydes sindrie uther thingis, quhilk now we observe, and eschew, and dois weil in sa doing: because that now, quhen the warld is waxit auld, we haue all their opinionis in writ, quhilk were learned before our tyme, besydes our awin ingynis, quhair as they then did it onclie be thair awin ingynis, but help of any uther. Thairfore, quhat I speik of Poesie now, I speik of it, as being come to mannis age and perfectioun, quhair as then, it was bot in the infancie and chyldeheid. The uther cause is, That as for thame that hes written in it of late, there hes never ane of thame written in our language. For albeit sindrie hes written of it in English, quhilk is lykest to our language, zit we differ from thame in sindrie reulis of Poesie, as ze will find be experience. I have lykewayis omittit dyuers figures, quhilkis are necessare to be usit in verse, for two caussis. The ane is, because they are usit in all languages, and thairfore are spokin of be *Du Bellay*, and sindrie utheris, quha hes written in this airt. Quhairfore gif I wrait of them also, it sould seme that I did bot repete that, quhilk they haue written, and zit not sa weil, as they haue done already. The uther cause is, that they are figures of Rhetorique and Dialectique, quhilkis airtis I professe nocht, and thairfore will apply to my selfe the counsale, quhilk *Apelles* gaue to the shoemaker, quhen he said to him, seing him find falt with the shankis of the Image of *Venus*, efter that he had found falt with the pantoun, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

I will also wish zow (docile Reidar) that or ze cummer zow with reiding thir reulis, ze may find in zour self sic a beginning of Nature,

as ze may put in practise in zour verse many of thir foirsaidis preceptis, or euer ze sie them as they are heir set down. For gif Nature be nocht the cheif worker in this airt, Reulis wilbe bot a band to Nature, and will mak zow within short space weary of the haill airt: quhair as, gif Nature be cheif, and bent to it, reulis will be ane help and staff to Nature. I will end heir, lest my preface be langer nor my purpose and haill mater following: wishing zow, docile Reidar, als gude success and great proffieit by reiding this short treatise, as I take earnist and willing panis to blok it, as ze sie, for zour cause. Fare weill.

From "A Counterblaste to Tobacco"

And for the vanities committed in this filthie custome, is it not both great vanitie and uncleannesse, that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanness, of modestie, men should not be ashamed, to sit tossing of *Tobacco pipes*, and puffing of the smoke of *Tobacco* one to another, making the filthy smoke and stinke thereof, to exhale athwart the dishes, and infect the aire, when very often, men that abhorre it are at their repast? Surely Smoke becomes a kitchin far better then a Dining chamber, and yet it makes a kitchin also oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soiling and infecting them, with an unctuous and oily kinde of Soote, as hath bene found in some great *Tobacco* takers, that after their death were opened. And not onely meate time, but no other time nor action is exempted from the publike use of this uncivill tricke: so as if the wives of *Diepe* list to contest with this Nation for good maners their worst maners would in all reason be found at least not so dishonest (as ours are) in this point. The publike use whereof, at all times, and in all places, hath now so farre prevailed, as diuers men very sound both in iudgement, and complexion, haue bene at last forced to take it also without desire, partly because they were ashamed to seeme singular, (like the two Philosophers that were forced to duck themselves in that raine water, and so become fooles as well as the rest of the people) and partly, to be as one that was content to eate Garlicke (which hee did not love) that he might not be troubled with the smell of it, in the breath of his fellowes. And is it not a great vanitie, that a man cannot heartily welcome his friend now, but straight they must bee in hand with *Tobacco*? No it is become in place of a cure, a point of good fellowship, and he that will refuse to take a pipe of *Tobacco* among his fellowes, (though by his own election he would rather feeble the saour of a Sinke) is accounted peeuish and no good company, euen as they doe with tippeling in the cold Easterne Countries. Yea the Mistresse cannot in a more manerly kinde, entertaine her seruant, then by giuing him out of her faire hand a pipe of *Tobacco*. But herein is not onely a great vanitie, but

ASAF.

a great contempt of Gods good giftes, that the sweetnesse of mans breath, being a good gift of God, should be willfully corrupted by this stinking smoke, wherein I must confesse, it hath too strong a vertue: and so that which is an ornament of nature, and can neither by any artifice be at the first acquired, nor once lost, be recouered againe, shall be filthily corrupted with an incurable stinke, which vile qualitie is as directly contrary to that wrong opinion which is holden of the wholesome-nesse thereof, as the venime of putrifaction is contrary to the vertue Preservative.

Moreouer, which is a great iniquitie, and against all humanitie, the husband shall not bee ashamed, to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and cleane complexioned wife, to that extremitie, that either shee must also corrupt her sweete breath therewith, or else resolute to liue in a perpetuall stinking torment.

Haue you not reason then to bee ashamed, and to forbear this filthie noueltie, so basely grounded, so foolishly receiued and so grossely mistaken in the right use thereof? In your abuse thereof sinning against God, harming your selues both in persons and goods, and raking also thereby the marks and notes of vanitie upon you: by the custome thereof making your selues to be wondered at by all forraine ciuil Nations, and by all strangers that come among you, to be scorned and contemned. A custome lothsome to the eye, hatefull to the Nose, harmefull to the braine, dangerous to the Lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, neere-est resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomlesse.

JOSEPH HALL

(1574 – 1656)

JOSEPH HALL was born at Ashby-de-la-Zouch in 1574. His mother was a Puritan, and he accordingly was educated at the newly-founded Puritan college, Emmanuel College, Cambridge. His academic career was a most distinguished one; he graduated B.A. in 1592, M.A. in 1596, B.D. in 1603, and D.D. in 1612. He was elected to a fellowship in 1595. He took holy orders about 1600, and became incumbent of Halsted, Suffolk, in the following year. Henry, Prince of Wales, appointed him his chaplain

in 1608, and in the same year he became incumbent of Waltham, Essex. In Church matters he was mildly in sympathy with the moderate Puritans, but in politics he showed himself in his later days a resolute monarchist. His attitude to Church and State made him disliked by the extremists of both sides, but he was well liked by King James and King Charles. He became Dean of Worcester in 1616, Bishop of Exeter in 1627, and Bishop of Norwich in 1641. He suffered severely during the

Great Rebellion. He was imprisoned, his revenues were sequestered, his cathedral was desecrated and wrecked, and he was expelled from his palace in a brutal manner. He ended his long life at Higham, bearing all his misfortunes with true Christian humility.

Hall began his career as a brilliant young don, and ended it as a venerable prelate; not unnaturally the works of his youth differ considerably from those of his old age. The difference is, however, even greater than might have been expected. His earlier works are pure Elizabethan, his later works might belong to the end, not the middle, of the seventeenth century. When a young man of twenty-three he lashed the age, as young men are wont to do, in a collection of satires which he named *Virgidentiarum*. This collection was in two parts, one of "toothless" and one of "biting" satires. His claims to be the first English satirist were instantly contested by Marston, and have been justly contested by many writers since; but he appears to have been the first to follow Juvenal as a model instead of Horace. His satires are more vigorous than polished; a good deal of their fame no doubt is due

to the light which they throw on the manners and customs of their time rather than to their purely literary merits. The curious satire on the Roman Catholics, *Mundus Alter et Idem*, need scarcely be mentioned here, as it is in Latin, and is not known with certainty to be Hall's work. His *Characters of Virtues and Vices* (1608) is an important pioneer prose work, being the earliest book of character sketches in English to be modelled on the *Characters* of Theophrastus. As might be expected, the Vices are more entertaining than the Virtues. These *Characters*, though they do not bear obvious traces of it, are said to have been written with a view to introducing them into sermons. Hall's devotional works include *A Century of Meditations*, *Contemplations*, and sermons. In these works he avoids the besetting theological sin of crabbedness, but falls somewhat into the opposite fault of verbosity. His controversial works, in which he crossed swords once or twice with Milton, are not important to the literary historian, to whom the poems of his youth count for more than all the tractates of his riper years.

[G. Lewis, *Life of Joseph Hall*.]

Satires

A gentle squire would gladly entertain
 Into his house some trencher-chappelain;
 Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
 And that would stand to good conditions.
 First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
 Whiles his young master lieth o'er his head.
 Second, that he do, on no default,
 Ever presume to sit above the salt.

Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
 Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;
 Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.
 Last, that he never his young master beat,
 But he must ask his mother to define,
 How many jerks she would his breech should line.
 All these observ'd, he could contented be,
 To give five marks and winter livery.

(Bk. II, Sat. VI.)

What boots it, Pontice, though thou couldst discourse
 Of a long golden line of ancestors?
 Or show their painted faces gaily drest,
 From ever since before the last conquest?
 Or tedious bead-rolls of descended blood,
 From father Japhet since Deucalion's flood?
 Or call some old church windows to record
 The age of thy fair arms;—
 Or find some figures half obliterate
 In rain-beat marble near to the church gate
 Upon a cross-legg'd tomb: what boots it thee
 To show the rusted buckle that did tie
 The garter of thy greatest grandsire's knee?
 What to reserve their relics many years,
 Their silver spurs, or spils of broken spears?
 Or cite old Ocland's verse, how they did wield
 The wars in Turwin, or in Turney field?
 And if thou canst in picking straws engage
 In one half day thy father's heritage;
 Or hide whatever treasures he thee got,
 In some deep cock-pit, or in desp'rate lot
 Upon a six-square piece of ivory,
 Throw both thyself and thy posterity?
 Or if (O shame!) in hired harlot's bed
 Thy wealthy heirdom thou have buried:
 Then, Pontice, little boots thee to discourse
 Of a long golden line of ancestors.
 Ventrours Fortunio his farm hath sold,
 And gads to Guiane land to fish for gold
 Meeting, perhaps, if Orenoque deny,
 Some straggling pinnacle of Polonian rye:
 Then comes home floating with a silken sail,
 That Severn shaketh with his cannon peal;
 Wiser Raymundus, in his closet pent,

Laughs at such danger and adventurement,
 When half his lands are spent in golden smoke,
 And now his second hopeful glass is broke.
 But yet if hap'ly his third furnace hold,
 Devoteth all his pots and pans to gold:
 So spend thou, Pontice, if thou canst not spare,
 Like some stout seaman or philosopher.
 And were thy fathers gentle? that's their praise;
 No thank to thee by whom their name decays;
 By virtue got they it, and valorous deed;
 Do thou so, Pontice, and be honoured.
 But else, look how their virtue was their own,
 Not capable of propagation.
 Right so their titles been, nor can be thine,
 Whose ill deserts might blank their golden line.
 Tell me, thou gentle Trojan, dost thou prize
 Thy brute beasts' worth by their dam's qualities?
 Sayst thou this colt shall prove a swift-pac'd steed
 Only because a Jennet did him breed?
 Or sayst thou this same horse shall win a prize,
 Because his dam was swiftest Trunchesice,
 Or Runcevall his sire? himself a Galloway?
 Whiles like a tireling jade he lags half-way.
 Or whiles thou sceest some of thy stallion race,
 Their eyes bor'd out, masking the miller's maze,
 Like to a Scythian slave sworn to the pail,
 Or dragging frothy barrels at his tail?
 Albe wise nature in her providence,
 Wont in the want of reason and of sense,
 Traduce the native virtue with the kind,
 Making all brute and senseless things inclin'd
 Unto their cause, or place where they were sown;
 That one is like to all, and all like one.
 Was never fox but wily cubs begets;
 The bear his fierceness to his brood besets:
 Nor fearful hare falls out of lion's seed,
 Nor eagle wont the tender dove to breed.
 Crete ever wont the cypress sad to bear,
 Acheron banks the palish popelar:
 The palm doth rifely rise in Jury field,
 And Alpheus waters nought but olives wild.
 Asopus breeds big bulrushes alone,
 Meander, heath: peaches by Nilus grown.
 An English wolf, an Irish toad to see,

Were as a chaste man nurs'd in Italy.
 And now when nature gives another guide
 To humankind that in his bosom bides,
 Above instinct his reason and discourse,
 His being better, is his life the worse?
 Ah me! how seldom see we sons succeed
 Their father's praise, in prowess and great deed?
 Yet certes if the sire be ill inclin'd,
 His faults befall his sons by course of kind.
 Scaurus was covetous, his son not so;
 But not his pared nail will he forego.
 Florian the sire did women love a-life,
 And so his son doth too, all but his wife.
 Brag of thy father's faults, they are thine own:
 Brag of his lands if those be not foregone.
 Brag of thine own good deeds, for they are thine,
 More than his life, or lands, or golden line.

(*Bk. IV, Sat. III.*)

THOMAS DELONEY

(? 1543 – ? 1600)

VERY little is known about the life of Thomas Deloney. He appears to have belonged to a French Protestant family, and to have been a silk-weaver for many years before winning fame as a ballad-maker. The date of his birth is merely conjectural; his death can be fixed with more accuracy, and took place about 1600. His literary career seems to have begun about 1583, and the three novels to which he owes his present-day fame were written in the last few years of his life. He probably worked at Norwich when he was a silk-weaver; but followed the trade of journalism in London. In 1596 a ballad on the scarcity of corn caused some trouble with the authorities. That is al-

most all that is known of Deloney's life.

His three novels are *Jack of Newbery* (1597), dealing with weavers; *The Gentle Craft* (two parts, 1597 and 1598), dealing with shoemakers; and *Thomas of Reading* (?1599), dealing with clothiers. These novels are all of the same kind; romance and realism rub shoulders together in them. When Deloney tells humorous and realistic tales in his own way, he is excellent; but when he is euphuistic, as fashion compelled him to be at times, he is as tedious as any of his contemporaries. He painted in an amusing style the humours of citizen life. He owed much to the old jest-books; in fact in some of

his chapters he has merely fitted some standard jokes into a framework. He also owed much to contemporary drama, which taught him the value of a comic underplot. In one passage he echoes the words of Falstaff. As a ballad-writer his free scope was hampered by his having to fit his words to street tunes; but sometimes he is vigorous and fresh in his ballads too. The novels contain some charming songs, written with a light touch. In the simple and direct prose of his novels he has left us an excellent picture of his

times. His novels were widely popular, in the strict sense of that word, in their day. They were for a while neglected and forgotten, and it is not so very long since they were rediscovered. Their literary value is considerable; but they are chiefly valuable for the pictures they give us—unobtainable elsewhere—of Elizabethan citizens, and of craftsmen who lived in days long before anyone, even in a nightmare, had foreseen the Industrial Revolution.

[F. O. Mann, *The Works of Thomas Deloney*.]

From "The Pleasant History of Thomas of Reading"

How Thomas of Reading was murdered at his Host's house of Colebrooke, who also had murdered many before him, and how their wickedness was at length revealed.—Chap. XI.

Thomas of Reading having many occasions to come to London, as well about his own affairs, as also the King's business, being in a great office under his Majesty, it chanced on a time, that his Host and Hostess of Colebrooke, who through covetousness had murdered many of the guests, and having every time he came thither great store of his money to lay up, appointed him to be the next fat pig that should be killed: For it is to be understood, that when they plotted the murder of any man, this was always their term, the man to his wife, and the woman to her husband: wife, there is now a fat pig to be had, if you want one.

Whereupon she would answer thus, I pray you put him in the hogsty to-morrow.

This was, when any man came thither alone without others in his company, and they saw he had great store of money.

This man should be then laid in the chamber right over the kitchen, which was a fair chamber, and better set out than any other in the house: the best bedstead therein, though it were little and low, yet was it most cunningly carved, and fair to the eye, the feet whereof were fast nailed to the chamber floor in such sort, that it could not in any wise fall, the bed that lay therein was fast sewed to the sides of the bedstead: Moreover, that part of the chamber whereupon this bed and bedstead stood, was

made in such sort, that by the pulling out of two iron pins below in the kitchen, it was to be let down and taken up by a drawbridge, or in manner of a trap door: moreover in the kitchen, directly under the place where this should fall, was a mighty great caldron, wherein they used to seethe their liquor when they went to brewing. Now, the men appointed for the slaughter, were laid into this bed, and in the dead time of the night, when they were sound asleep, by plucking out the foresaid iron pins, down would the man fall out of his bed into the boiling caldron, and all the clothes that were upon him: where being suddenly scalded and drowned, he was never able to cry or speak one word.

Then had they a little ladder ever standing ready in the kitchen, by the which they presently mounted into the said chamber, and there closely took away the man's apparel, as also his money, in his male or capcase: and then lifting up the said falling floor which hung by hinges, they made it fast as before.

The dead body would they take presently out of the caldron and throw it down the river, which ran near unto their house, whereby they escaped all danger.

Now if in the morning any of the rest of the guests that had talked with the murdered man over eve, chanced to ask for him, as having occasion to ride the same way that he should have done, the goodman would answer, that he took horse a good while before day, and that he himself did set him forward: the horse the goodman would also take out of the stable, and convey him by a hay-barn of his, that stood from his house a mile or two, whereof himself did always keep the keys full charily, and when any hay was to be brought from thence, with his own hands he would deliver it; then before the horse should go from thence, he would dismark him: as if he wore a long tail, he would make him curtal; or else crop his ears, or cut his mane, or put out one of his eyes; and by this means he kept himself unknown.

Now Thomas of Reading, as I said before, being marked, and kept for a fat pig, he was laid in the same chamber of death, but by reason Gray of Gloucester chanced also to come that night, he escaped scalding.

The next time he came, he was laid there again, but before he fell asleep, or was warm in his bed, one came riding through the town and cried piteously that London was all on a fire, and that it had burned down Thomas Becket's house in West cheape, and a great number more in the same street, and yet (quoth he) the fire is not quenched.

Which tidings when Thomas of Reading heard, he was very sorrowful, for of the same Becket that day he had received a great piece of money, and had left in his house many of his writings, and some that appertained to the King also: therefore there was no nay but he would ride back again to London presently, to see how the matter stood; thereupon making

himself ready, departed. 'This cross fortune caused his host to frown, nevertheless the next time (qd. he) will pay for all.

Notwithstanding God so wrought, that they were prevented then likewise, by reason of a great fray that happened in the house betwixt a couple that fell out at dice, insomuch as the murderers themselves were enforced to call him up, being a man in great authority, that he might set the house in quietness, out of the which by means of this quarrel, they doubted to lose many things.

Another time when he should have been laid in the same place he fell so sick, that he requested to have some body to watch with him, whereby also they could not bring their vile purpose to pass. But hard it is to escape the ill fortunes whereunto a man is allotted: for albeit that the next time that he came to London, his horse stumbled and broke one of his legs as he should ride homeward, yet hired he another to hasten his own death; for there is no remedy but he should go to Colebrooke that night: but by the way he was heavy asleep, that he could scant keep himself in the saddle; and when he came near unto the town, his nose burst out suddenly ableeding.

Well, to his Inn he came, and so heavy was his heart that he could eat no meat: his host and hostess hearing he was so melancholy, came up to cheer him, saying, "Jesus, Master Cole, what ails you to-night? never did we see you thus sad before: will it please you to have a quart of burnt sack?"

"With a good will " (quoth he) "and would to God Tom Dove were here, he would surely make me merry, and we should lack no music: but I am sorry for the man with all my heart, that he is come so far behind hand: but alas, so much can every man say, but what good doth it him? No, no, it is not words can help a man in this case, the man had need of other relief than so. Let me see: I have but one child in the world and that is my daughter, and half that I have is hers, the other half my wife's. What then? shall I be good to nobody but them? In conscience, my wealth is too much for a couple to possess, and what is our religion without charity? And to whom is charity more to be shown, than to decayed householders?"

"Good my host lend me a pen and ink, and some paper, for I will write a letter unto the poor man straight; and something I will give him: That alms which a man bestows with his own hands, he shall be sure to have delivered, and God knows how long I shall live."

With that, his hostess dissemblingly answered, saying: "Doubt not, Master Cole, you are like enough by the course of nature to live many years."

"God knows " (quoth he) "I never found my heart so heavy before."

By this time pen, ink, and paper was brought, setting himself in writing as followeth.

In the name of God, Amen, I bequeath my soul to God, and my body to the ground, my goods equally between my wife Elenor, and Isabel, my daughter. Item I give to Thomas Dove of Exeter one hundred pounds, nay that is too little, I give to Thomas Dove two hundred pounds in money, to be paid unto him presently upon his demand thereof by my said wife and daughter.

"Ila, how say you host " (qd. he) "is not this well? I pray you read it."

His host, looking thereon, said, "Why Master Cole, what have you written here? you said you would write a letter, but methinks you have made a Will, what need have you to do thus? thanks be to God, you may live many fair years."

"'Tis true " (quoth Cole) "if it please God, and I trust this writing cannot shorten my days, but let me see, have I made a Will? Now, I promise you, I did verily purpose to write a letter: notwithstanding, I have written that that God put into my mind: but look once again my host, is it not written there, that Dove shall have two hundred pounds, to be paid when he comes to demand it?"

"Yes indeed " (said his host).

"Well then, all is well " (said Cole) "and it shall go as it is for me. I will not bestow the new writing thereof any more."

Then folding it up, he sealed it, desiring that his host would send it to Exeter: he promised that he would, notwithstanding Cole was not satisfied: but after some pause, he would needs hire one to carry it. And so sitting down sadly in his chair again, upon a sudden he burst forth weeping; they demanding the cause thereof, he spake as followeth:

"No cause of these fears I know: but it comes now into my mind " (said Cole) "when I set toward this my last journey to London, how my daughter took on, what a coil she kept to have me stay: and I could not be rid of the little baggage a long time, she did so hang about me, when her mother by violence took her away, she cried out most mainly, 'O my father, my father, I shall never see him again.' "

"Alas, pretty soul " (said his hostess) "this was but mere kindness in the girl, and it seemeth she is very fond of you. But alas, why should you grieve at this? you must consider that it was but childishness."

"Ay, it is indeed " (said Cole) and with that he began to nod.

Then they asked him if he would go to bed.

"No " (said he) "although I am heavy, I have no mind to go to bed at all."

With that certain musicians of the town came to the chamber, and knowing Master Cole was there, drew out their instruments, and very solemnly began to play.

"This music comes very well " (said Cole) and when he had listened a while thereunto, he said, "Methinks these instruments sound like

the ring of S. Mary Overies bells, but the bass drowns all the rest: and in my ear it goes like a bell that rings a forenoon's knell, for God's sake let them leave off, and bear them this simple reward."

The musicians being gone, his host asked if now it would please him to go to bed; "for" (quoth he) "it is well-near eleven of the clock."

With that Cole beholding his host and hostess earnestly, began to start back, saying, "What ails you to look so like pale death? good Lord, what have you done, that your hands are thus bloody?"

"What, my hands" (said his host)? "Why, you may see they are neither bloody nor foul: either your eyes do greatly dazzle, or else fancies of a troubled mind do delude you."

"Alas my host, you may see" (said he) "how weak my wits are, I never had my head so idle before. Come, let me drink once more, and then I will to bed, and trouble you no longer."

With that he made himself unready, and his hostess was very diligent to warm a kerchief, and put it about his head.

"Good Lord" (said he) "I am not sick, I praise God, but such an alteration I find in myself as I never did before."

With that the screech-owl cried piteously, and anon after the night raven sat croaking hard by his window.

"Jesu have mercy upon me" (quoth he) "what an ill-favoured cry do yonder carrion birds make," and therewithal he laid him down in his bed, from whence he never rose again.

His host and hostess, that all this while noted his troubled mind, began to commune betwixt themselves thereof. And the man said, he knew not what were best to be done. "By my consent" (quoth he) "the matter should pass, for I think it is not best to meddle on him."

"What man" (quoth she) "faint you now? have you done so many and do you shrink at this?" Then showing him a great deal of gold which Cole had left with her, she said, "Would it not grieve a body's heart to lose this? hang the old churl, what should he do living any longer? he hath too much, and we have too little: tut, husband, let the thing be done, and then this is our own."

Her wicked counsel was followed, and when they had listened at his chamber door, they heard the man sound asleep: "All is safe" (quoth they) and down into the kitchen they go, their servants being all in bed, and pulling out the iron pins, down fell the bed, and the man dropped out into the boiling caldron. He being dead, they betwixt them cast his body into the river, his clothes they made away, and made all things as it should be.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(1564 – 1616)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was baptized at Stratford-on-Avon on 26th April, 1564. The traditional date of the 23rd April has been assigned to his birthday because three days was a customary interval between birth and baptism. The 23rd April, moreover, was certainly the date of Shakespeare's death, as well as the day sacred to England's patron saint. Shakespeare was born at a house in Henley Street which is still standing. John Shakespeare, the poet's father, came to Stratford from Snitterfield about 1551. He was a glover, a dealer in corn and timber, and probably also a butcher. In 1557 he had married Mary Arden of Wilmcote, who owned a small estate known as Asbies, as well as having an interest in two messuages at Snitterfield. Shakespeare was the third child of the marriage, but his two elder sisters died in infancy. It is almost certain that Shakespeare was educated at the free grammar-school at Stratford. There has been much difference of opinion about the exact amount of education he received; but there is every reason to believe that Ben Jonson's famous phrase about "small Latine, and lesse Greeke" was a purely relative expression. There is little doubt that without being a finished scholar, or anything of a close student, Shakespeare had read many of the ordinary Latin authors, of whom Ovid was his favourite. During Shakespeare's boyhood the prosperity of his father declined considerably. His fortunes had reached their zenith in 1568, when he was

high-bailiff of Stratford. As far as this wave of adversity can be dated, it would seem to have begun when the poet was about fourteen. It is probable that Shakespeare was taken away from school earlier than he would have been had his father's affairs continued to prosper. It is uncertain how he spent the next few years. One doubtful tradition asserts that he was a schoolmaster in the country (if so his education must have been above, or certainly not below, the average); another, equally doubtful, says that he was bound apprentice to a butcher. The legal knowledge shown in some of the plays may easily be accounted for by the facts that John Shakespeare was litigious, that Shakespeare found himself more than once in the hands of the law, and that members of the Inns of Court associated freely with actors and playwrights. It is not impossible that Shakespeare became an actor when much younger than twenty-one (the age usually given); he may have played women's parts as a boy, and have been driven back to Stratford in 1582 by an outbreak of plague in London.

In November, 1582, Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years his senior. The eldest child, Susanna, was baptized on 26th May, 1583. On 2nd February, 1585, Shakespeare's twins, Hamnet and Judith, were baptized. Late in 1585 Shakespeare left Stratford for London. The immediate cause of his leaving, according to his first

biographer, Rowe (1709), was that he fell into ill-company, and was caught deer-stealing in the park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlcote, who prosecuted him. Shakespeare retaliated with a ballad, and Lucy in anger hounded him out of Warwickshire. Fourteen years afterwards Shakespeare still felt sore at the treatment he had received, for he went out of his way to ridicule Lucy in *The Merry Wives*.

It is not known how Shakespeare's connexion with the stage began. A doubtful tradition says that he at first held the horses of playgoers during the performances. He had seen touring companies of actors at Stratford on several occasions; moreover, acting had all the charm of a new profession—in this respect resembling cinema-acting in the early twentieth century—and held out alluring prospects of speedy success. We do not know how good an actor Shakespeare was, but tradition credits him with having played Adam in *As You Like It*, the Ghost in *Hamlet*, and Old Knowell in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, so that he would appear to have specialized in taking old men's parts. He soon began to refurbish old plays, and gradually was led on from minor to major alterations, and so to original work. By 1592 he was important enough to be attacked by the dying prodigal Robert Greene (q.v.), in his *Groatsworth of Wit*, and to be apologized to by Greene's executor, Henry Chettle, in his *Kind-Hart's Dream*. Greene's hostility was more bitter than that which is felt towards a mere rival; it was the hostility which every writer feels towards those who revise, even if they improve, his work. In 1593 Shake-

speare dedicated *Venus and Adonis* to the Earl of Southampton, and in the next year dedicated the companion poem *Lucrece* to the same patron.

On 11th August, 1596, Shakespeare's only son, Hamnet, was buried. On 20th October of the same year a draft grant of arms was given to John Shakespeare; a second draft was given in 1599. On 4th May, 1597, Shakespeare bought New Place at Stratford for £60. In 1598 Shakespeare was enthusiastically praised by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, where twelve of the plays are enumerated, a priceless boon to Shakespearean chronologists. In 1599 the Globe Theatre was built on Bankside, and Shakespeare was made a partner in Burbage's company. John Shakespeare died in September, 1601. In May of the following year Shakespeare, who was now exceedingly prosperous, bought 107 acres of land in Old Stratford for the large sum, as it was then, of £320. In 1605 he bought for £440 the thirty-two years' term of the moiety of the lease of Stratford tithes. On 5th June, 1607, Susanna Shakespeare was married to John Hall, a prosperous physician of Stratford. Their only child, Elizabeth, was baptized on 21st February, 1608; Shakespeare's mother died the following September.

At some unknown date, possibly about 1611, Shakespeare retired from London to Stratford. In 1613 he bought for £140 a house and ground near Blackfriars Theatre, London. On 29th June, 1613, the Globe Theatre was burnt down during a performance of *Henry VIII*, and it is probable that many of Shakespeare's manuscripts were



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON



BACK VIEW AND GARDEN OF THE HOUSE SHOWN ABOVE

destroyed. On 10th February, 1616, Judith Shakespeare was married to Thomas Quiney, a vintner of Stratford. Shakespeare's health began to fail about this time; he executed his will on 25th March, 1616, and died at New Place on 23rd April. His will was proved by his son-in-law, John Hall, on 22nd June. Anne Shakespeare died on 6th August, 1623.

THE POEMS

Venus and Adonis (1593) and *Lucrece* (1594) may be considered together, as they are companion pieces, both dedicated to the third Earl of Southampton. There is rather a superior air about both poems; *Venus and Adonis* bears the Ovidian motto *vilia miretur vulgus*, &c.; perhaps some of the *vilia* may have been stage-plays. Shakespeare also speaks of this poem as "the first heir of my invention", so he evidently regarded it as his first legitimate child, the dramas in which others collaborated being of doubtful paternity. Neither of these miniature epics is an entire success. It is clear that in both cases Shakespeare chose the subject; the subject did not choose him, though it has been suggested by someone with an atrophied sense of humour that, when writing *Venus and Adonis*, Shakespeare drew upon his recollections of his own courtship. Both poems are written in easy flowing verse, and both have vivid touches in them, and excellent descriptions of nature. The earlier poem is the livelier and more spontaneous of the two, but the later is more mature and is metrically superior. *Lucrece*, however, protests too

much; she tears a passion to rags; there is more feeling in the brief ejaculations or even in the silences of Shakespeare's mature characters. The year 1593 was a year of plague, so that the theatres were closed and Shakespeare was idle. To this rather than to inspiration the two poems owe their origin. They both, however, display a combination of elaborate art and steady determination to succeed, and provide a good argument against those critics who declare that Shakespeare dashed off his plays in a hasty and perfunctory manner.

A Lover's Complaint is attributed to Shakespeare solely because it was included in the first edition of the *Sonnets* (1609). It is almost certainly not his work, being everything good and everything bad that is implied by the word "pretty".

The Passionate Pilgrim was published by William Jaggard in 1599. It was a piratical venture, containing two of Shakespeare's sonnets, three poems out of *Love's Labour's Lost*, four poems on the subject of *Venus and Adonis*, and miscellaneous songs by men like Barnfield and Griffin. It is of interest as showing that Shakespeare's name had in 1599 some commercial value on a title page.

The Phoenix and the Turtle was printed in Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr: or Rosalin's Complaint* in 1601. It is a fine-sounding poem, and probably once had a meaning; but it is unintelligible now. That, perhaps, does not matter, as the poem is "of a transcendental kind".

The *Sonnets* are the most beautiful and most important of Shakespeare's poems, but they present the thorniest problems in Shake-

spearean criticism. They were published piratically in 1609 by one Thomas Thorpe, who dedicated them "to the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets, Mr. W. H.". Thorpe bears out the truth of the ancient legal maxim that "*pirata est hostis humani generis*", so dark a riddle has he bequeathed us. The principal problems of the *Sonnets* are the identities of Mr. W. H., of the youth to whom many of the sonnets are addressed, of the dark lady mentioned in many of the poems, and of the rival poet mentioned in a few. But the master-problem which lies behind all these is "How far are the *Sonnets* autobiographical?". The answers to these questions are many and various. Sir Sidney Lee identified Mr. W. H. with one William Hall, a publisher who played the part of pirate-lieutenant to Thorpe's pirate-king, but who was in no way connected with Shakespeare. Other theories identify him with Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton; with William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke; and with a boy-actor, William Hughes. This last theory was suggested by Tyrwhitt, and supported in characteristic fashion by Oscar Wilde. Hughes still remains, however, as nebulous a person as Mrs. Harris. It is quite possible that the youth and Mr. W. H. are not one and the same; in which case it is likely enough that the youth is the third Earl of Southampton, to whom *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* were addressed, and who was, as far as we know, Shakespeare's only patron. The dark lady has been identified with innumerable real and allegorical persons; a fairly good case has

been made out for identifying the rival poet with Chapman. Much perverted ingenuity has been expended upon the interpretation of the *Sonnets*; allegorists have thrown all restraint to the winds; the amateur detectives of literature have followed up false trails innumerable. The problem of the *Sonnets*, however, exercises upon the public mind the same fascination as the Man in the Iron Mask or *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. It is extremely likely that, in the absence of further material evidence, the problem will never be solved. It is very probable that the autobiographical element in the *Sonnets* is either very small or so much transmuted from reality as to be of no value. If it be the case that "the truest poetry is the most feigning", it is possible that the characters in the *Sonnets* are fictitious characters; lay-figures which have come alive, quickened by the same mind that gave life to crude chronicle-histories and revenge-plays. There is, at any rate, no doubt that the sonnets differ greatly in poetic value, some being supreme poetry and others mere literary exercises; and it is quite permissible to think that the *Sonnets* are a disconnected series of short poems in a more or less amorous vein, and that Shakespeare did not unlock his heart when composing them. If he did, "the less Shakespeare he", not because the heart he displays is unworthy of him, but because the action of unlocking the heart is quite un-Shakespearean. Some critics, however, still believe that in these poems Shakespeare "cleansed the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs

upon the heart", and that the purgation which Aristotle tells us that tragedies should effect in the audience was effected in the *Sonnets* for their author.

THE PLAYS

Shakespeare's plays were written to amuse; they were intended as shows, but are usually examined under the microscope. A bird's-eye view of the thirty-seven plays may, therefore, be of some value as a corrective to over-elaborate study of some half-dozen of the most celebrated of them. The discovery of the approximate order in which Shakespeare wrote his plays is perhaps the greatest contribution of the nineteenth century to Shakespearean scholarship. It is possible now to trace the growth of his mind and art. He developed much as an ordinary man does, and it is no more derogatory to his genius to say so than it is blasphemous to maintain that the universe was not created by a single act.

Titus Andronicus (1588) is almost certainly not by Shakespeare, though his name has kept alive interest in this dull and detestable melodrama of blood. It was ascribed to him by Meres in 1598, and included in the 1623 Folio by Heminge and Condell. On the strength of these facts it is hard to deny that Shakespeare had a hand in it, but its author was probably Peele, who stood almost alone in producing work which he himself knew to be bad, in the hope that the audience would not find it out. The play is obviously the work of a novice, who had yet to learn that lopped limbs and human pies do not constitute a tragedy.

King Henry VI, Part I (1590-1591) stands rather apart from Parts II and III of *King Henry VI*. It deals with the war in France, not with the Civil War, and contains much tentative writing. Great liberties are taken with history. It may be in the main the work of Greene and Peele, with scenes by Shakespeare, but not revised by him as a whole. Its presence in the Folio does not decide the question of Shakespeare's authorship, as the three parts of the play would naturally hang together. It may have been Shakespeare's revision of Greene's share in this play which called forth Greene's dying curse. It is a relief to know that the odious scenes in which Joan of Arc is travestied are without doubt not by Shakespeare.

Love's Labour's Lost (1590) is a Lylyesque and highly amusing comedy of dialogue. No other Shakespearean play is so much "of an age", so little "for all time". There are signs that it was written for a private performance before a small audience composed of the smart set; Shakespeare at this point of his career "to party gave up what was meant for mankind". The commercial drama—the "public means" of which he complained—improved his work. This is, however, the first play which contains anything of Shakespeare's personality. In it he has been prodigal of his genius. The pun is the intellectual wild oats of men who are unusually gifted; those who play with words when young are lords of language in their riper years. Affectation of one sort or another gives rise to most of the fun in this play, which is a plea against shaping our lives

by narrow rules and artificial systems. The king and his friends, who tried to be philosophers, but found cheerfulness always breaking in, are excellent comic characters.

The Comedy of Errors (1591) is a skilfully constructed farce based upon the *Menæchmi* of Plautus. One scene (Act III, Scene 1) was suggested by Plautus's *Amphitruo*. It was typical of Shakespeare's rapidly ripening genius to have discovered that "our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught"; he added a serious background to the play, and made it look forward to *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest* in its story of lost relations finding each other. There is also a more or less serious study of jealousy. It is a good acting play, though, like the "book" of an opera, somewhat hard to follow in reading. It is remarkable among the early plays for the rapidity of its exposition and its action.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona (1592) is a kind of overture to the great series of romantic comedies. In many ways it is inferior to *Love's Labour's Lost* and *The Comedy of Errors*, but it is greater in promise, and in promise of Shakespeare's own type of comedy. It is badly constructed, slow in its exposition, and conventional in its ending. Its characters are symmetrically grouped, like the nieces and uncles in Mr. Puff's tragedy of *The Spanish Armada*. But real genius is shown in the drawing of the characters, especially in those of Launce and the Host. There are three ingredients which go to make up a play—dialogue, plot, and characterization—and at first Shakespeare concentrated on one to the

detriment of the others. *Love's Labour's Lost* excels in dialogue, *The Comedy of Errors* in plot, and *The Two Gentlemen* in characterization. In his next comedy Shakespeare excelled in all three, though undoubtedly helped by the dream-like nature of his subject.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream (1593-1594) is the consummation of the early comedies. It was probably written to be performed privately. The different threads of the plot are most cunningly interwoven. This play is closely connected with *Romeo and Juliet*, which represents love in its tragic aspect, as *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* represents it in its fantastic aspect. Moreover, the plot of *Pyramus and Thisbe* bears no small resemblance to the plot of *Romeo and Juliet*. It is probable that Shakespeare was putting his soul into these two plays while engaged in the more or less dull task of refurbishing the three parts of *King Henry VI*.

King Henry VI, Parts II and III (1591-1592) are usually considered to be only in part the work of Shakespeare. The Second Part is a recast of an older play, *The First Part of the Contention*, and the Third Part a recast of *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke*. It is usually believed that all these plays are the work of a committee of which Marlowe, Greene, Shakespeare, and Peele were members. The problem of the authorship of any given passage is insoluble, and, like the plays themselves, of secondary importance. It is certain that there was collaboration or redaction in *King Henry VI*, but it is impossible to distinguish between Shakespeare writing like Marlowe, Greene

writing like Marlowe, and Marlowe writing like himself, and so with all the collaborators.

King Richard III (1593), though the most Marlowesque of all the plays of Shakespeare, is probably Shakespeare's unaided work—his first historical play written without collaboration. It is a melodramatic play which stops at nothing to attain its effects. In Marlowe's fashion it has a dominating protagonist, and an opening soliloquy. *Richard III* was immensely popular; Burbage made his reputation in this play, which from an actor's point of view is a one-man play.

Romeo and Juliet (1591, perhaps revised 1596) is the tragic masterpiece of Shakespeare's first period. Two of its most noticeable features are that it has no underplot, the story moving unimpeded upon its course, and that it is filled with splendid poetry. Hitherto the poet and the dramatist in Shakespeare had worked turn about rather than collaborated; in this play they are fast allies.

King Richard II (1594) might be called anti-Marlowesque in its style. Shakespeare has definitely broken away from his discipleship to Marlowe, and is writing in his own style a play on a subject akin to that of *Edward II*. There is a lyrical element in this play which links it closely with *Romeo and Juliet*. Richard II, a king of shreds and purple patches, is splendidly drawn. There is a lack of comic scenes, and prose is avoided.

King John (1595) is the greatest example of adaptation in the works of Shakespeare. It is not altogether an attractive play, but it lets us see into Shakespeare's workshop more than any other play. It is based

upon an old play, *The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England*, of which it retains much, while elevating much into poetry. It does not adhere closely to the facts of history. The Bastard is a great figure, and points the way to the cycle of histories that are founded upon humour and heroism.

The Merchant of Venice (1596) is an extremely popular play which combines several different stories into one harmonious whole. So graphically has this been done that some critics forget that the play is a romantic and extravagant play, and that the Venice which it represents lies, not in Italy, but East of the Sun and West of the Moon. It is a mistake to regard Shylock as a tragic figure.

King Henry IV, Parts I and II (1597-1598) may be regarded as one play in ten acts. In this play the chronicle turns into the comedy of manners. This cycle of plays—the Lancastrian trilogy—is the most genial of all the Shakespearean cycles. From the dramatic point of view these plays are without form and void, but as comedies of manners they are unmatched and unmatched. Falstaff "doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus", and is the greatest comic creation in ancient or modern literature.

King Henry V (1599) is the last of the historical plays, properly so called. Its qualities are those of an epic rather than those of a play. Its dramatic interest is slender, but it contains some splendid pieces of patriotic writing. A temporary loss of self-confidence is perhaps to be seen in the apologetic prologues.

The Taming of the Shrew (1597) is an adaptation of an earlier play,

The Taming of A Shrew (published 1594). The later play is the statutory five acts. The authorship of *A Shrew* is one of the most interesting of Shakespearean problems, interesting though (perhaps because) insoluble. It has been assigned to every near and important predecessor of Shakespeare save Lyly and Nash. Shakespeare's play has been said to delineate the tragedy which occurs when a manly spirit is born into a woman's body; but " 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so ". The play is just a lively farce, the off-hand sketch of a mature artist whose serious energies were concentrated on greater tasks.

The Merry Wives of Windsor (1598) was, according to a fairly-well established tradition, written in fourteen days in obedience to a command of Queen Elizabeth, who wished to see Falstaff in love. Even Shakespeare could not write his best when writing to order, and Falstaff in love was a contradiction in terms. The play, however, is a bright, mirthful comedy, and is excellently constructed, being much better than *Henry IV* in this respect. It was almost certainly performed at Windsor, and probably on St. George's (Garter) day. Falstaff was transplanted into Elizabethan times, nor does he bear a much closer resemblance to his namesake in *Henry IV* than Hudibras does to Don Quixote. *The Merry Wives* has about it a pleasant air of spontaneity and "unpremeditated art". Owing to its impromptu nature, it lets us see into Shakespeare's mind, because "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh".

Much Ado about Nothing (1598) is a great but unequal play. The

underplot, which is delightful comedy, has swallowed up the main plot, which is unpleasant melodrama, so that the play is not quite satisfactory.

As You Like It (1599) was based on Lodge's prose tale, *Rosalynde, Euphues Golden Legacie*, published nine years earlier. It is full of the spirit of romance; and the dainty wit of Touchstone, the wisest fool in Shakespearedom, illuminates the whole play. Even in this play, however, there are signs that Shakespeare has turned his wit the seamy side without. There is much cynicism in the play, which quite definitely satirizes pastoralism on occasion. The ending is purely conventional; every comedy must end with a bout of marriages, just as every tragedy must end with a series of deaths. According to our ideas, Horace's rule, "nec deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus", applies to Hymen and the knots which he ties no less than to other deities and the knots which they loose.

Twelfth Night (1600) is the acme of Shakespearean comedy. It has all that is most mirthful and exquisite in *Much Ado* and *As You Like It*, with something of added mirth and grace. To treat Malvolio as an almost tragic personage is an absurd mistake made by some actors.

Julius Caesar (1601) is the first of the Roman plays based on Plutarch, the humanest though not the most accurate of biographers. It is probable that Shakespeare spent an unusual amount of time on this play. The language and thought are exquisitely clear, and are more evenly balanced than in any other play.

Hamlet (1602) is perhaps the most popular of the plays. It has been classed, with *Julius Cæsar*, as a tragedy of reflection, but to the Elizabethan playgoer of 1602 it probably appeared to be a good brisk melodrama with plenty of sensation in it. It is undoubtedly based upon an old revenge-tragedy, probably the work of Kyd. There are some minor inconsistencies in the play, due in part to the survival of some features of the old play, and in part to the drastic but incomplete revision which Shakespeare gave to his first draft. The heart of Hamlet's mystery can be almost if not quite plucked out; some of the difficulties which tormented commentators of a bygone generation were due to their not realizing that in a revenge-play there was a certain tacit understanding between author and audience, just as there is to-day between the author of a detective story and his readers.

All's Well that ends Well (?1601) is a curious play with an uncertain literary history. Parts of it are immature, both in style and metre, and parts of it are certainly Shakespeare's mature work. It is perhaps a recast of an earlier play, which many critics identify with *Love's Labour's Won*, mentioned by Meres in 1598. The uncertain touch with which the character of the heroine is drawn is a sign of early work or patchwork. The blending of styles makes this play unique.

Measure for Measure (1603) is that mixture of dramatic and unpleasant qualities which is usually known as a "strong" play. It is very much less tragic than its source. Shakespeare's magic has given reality to a romantically

improbable story. The conventional ending would not seem out of place in a conventional play, in a play in which "they do but jest, poison in jest"; but Shakespeare in this play propounds a problem of absorbing interest, and shirks giving a satisfactory solution of it.

Troilus and Cressida (?1603) is the most obscure of Shakespeare's plays, and leaves a confused effect upon its readers. Though weak as a play, it is strong as a satire; it may be doubted if it was ever a money-making play. It is ambiguous even in its position in the Folio, where it occupies a kind of limbo between the histories and the tragedies, and is not mentioned in the "catalogue" or table of contents. It is the only play of the thirty-seven which is filled with bitterness and the crackling of thorns under a pot. Truth, love, heroism, wisdom, chastity—whatever things are lovely and of good report—are the subjects of gibes and mockery. And now tragedy follows tragedy.

Othello (1604) is at once the most painful and the most perfect of all the plays, and is the most tremendous effort of Shakespeare as a dramatist. In construction it is as perfect as a play of Sophocles. There is no underplot. Coleridge contrasted this play favourably with *Hamlet* and *Lear*, where, he said, there was something gigantic and unformed; in *Othello* "everything assumes its due place and proportion, and the whole mature powers of his mind are displayed in admirable equilibrium".

King Lear (1605) is the most titanic of all the plays, and is the most tremendous effort of Shake-

speare as a poet. It combines rapidity with length, and has the fire and sublimity of the best work of Æschylus. It is too vast a subject for the stage, and gives the impression of being out of time and space. In this play we see the first signs of that lack of verbal and metrical restraint which is so notable in the latest plays. The language cannot always support the weight of the thought.

Macbeth (1606) is, unfortunately, only preserved in an imperfect state. It was written to please James, hence the subject was taken from Scottish history, and hence the allusions to demonology, upon which the king had written a book, and to the healing of scrofula by means of the royal touch. It is possible that the pruning-knife was unskillfully applied to *Macbeth* to make it more suitable for performance at court. One of the most remarkable features of this play is its extreme rapidity. It moves swiftly and relentlessly to its *dénouement*.

Antony and Cleopatra (1607) is a play of kaleidoscopic variety. It is slightly defective in construction, and lacks an absorbing centre of interest. It was perhaps rather hastily written, and has the excellences and defects of rapid work. Cleopatra is the greatest of Shakespeare's women, and the most complete psychological study in all the plays.

Coriolanus (1608) is a somewhat austere play, with little of the lyric manner in it, and containing a good deal of rather difficult writing, not unlike that of Browning. Many gifts have gone to its making, but not the supreme gift of love. *Coriolanus* is much less tragic than

its immediate predecessors, as when the hero dies he loses his life but saves his soul. This is significant as marking the end of the tragic period.

Timon of Athens (?1607-1608) is a puzzling and chaotic play. Parts of it are in Shakespeare's most majestic style, and parts of it seem to be the work of an unskillful journeyman; but the difficulty of separating the wheat from the tares is greater in this than in any other play. It has been suggested that this play was completed not for acting, but for inclusion in the 1623 Folio. It may preserve much of Shakespeare's preliminary draft.

Pericles (1608) is the overture to the series of four romances with which Shakespeare ended his career as dramatist. Before writing these plays his mind was born again. Like "the wretch that long has tost on the thorny bed of pain",

The meanest floweret of the vale
The simplest note that swells the
gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

In these plays Shakespeare harked back to the reunion of parted kinsfolk, a subject he had dealt with in the serious underplot of *The Comedy of Errors*. The first two acts of *Pericles* are worthless, and are the work of some very inferior playwright, possibly George Wilkins. This is the partnership of Alpha and Omega, the first and the last; and there is no stronger evidence of the small value which Shakespeare set on his work.

The Winter's Tale (1610) is based upon Greene's novel *Pandosto* (named *Dorastus and L'æwenia* in its later editions). Autolycus is Shake-

Shakespeare's own invention, and one of the most agreeable of all rogues. In the story of the wooing of Florizel and Perdita, the shepherdess who is really a princess, Shakespeare dealt with a situation common in Menander and the New Comedy, but treated it in his own pure and delicate way. The statue-scene at the end of the play is immensely effective on the stage.

Cymbeline (1610) is somewhat complicated and difficult to follow, but it contains the beautiful figure of Imogen, the sweetest woman ever created by God or man. This character and some magnificent poetry help to make amends for a certain lack of probability in this play, which treads close on the heels of the greatest of the plays.

The Tempest (1611) is the greatest of the four romances, and is the last song of the "sweet swan of Avon". In this play Shakespeare "called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old". Music and magic and poetry meet in it and make it the Master's masterpiece. Its technique is perfect. It obeys the laws of unity of time and of unity of place. It has solved the problem of how to represent a reconciliation—twelve years having elapsed since the estrangement—upon the stage. It is impossible to refrain from identifying Prospero with Shakespeare himself. Prospero the magician is a man who has complete mastery over himself. His magic chiefly consists in this. Heminge and Condell showed much wisdom in putting this play first in the Folio, to attract the hesitating purchaser.

Henry VIII (1612) is actually the last play to which Shakespeare

contributed a share, though *The Tempest* is his last great work and contains his farewell to the stage. Roughly a third of the play is by Shakespeare; the rest is by Fletcher. Some critics see the hand of Massinger in certain parts. This play depends for its success more upon pageantry and declamation than upon plot and poetry. It may perhaps contain some old material, laid aside by Shakespeare years before and made over to Fletcher when Shakespeare retired to Stratford.

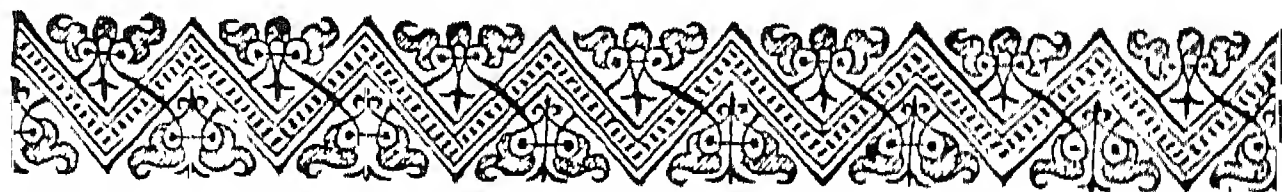
To attempt in a few words to appreciate the genius of Shakespeare is as difficult as it is to "hold infinity in the palm of your hand". Nevertheless, certain salient features of the man may be briefly set down. The greatest of all his manifold gifts was his large-minded impartiality—his god-like tolerance, which enabled him to sympathize with human nature in all its shapes, degrees, depressions, and elevations. Another of his great gifts was that he had, especially in his mature plays, the happy knack of pleasing both himself and his audience with his work. He did not, like Fletcher, pander to the groundlings; nor did he, like Jonson, attempt to bully them into liking what was above their heads. Simply by the alchemy of his genius he could turn the base lead of crude farces, tedious chronicle-histories, and ranting tragedies of revenge into the pure gold of his sunny comedies, his masterly historical plays, and his majestic tragedies. He was born at a fortunate time. Marlowe, one of the greatest of literary pioneers, had made straight the paths for him.

He began his career as a junior doing alterations only; when he had completed his great series of historical plays, he was a past-master of dramatic writing. The composition of his histories was probably the best education that he could have had; had he not worked at these plays he might have been a kind of superior Fletcher in comedy, and but slightly better than Webster in tragedy. As it was, he went on from strength to strength, writing masterpieces of romantic comedy and tragedies of all kinds, ending finally with his romances, in which he seems to look down as from a height upon all the doings of mankind.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.--Seventeen of Shakespeare's plays (including *Pericles*) were printed in quarto between 1597 and 1622. Four of the plays published in quarto are obviously pirated (*Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry V*, *Merry Wives*, and *Hamlet*), and it is not likely that Shakespeare authorized, though he may have connived at, the publication of any of them. In 1623 appeared the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, usually known as the First Folio. It was set forth by John Heminge and Henry Condell, Shakespeare's fellow-actors. It contains thirty-six plays (all the canonical plays except *Pericles*), twenty of which appeared in print for the first time. Over one hundred and eighty copies of the First Folio survive, but only fourteen are in a quite perfect state. The Second Folio (1632) is a reprint of the First, and makes a few alterations, many of which are for the worse.

The Third Folio (1663 and 1664) is mainly a reprint of the Second; the 1664 impression contains *Pericles* and six pseudo-Shakespearean plays. The Fourth Folio (1685) is a reprint of the 1664 impression of the Third.

Dryden was one of the best as he was one of the earliest Shakespearean critics. The first critical editor was the Poet Laureate Nicholas Rowe, who in his edition of 1709 corrected some of the most palpable errors, and gathered together some facts and legends about Shakespeare's life. Pope (1725), and Theobald (1733) made some happy and some unnecessary emendations. Hanmer (1744) did not contribute much to Shakespearean scholarship, nor did Warburton, who reissued Pope's edition with many notes of his own in 1747. Dr. Johnson's edition (1765) is chiefly famous for its preface, an embodiment of sound common sense. Capell's edition (1768) is the work of a thorough but not superficially attractive scholar. Steevens, who reissued Johnson's edition in 1773, was clever but unstable; Malone, his rival (1790), was a sound antiquarian. Variorum editions embodying the work of Johnson, Steevens, and Malone appeared under the editorship of Reed in 1803 and 1813, and under the editorship of James Boswell (the younger) in 1821. In the early part of the nineteenth century a new era in Shakespearean criticism was opened up by Coleridge, Schlegel, Hazlitt, and Lamb. Coleridge, though not the most reliable, is perhaps the most inspired of Shakespearean critics. His tradition was carried on at a later date by Swinburne, who is an excellent



THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.



Ho's there?

Franc. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe.

Bar. Long live the King.

Franc. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Franc. You come most carefully vpon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco.*

Franc. For this releefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

Bar. I haue you had quiet Guard?

Franc. For a Moie stirring.

Bar. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and
Marcellus, the Ratch of my Watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Franc. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends, to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Franc. Goe you good night.

Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?

Franc. *Barnardo* ha's my place: giue you goodnight.

Exit Franc.

Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*

Mar. What, is this thing appear'd againe to night?

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* saies, 'tis but our Fantastic,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue increatid him along
With vs, to watch the minces of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tis full, I will not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,

And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights haue seene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe,

And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,

When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course illumine that part of Heauen

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of.

Enter the Ghost.

Looke where it comes againe.

Bar. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio.*

Bar. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio.*

Hor. Most like. It harrowes me with fear & wonder

Bar. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it *Horatio.*

Hor. What art thou that vltur'st this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke

Did sometimes march. By Heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay, speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.

Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Bar. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this something more then Fantasie?

What thunke you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleue
Without the sensible and true enouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,

Such was the very Armour he had on
When th' Ambitious Norwey combatred:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry paille
He smot the fledded Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,
With Marcell stalked, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,
Thus boades some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,
So mightly toyles the subiect of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose fore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke.
What might be toward, that this sweety hast
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

At

critic, though sometimes most emphatic where his case is weakest. The editions of Singer, Collier, Knight, Halliwell, Dyce, and Staunton all contribute something to our knowledge of Shakespeare. The Cambridge edition of Clark and Wright presents a sound text, but its critical apparatus resembles an unweeded garden. A new Variorum edition was undertaken by H. Howard Furness of Philadelphia, who edited fifteen plays between 1871 and his death in 1912; his son is carrying on the task. Each volume of this edition is a library in itself. Other editions are too numerous to mention, but the following may be singled out as important: Dowden, Craig, and Case, *The Arden Shakespeare* (1899-1918), and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and J. D. Wilson, *The New Shakespeare* (begun in 1921).

Those who read to contradict and confute will perhaps endeavour to make themselves masters of a section or two of the vast library which has gathered round Shakespeare and his works. A small selection will satisfy those whom studies serve for delight. The ordinary reader will find almost all the help he requires in the following books: Sir Sidney Lee, *A Life*

of William Shakespeare (the standard biography); F. J. Furnivall and J. Munro, *Shakespeare: Life and Work*; Dr. Johnson, *Essays and Notes on Shakespeare* (edited by Sir W. Raleigh); S. T. Coleridge, *Notes and Lectures on Shakespeare*; W. Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*; E. Dowden, *Shakspeare: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*; *A Shakspeare Primer*; *Introduction to Shakespeare*; Sir Walter Raleigh, *Shakespeare* (English Men of Letters Series); A. C. Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*; *Oxford Lectures on Poetry*; A. C. Swinburne, *A Study of Shakespeare*; J. Churton Collins, *Studies in Shakespeare*; B. Wendell, *William Shakespeare: a Study in Elizabethan Literature*; G. Brandes, *William Shakespeare*; G. P. Baker, *The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist*; D. H. Madden, *The Diary of Master William Silence*; Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, *Shakespeare's Workmanship*; various contributors, *Shakespeare's England*; Sir E. K. Chambers, *William Shakespeare, a Study of Facts and Problems*; *Shakespeare: a Survey*; J. Bartlett, *Concordance to Shakespeare*; R. J. Cunliffe, *A New Shakespearean Dictionary*; E. A. Abbott, *A Shakesperian Grammar*.

From "Venus and Adonis"

This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
 This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
 This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
 That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
 Knocks at my heart and whispers in mine ear
 That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
 The picture of an angry-chafing boar,

Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
'The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination;
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles
How he outruns the wind and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
'The many musets through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

For there his smell with others being mingled,
'The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;

And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any.

(Lines 655-708.)

From "Lucrece"

O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason:
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou makest the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

'The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
 'The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
 'Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
 'Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When 'Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
 'They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
 He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
 My Collatine would else have come to me
 When 'Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

(Lines 876-917.)

Sonnets

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 'Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone bewEEP my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,

Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight;
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before,
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire
 Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him,
 Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCIX

The forward violet thus did I chide:
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
 If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:

The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXXIX

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Titania's Lullaby

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody, etc.

Balthazar's Song

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, etc.

Feste's Song

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
 O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low:
 Trip no further, pretty sweetening;
 Journeys end in lovers meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
 Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure:
 In delay there lies no plenty;
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Ariel's Songs

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands:
 Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
 The wild waves whist,
 Foot it featly here and there;
 And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
 Burthen (dispersedly). Hark, hark!
 Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark:
 Bow-wow.

Hark, hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

* * * *

Full fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Burthen. Ding-dong.
 Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Love's Labour's Lost

BIRON

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself
And where we are our learning likewise is:
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world:

Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
 Then fools you were these women to forswear,
 Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
 It is religion to be thus forsworn,
 For charity itself fulfils the law,
 And who can sever love from charity?

(*Act IV, Sc. 3, lines 314-365.*)

A Midsummer-Night's Dream

(*Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, and other Fairies attending; OBERON behind unseen.*)

TITANIA

Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
 While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
 And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
 And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

BOTTOM

Where's Peaseblossom?

PEASEBLOSSOM

Ready.

BOTTOM

Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

COBWEB

Ready.

BOTTOM

Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much of the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-

bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

MUSTARDEED

Ready.

BOTTOM

Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

MUSTARDEED

What's your will?

BOTTOM

Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

TITANIA

What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

BOTTOM

I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

TITANIA

Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

BOTTOM

Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay; good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

TITANIA

I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

BOTTOM

I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

TITANIA

Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. *[Exeunt fairies.*

(Act IV, Sc. 1, lines 1-44.)

Romeo and Juliet

ROMEO

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning? O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! *[Drinks.]* O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. *[Dies.*

(Act V, Sc. 3, lines 88-120.)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The Merchant of Venice

Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.

(Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.)

LORENZO

The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
'Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

JESSICA

In such a night
Did 'Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself
And ran dismay'd away.

LORENZO

In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

JESSICA

In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Aeson.

LORENZO

In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

JESSICA

In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

LORENZO

In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

JESSICA

I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

(Act V, Sc. 1, lines 1-24.)

Second Part of King Henry IV

CHIEF-JUSTICE

You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

FALSTAFF

Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

CHIEF-JUSTICE

Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

FALSTAFF

My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not; the truth is, I am only old in judgement and understanding;

and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

CHIEF-JUSTICE

Well, God send the prince a better companion!

FALSTAFF

God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

(Act I, Sc. 2, lines 185-226.)

Julius Cæsar

BRUTUS

Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: - Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

ALL

None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS

Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the

Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

(Enter ANTONY and others, with Cæsar's body.)

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

ALL

Live, Brutus! live, live.

FIRST CITIZEN

Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

SECOND CITIZEN

Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD CITIZEN

Let him be Cæsar.

FOURTH CITIZEN

Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

FIRST CITIZEN

We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.

BRUTUS

My countrymen,—

SECOND CITIZEN

Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST CITIZEN

Peace, ho!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

BRUTUS

Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.
(Act III, Sc. 2, lines 12-66.)

Hamlet

HORATIO

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.
But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

(*Re-enter Ghost.*)

I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me: [Clock crosses.
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it: stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.



The Tragedie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Bernardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. **V** V Huse there?
Fran. Na, answer me. Stand and vnfold your selfe.
Bar. Long live the King.
Fran. *Barnardo.*

Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre,

Bar. Tis now strooke twelue, yet thee to bed *Francisco.*

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night:

If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The riuals of my watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand he, who is there?

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leegemen to the Dane,

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O, farewell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?

2283 *Fran.* *Bernardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*

B

Mar.

MARCELLUS

Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

HORATIO

Do, if it will not stand.

BERNARDO

'Tis here!

HORATIO

'Tis here!

MARCELLUS

'Tis gone!

[Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

BERNARDO

It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

HORATIO

And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

MARCELLUS

It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

HORATIO

So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill:
Break we our watch up; and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

MARCELLIUS

Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. *[Exeunt.]*

(Act I, Sc. 1, lines 113-175.)

Othello

OTHELLO

Soft you; a word or two before you go,
I have done the state some service, and they know't.
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him, thus. *[Stabs himself.]*

(Act V, Sc. 2, lines 338-356.)

King Lear

LEAR

O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life's as cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!

(*Act II, Sc. 4, lines 267-289.*)

Pericles

(*Enter PERICLES, on shipboard.*)

PERICLES

Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
 Unheard. Lychorida! —Lucina, O
 Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
 Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
 Of my queen's travails!

(Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.)

Now, Lychorida!

LYCHORIDA

Here is a thing too young for such a place,
 Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
 Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
 Of your dead queen.

PERICLES

How, how, Lychorida!

LYCHORIDA

Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
 Here's all that is left living of your queen,
 A little daughter: for the sake of it,
 Be manly, and take comfort.

PERICLES

O you gods!
 Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
 And snatch them straight away? We here below
 Recall not what we give, and therein may
 Use honour with you.

LYCHORIDA

Patience, good sir,
 Even for this charge.

PERICLES

Now, mild may be thy life!
 For a more blustrous birth had never babe:
 Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for

Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world
 That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
 Thou hast as chiding a nativity
 As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
 To herald thee from the womb; even at the first
 Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
 With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods
 Throw their best eyes upon't!

(Act III, Sc. I, lines 1-37.)

The Winter's Tale

PERDITA

Now, my fair'st friend,
 I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
 Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
 That wear upon your virgin branches yet
 Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,
 For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
 From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady
 Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
 The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
 To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
 To strew him o'er and o'er!

FLORIZEL

What, like a corse?

PERDITA

No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
 Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
 But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
 Methinks I play as I have seen them do
 In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
 Does change my disposition.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

FLORIZEL

What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
'To sing them too: when you dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function; each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

PERDITA

O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peepeth fairly through't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

FLORIZEL

I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

PERDITA

I'll swear for 'em.

POLIXENES

'This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

CAMILLO

He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

(*Act IV, Sc. 4, lines 112-161.*)

The Tempest

PROSPERO

(*Aside*) I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. (*To the Spirits*) Well done! avoid; no more!

FERDINAND

This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

MIRANDA

Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PROSPERO

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

FERDINAND MIRANDA

We wish your peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*Act IV, Sc. 1, lines 139-163.*)

THE SHAKESPEARE APOCRYPHA

A BODY of writings at least as large as his genuine works has, at one time or another, been attributed to Shakespeare. Some of these attributions have been made on the slenderest grounds, by critics, British and foreign, who have been unable to distinguish between what is Shakespearean and what is merely Elizabethan. It will not be necessary to mention here some wild surmises which credit Shakespeare with the authorship of certain plays which would be unworthy even of George Wilkins. There are, however, some fifteen plays which have long been connected in some way or other with the name of Shakespeare; five of these have been claimed by distinguished scholars as in whole or in part the work of Shakespeare. These fifteen plays are often spoken of as "the Shakespeare Apocrypha"; like their biblical counterpart, they may be read for example of (contemporary) life and instruction of manners; but they do not establish any doctrine about the mind and art of Shakespeare.

Seven plays not in the First Folio were published as Shakespeare's in his lifetime, and were included in the second impression of the Third Folio in 1664. These seven plays are: *Pericles*, which is almost universally accepted as canonical, is always printed in Shakespeare's collected works, and therefore does not rank as apocryphal; *Lochrine* (1595), possibly by Kyd; *Thomas, Lord Cromwell* (1602), a very poor play; *The London Prodigal* (1605); *The Puritan Widow* (1607), perhaps by Middle-

ton; *Sir John Oldcastle* (1600), almost certainly by Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathwaye; and *A Yorkshire Tragedy* (1608), a powerful but sordid play not in Shakespeare's later style (twenty-five per cent of it is rhymed), and describing an event which happened in 1605. Of these seven plays, if we set aside *Pericles* as certainly Shakespeare's in part, only *A Yorkshire Tragedy* has been accepted as genuine by a few competent authorities.

Three plays have been attributed to Shakespeare merely because they were bound together in a volume in Charles II's library and labelled "Shakespeare". These three may be at once dismissed as non-Shakespearean. They are: *Mucedorus*, a variegated but popular play; that very admirable and entertaining play *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*; and *Fair Em*, a poor production.

Three plays were published at a fairly early date, but some time after Shakespeare's death, as his work in whole or in part. They are: *The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England*, the old play which Shakespeare worked up into his *King John*; *The Birth of Merlin*, published in 1662 as the work of Shakespeare and Rowley, but probably the work of Rowley and Dekker; and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, published in 1634 as the work of Fletcher and Shakespeare. *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is by far the most interesting play in the Apocrypha; it is sometimes printed in Shakespeare's complete works, but much more frequently is not. That

this play should be excluded from the canon, while *Pericles* is admitted, is due perhaps in part to convention, in part to the extremely difficult problem which the play presents. It is, however, almost certain that the attribution of the authorship to Fletcher and Shakespeare in the 1634 Quarto is correct. It would seem that Shakespeare devoted his attention mainly to the beginning and end of the play, while Fletcher was responsible for the middle. There is no doubt whatever that Fletcher wrote much of this play, but some authorities believe that his collaborator was Massinger, not Shakespeare.

Many plays have been attributed to Shakespeare on internal evidence only, because they contain excellent work, or for some other reason. The most important of these plays are: *Edward III*, where the Countess of Salisbury scenes are singled out, with some probability, as Shakespearean; *Arden of Feversham*, published in 1592, and obviously the work of a mature writer, which Shakespeare was not at that date, and of an uncom-

promising realist, which Shakespeare never was; and *Sir Thomas More*, which is of interest because its original manuscript is preserved in the British Museum (Harleian MS. 7368) and is believed to contain a fairly long additional passage in Shakespeare's handwriting. This theory was propounded in 1871, and was for long out of favour, but is at present supported by several eminent palæographers. The passage is not strikingly but fairly Shakespearean in thought and diction.

Only five, therefore, of the fifteen plays enumerated here as apocryphal are worthy of attention as containing some of Shakespeare's work or as having been considered his work by competent authorities. These five are: *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, *Edward III*, *Arden of Feversham*, and *Sir Thomas More*. The other ten may be summarily dismissed.

[C. F. T. Brooke, *The Shakespeare Apocrypha*; A. F. Hopkinson, *Essays on Shakespeare's Doubtful Plays*; J. A. Symonds, *Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama*.]

Arden of Feversham his True and Lamentable Tragedy

Alice Arden with Mosbie her Paramour conspire the murder of her husband.

MOSBIE

How now, Alice, what sad and passionate?
Make me partaker of thy pensiveness;
Fire divided burns with lesser force.

ALICE

But I will dam that fire in my breast,
Till by the force thereof my part consume.
Ah Mosbie!

THE SHAKESPEARE APOCRYPHA

MOSBIE

Such deep pathaires, like to a cannon's burst,
Discharged against a ruined wall,
Breaks my relenting heart in thousand pieces.
Ungentle Alice, thy sorrow is my sore;
'Thou know'st it well, and 'tis thy policy
To forge distressful looks, to wound a breast
Where lies a heart which dies when thou art sad.
It is not Love that loves to anger Love.

ALICE

It is not Love that loves to murder Love.

MOSBIE

How mean you that?

ALICE

'Thou know'st how dearly Arden loved me.

MOSBIE

And then—

ALICE

And then—conceal the rest, for 'tis too bad,
Lest that my words be carried with the wind,
And publish'd in the world to both our shames.
I pray thee, Mosbie, let our spring-time wither:
Our harvest else will yield but loathsome weeds.
Forget, I pray thee, what has past betwixt us;
For I now blush and tremble at the thoughts.

MOSBIE

What, are you changed?

ALICE

Ay, to my former happy life again;
From title of an odious strumpet's name
To honest Arden's wife, not Arden's honest wife—
Ah Mosbie! 'tis thou hast rifled me of that,
And made me slanderous to all my kin.
Ev'n in my forehead is thy name engraven,

A mean artificer, that low-born name!
I was bewitch'd; woe-worth the hapless hour
And all the causes that enchanted me!

MOSBIE

Nay, if thou ban, let me breathe curses forth;
And if you stand so nicely at your fame,
Let me repent the credit I have lost.
I have neglected matters of import,
That would have 'stated me above thy state;
Forslow'd advantages, and spurn'd at time;
Ay, Fortune's right hand Mosbie hath forsook,
To take a wanton giglot by the left.
I left the marriage of an honest maid,
Whose dowry would have weigh'd down all thy wealth;
Whose beauty and demeanour far exceeded thee.
This certain good I lost for changing bad,
And wrapp'd my credit in thy company.
I was bewitch'd; that is no theme of thine:
And thou unhallow'd hast enchanted me.
But I will break thy spells and exorcisms,
And put another sight upon these eyes,
That show'd my heart a raven for a dove.
Thou art not fair; I view'd thee not till now:
Thou art not kind; till now I knew thee not:
And now the rain hath beaten off thy guilt,
Thy worthless copper shows thee counterfeit.
It grieves me not to see how foul thou art,
But mads me that ever I thought thee fair.
Go, get thee gone, a copesmate for thy hinds;
I am too good to be thy favourite.

ALICE

Ay, now I see, and too soon find it true,
Which often hath been told me by my friends,
That Mosbie loves me not but for my wealth;
Which too incredulous I ne'er believed.
Nay, hear me speak, Mosbie, a word or two;
I'll bite my tongue if it speak bitterly.
Look on me, Mosbie, or else I'll kill myself.
Nothing shall hide me from thy stormy look;
If thou cry war, there is no peace for me.
I will do penance for offending thee;

THE SHAKESPEARE APOCRYPHA

And burn this prayer-book, which I here use,
The Holy Word that has converted me.
See, Mosbie, I will tear away the leaves,
And all the leaves; and in this golden cover
Shall thy sweet phrases and thy letters dwell,
And thereon will I chiefly meditate,
And hold no other sect but such devotion.
Wilt thou not look? is all thy love o'erwhelm'd?
Wilt thou not hear? what malice stops thy ears?
Why speak'st thou not? what silence ties thy tongue?
Thou hast been sighted as the eagle is,
And heard as quickly as the fearful hare,
And spoke as smoothly as an orator,
When I have bid thee hear, or see, or speak:
And art thou sensible in none of these?
Weigh all thy good turns with this little fault,
And I deserve not Mosbie's muddy looks.
A fence of trouble is not thicken'd still:
Be clear again; I'll ne'er more trouble thee.

MOSBIE

O fie, no; I am a base artificer;
My wings are feather'd for a lowly flight.
Mosbie, fie, no; not for a thousand pound.
Make love to you? why, 'tis unpardonable.
We beggars must not breathe where gentles are.

ALICE

Sweet Mosbie is as gentle as a king,
And I too blind to judge him otherwise.
Flowers do sometimes spring in fallow lands:
Weeds in gardens, roses grow on thorns:
So, whatsoe'er my Mosbie's father was,
Himself is valued gentle by his worth.

MOSBIE

Ah, how you women can insinuate,
And clear a trespass with your sweet-set tongue!
I will forget this quarrel, gentle Alice,
Provided I'll be tempted so no more.

(Act III, Sc. 5, lines 45-149.)

Sir Thomas More

(MORE is addressing a crowd of riotous citizens)

MORE

Look, what you do offend you cry upon,
That is, the peace: not one of you here present,
Had there such fellows lived when you were babes,
That could have topt the peace, as now you would,
The peace wherein you have till now grown up
Had been ta'en from you, and the bloody times
Could not have brought you to the state of men.
Alas, poor things, what is it you have got,
Although we grant you get the thing you seek?

BETTS

Marry, the removing of the strangers, which cannot choose but much
advantage the poor handicrafts of the city.

MORE

Grant them removed, and grant that this your noise
Hath chid down all the majesty of England;
Imagine that you see the wretched strangers,
Their babies at their backs, and their poor luggage,
Plodding to the ports and coasts for transportation,
And that you sit as kings in your desires,
Authority quite silenced by your brawl,
And you in ruff of your opinions clothed;
What had you got? I'll tell you: you had taught
How insolence and strong hand should prevail,
How order should be quelled; and by this pattern
Not one of you should live an aged man,
For other ruffians, as their fancies wrought,
With self same hand, self reasons, and self right,
Would shark on you, and men like ravenous fishes
Would feed on one another.

DOLL

Before God, that's as true as the Gospel.

LINCOLN

Nay, this is a sound fellow, I tell you: let's mark him.

MORE

Let me set up before your thoughts, good friends,
On supposition; which if you will mark,
You shall perceive how horrible a shape
Your innovation bears: first, 'tis a sin
Which oft th' apostle did forewarn us of,
Urging obedience to authority;
And 'twere no error, if I told you all,
You were in arms 'gainst your God himself.

ALL

Marry, God forbid that!

MORE

Nay, certainly you are;
For to the king God hath his office lent
Of dread, of justice, power and command,
Hath bid him rule, and willed you to obey;
And, to add ampler majesty to this,
He hath not only lent the king his figure,
His throne and sword, but given him his own name,
Calls him a god on earth. What do you, then,
Rising 'gainst him that God himself installs,
But rise 'gainst God? what do you to your souls
In doing this? O, desperate as you are,
Wash your foul minds with tears, and those same hands,
'That you like rebels lift against the peace,
Lift up for peace, and your unreverent knees,
Make them your feet to kneel to be forgiven!
Tell me but this; what rebel captain,
As mutinies are incident, by his name
Can still the rout? who will obey a traitor?
Or how can well that proclamation sound,
When there is no addition but a rebel
'To qualify a rebel? You'll put down strangers,
Kill them, cut their throats, possess their houses,
And lead the majesty of law in lym,
'To slip him like a hound. Say now the king
(As he is clement, if th' offender mourn)
Should so much come too short of your great trespass
As but to banish you, whither would you go?
What country, by the nature of your error,
Should give you harbour? go you to France or Flanders,

To any German province, to Spain or Portugal,
 Nay, any where that not adheres to England,—
 Why, you must needs be strangers: would you be pleased
 To find a nation of such barbarous temper,
 That, breaking out in hideous violence,
 Would not afford you an abode on earth,
 Whet their detested knives against your throats,
 Spurn you like dogs, and like as if that God
 Owed not nor made not you, nor that the elements
 Were not all appropriate to your comforts,
 But chartered unto them, what would you think
 To be thus used? this is the strangers' case;
 And this your Mohammetanish* inhumanity.

ALL

Faith, 'a says true: let's do as we may be done by.

LINCOLN

We'll be ruled by you, Master More, if you'll stand our friend to
 procure our pardon.

MORE

Submit you to these noble gentlemen,
 Entreat their mediation to the king,
 Give up yourself to form, obey the magistrate,
 And there's no doubt but mercy may be found,
 If you so seek.

(*Act II, Sc. 4, lines 85-172.*)

* MS. momtanish.

JOHN FLORIO

(? 1553 – 1625)

JOHN FLORIO was the son of a Florentine refugee who had been for a time a Protestant minister, but who was not righteous over-much in his way of life. Florio was born in London about 1553, and must be classed not as an Italianate Englishman, but as an Anglified Italian. Some Latin verses which

are printed below his portrait describe him as "Italus ore, Anglus pectore", but it is to be doubted whether this phrase satisfied his lexicographical soul. He was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, and was a private tutor in modern languages at Oxford. He was patronized by the two rival

claimants for the honour of having been "Mr. W. II.", the Earl of Southampton and the Earl of Pembroke. He published two handbooks for students of Italian, *First Fruits* (1578) and *Second Fruits* (1591). His great Italian-English dictionary, *The Worlde of Wordes*, appeared in 1598. His masterpiece, a translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, came out in the year of the accession of King James, who appointed Florio tutor to Prince Henry and reader in Italian to Queen Anne. Florio died at Fulham in 1625.

Florio's exuberant translation of *The Essayes, or Morall, Politicke, and Militarie Discourses of Lord Michael de Montaigne, Knight of the Noble Order of St. Michael, and one of the Gentlemen in Ordinary*

of the French King's Chamber is, after North's *Plutarch*, perhaps the most famous of Elizabethan translations. It is in every respect worthy of its great original, though "resolute John Florio" had not, among his many gifts, the gift of self-effacement so necessary for a translator. He was something of a pedant, and had in his composition a spice of the oddity which Sir Thomas Urquhart, the translator of Rabelais, possessed in superabundance. His lively if inaccurate version of Montaigne is incomparably superior to the scholarly but commonplace rendering published by Charles Cotton of *Compleat Angler* fame in 1685.

[Comtesse de Chambrun, *Giovanni Florio, un Apôtre de la Renaissance en Angleterre.*]

Montaigne's Essays

Of the Caniballes

Now (to retorne to my purpose) I finde (as farre as I have beene informed) there is nothing in that nation, that is either barbarous or savage, unlesse men call that barbarisme which is not common to them. As indeed, we have no other ayme of truth and reason, than the example and *Idea* of the opinions and customes of the countrie we live in. There is ever perfect religion, perfect policie, perfect and compleat use of all things. They are even savage, as we call those fruits wilde, which nature of her selfe, and of her ordinarie progresse hath produced: whereas indeed, they are those which our selves have altered by our artificiall devices, and diverted from their common order, we should rather terme savage. In those are the true and most profitable vertues, and naturall properties most lively and vigorous, which in these we have bastardized, applying them to the pleasure of our corrupted taste. And if notwithstanding, in divers fruits of those countries that were never tilled, we shall finde, that in respect of ours they are most excellent, and as delicate unto our taste; there is no reason, art should gaine the point of honour of our great and puissant mother Nature. We have so much by our inventions surcharged the beauties and riches of her workes, that we have altogether overchoaked her: yet where ever her puritie

shineth, she makes our vaine and frivolous enterprises wonderfully ashamed.

*Et veniunt hederæ sponte sua melius,
Surgit et in solis formosior arbutus antris,
Et volucres nulla dulcius arte canunt.*

Ivies spring better of their owne accord,
Unhanted plots much fairer trees afford.
Birds by no art much sweeter notes record.

All our endeavour or wit, cannot so much as reach to represent the nest of the least birdlet, it's contexture, beautie, profit and use, no nor the web of a seely spider. *All things* (saith Plato) *are produced, either by nature, by fortune, or by art. The greatest and fairest by one or other of the two first, the least and imperfect by the last.* Those nations seeme therefore so barbarous unto me, because they have received very little fashion from humane wit, and are yet neere their originall naturalitie. The lawes of nature doe yet command them, which are but little bastardized by ours, and that with such puritie, as I am sometimes grieved the knowledge of it came no sooner to light, at what time there were men, that better than we could have judged of it. I am sorie, Lycurgus and Plato had it not: for me seemeth that what in those nations we see by experience, doth not only exceed all the pictures wherewith licentious Poesie hath proudly imbellished the golden age, and all her quaint inventions to faine a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of Philosophy. They could not imagine a genuitie so pure and simple, as we see it by experience; nor ever beleieve our societie might be maintained with so little art and humane combination. It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie; no use of service, of riches or of povertie, no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falshood, treason, dissimulations, covetousnes, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them. How dissonant would hee finde his imaginarie common-wealth from this perfection?

Hos natura modos primum dedit.

Nature at first uprise,
These manners did devise.

Furthermore, they live in a country of so exceeding pleasant and temperate situation, that as my testimonies have told me, it is verie rare to see a sicke body amongst them; and they have further assured me, they never saw any man there, either shaking with the palsie, toothlesse, with eies dropping, or crooked and stooping through age. They are seated alongst the sea-coast, encompassed toward the land with huge

and steepie mountaines, having betweene both, a hundred leagues or thereabout of open and champaine ground. They have great abundance of fish and flesh, that have no resemblance at all with ours, and eat them without any sawces, or skill of Cookerie, but plaine boiled or broiled. The first man that brought a horse thither, although he had in many other voyages conversed with them, bred so great a horror in the land, that before they could take notice of him, they slew him with arrowes. Their buildings are very long, and able to containe two or three hundred soules, covered with barkes of great trees, fastned in the ground at one end, enterlaced and joyned close together by the tops, after the manner of some of our Granges; the covering whereof hangs downe to the ground, and steadeth them as a flancke. They have a kinde of wood so hard, that ryving & cleaving the same, they make blades, swords, and grid-irons to broile their meat with. Their beds are of a kinde of cotten cloth, fastned to the house-roofe, as our ship-cabbanes: everie one hath his severall cowch; for the women lie from their husbands. They rise with the Sunne, and feed for all day, as soone as they are up: and make no more meales after that. They drinke not at meat, as Suidas reporteth of some other people of the East, which dranke after meales, but drinke many times a day, and are much given to pledge carowes. Their drinke is made of a certaine root, and of the colour of our Claret wines, which lasteth but two or three daies; they drinke it warme: It hath somewhat a sharpe taste, wholsome for the stomack, nothing heady, but laxative for such as are not used unto it, yet verie pleasing to such as are accustomed unto it. In stead of bread, they use a certaine white composition, like unto Corianders confected. I have eaten some, the taste whereof is somewhat sweet and wallowish. They spend the whole day in dancing. Their young men goe a hunting after wilde beasts with bowes and arrowes. Their women busie themselves therewhil'st with warming of their drinke, which is their chiefest office. Some of their old men, in the morning before they goe to eating, preach in common to all the houshold, walking from one end of the house to the other, repeating one selfe-same sentence many times, till he have ended his turne (for their buildings are a hundred paces in length) he commends but two things unto his auditorie, *First, valour against their enemies, then lovingnesse unto their wives*. They never misse (for their restraint) to put men in minde of this dutie, that it is their wives which keepe their drinke luke-warme and well-seasoned. The forme of their beds, cords, swords, blades, and wooden bracelets, wherewith they cover their hand wrists, when they fight, and great Canes open at one end, by the sound of which they keepe time and cadence in their dancing, are in many places to be seene, and namely in mine owne house. They are shaven all over, much more close and cleaner than wee are, with no other Razors than of wood or stone. They beleeeve their soules to be eternall, and those that have deserved well of their

Gods, to be placed in that part of heaven where the Sunne riseth, and the cursed toward the West in opposition. They have certaine Prophets and Priests, which commonly abide in the mountaines, and very seldome shew themselves unto the people; but when they come downe, there is a great feast prepared, and a solemne assembly of manie townships together (each Grange as I have described maketh a village, and they are about a French league one from another.) The Prophet speakes to the people in publike, exhorting them to embrace vertue, and follow their dutie. All their morall discipline containeth but these two articles; first an undismaied resolution to warre, then an inviolable affection to their wives. Hee doth also Prognosticate of things to come, and what successe they shall hope for in their enterprises: hee either perswadeth or disswadeth them from warre; but if he chance to misse of his divination, and that it succeed otherwise than hee foretold them, if hee be taken, he is hewen in a thousand peeces, and condemned for a false Prophet. And therefore he that hath once misreckoned himselfe is never seene againe. Divination is the gift of God; the abusing whereof should be a punishable imposture. When the Divines amongst the Scythians had foretold an untruth, they were couched along upon hurdles full of heath or brushwood, drawne by oxen, and so manied hand and foot, burned to death. Those which manage matters subject to the conduct of mans sufficiencie, are excusable, although they shew the utmost of their skill. But those that gull and conicatch us with the assurance of an extraordinarie facultie, and which is beyond our knowledge, ought to be double punished; first because they performe not the effect of their promise, then for the rashnesse of their imposture and unadvisednesse of their fraud. They warre against the nations, that lie beyond their mountaines, to which they go naked, having no other weapons than bowes, or wooden swords, sharpe at one end, as our broaches are. It is an admirable thing to see the constant resolution of their combats, which never end but by effusion of bloud and murther: for they know not what feare or rowts are. Every Victor brings home the head of the enemy he hath slaine as a Trophey of his victorie, and fastneth the same at the entrance of his dwelling place. After they have long time used and entreated their prisoners well, and with all commodities they can devise, he that is the Master of them; sommoning a great assembly of his acquaintance, tieth a corde to one of the prisoners armes, by the end whereof he holds him fast, with some distance from him, for feare he might offend him, and giveth the other arme, bound in like manner, to the dearest friend he hath, and both in the presence of all the assembly kill him with swords: which done, they roast, and then eat him in common, and send some slices of him to such of their friends as are absent. It is not as some imagine, to nourish themselves with it, (as anciently the Scythians wont to doe,) but to represent an extreme, and inexpiable revenge.

JOHN DAVIES OF HEREFORD

(? 1565 – 1618)

JOHN DAVIES OF HEREFORD, who must not be confused with his slightly younger contemporary Sir John Davies (q.v.), was born at Hereford about 1565. He was of Welsh extraction. By profession he was a writing-master, and pursued his calling at Oxford, though he does not appear to have been a member of the university. He was patronized by the nobility, but was never in affluent circumstances. Little more is known about him, save that he was three times married and was said to have been a Roman Catholic. He died in the summer of 1618.

Davies wrote a large quantity of verse, but his writings cannot be called great except as regards their bulk. His works include *Mirum in Modum* (1602), *Microcosmus* (1603),

Summa Totalis (1607), *The Holy Roode* (1609), *Wittes Pilgrimage* (1610), *The Scourge of Folly* (1611), and *The Muse's Sacrifice* (1612). His longer poems are verse-exercises in philosophy and theology; unlike his titled namesake, he had not mastered the art of reasoning lucidly in easy verse. It has been unkindly suggested that this forerunner of "Horace Nibbs the writing-master" displayed his penmanship rather than his poetical gifts in these poems. His shorter poems—Sonnets and Epigrams—have wit, though perhaps not wit of the highest order. His practical manual, *The Writing Schoolmaster, or the Anatomy of Fair Writing*, was not printed until fifteen years after his death. His works have been edited by A. B. Grosart.

Respite Finem

Whenas I hear Time's sober Tongue (the Clock)
 Call on me ev'ry hour to mind mine end,
 It strikes my heart with fear at ev'ry stroke
 Because so ill Time, Life, and Breath, I spend.
 Then straight resolve I, to bestow them all
 Upon the Lord of all, that gave them me,
 When lo, the World upon me straight doth call
 And bids me look to it, lest poor I be:
 'Twixt these two Calls I parted am in twain,
 The first my Spirit, the last my Flesh attends:
 So 'twixt them two my pleasure is but pain,
 For each the other evermore offends.
 Sin tenders me all Joys, that ravish Sense,
 And Sense doth pine if from Them It be held:
 Grace offers Joys of much more excellence,

And fain my Spirit would with Them be filled.
But in frail Flesh Sense such a Cæsar is
That it Commands it to withstand the Sprite,
While it doth feed the Flesh with Earthly Bliss:
And so, my Sprite is vex'd with that delight.
Thus, while I am distracted in desire
Time (in his Language after some Hours' pause)
Tells me he flies, and bids me to retire
Before Confusion catch me in his jaws.
O Time (that thus endear'st me to thy love)
I constantly adore thy fickleness,
That never mov'st, but dost my Senses move
To mind thy flight, and this life's tickleness.
O that I could make thee Eternity!
And honour thee, for this, with state divine,
That with the God of Glory, thou and I
Might like the Sun and Moon, for ever shine!
Teach me, O learnèd long-experienc'd Time
To glorify thee with some heavenly Art,
Whose humble Muse would to thy Temples climb
To Laurel-Crown them, ere from Thee I part.
O let me be the Triton of thy praise:
Teach me to Trumpet forth thine Excellence:
Let me (though most unworthy) grace thy Days
With all that may delight Intelligence.
Let me by thee (dear Time) be brought to Death
Ere I abuse thee in the least degree:
For, he wins Bliss that doth but lose his Breath
To be still found, from Time's Abuses free.
Then now, O now (sith now my Days decline)
Let me this Moment enter in the Way
Of Vertue, Grace, and holy Discipline,
And being in, thence, let me never stray:
Procrastination doth but Plagues protract,
Due to protraction of Conversion:
The Time with Plagues my wayward Will Coact
To turn to Grace, ere my subversion.
Let it suffice that I have thee abus'd
Since I was born, in Wrongs not to be borne:
Then be thou, by me, henceforth rightly us'd,
Or let me, by Thee, die, or live forlorn:
For, I am weary now of wronging Thee,
Then let me flee from Vice as thou dost Flee.

THOMAS CAMPION

(1567 – 1620)

THOMAS CAMPION was born on 12th February, 1567. His father, who died when the poet was in his tenth year, was a prosperous member of the Middle Temple. Campion was educated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, but did not graduate. In 1586 he was entered at Gray's Inn, but was not called to the Bar. We do not know much about his life or his means of livelihood for some years; it is believed on good but not conclusive evidence that he accompanied the Earl of Essex's expedition to France in 1591, and was present at the siege of Rouen. In 1595 he published *Poemata*, a volume of admirable Latin verse. His first collection of English poems, *A Booke of Ayres*, appeared in 1601. The music of the first part of this book was composed by Campion himself, that of the second part by his friend Philip Rosseter. In 1602 he published his curious pamphlet *Observations in the Art of English Poesie*, in which he maintained "the unaptnesse of Rime in Poesie"—a strange theory to be supported by one who was himself a masterly rhymmer. This pamphlet was courteously but completely refuted by Daniel (q.v.) in his *Defence of Ryme*. Sometime before 1606 Campion took the degree of Doctor of Medicine, almost certainly at some continental university, and began to practise as a physician. In 1607 he wrote a *Masque in honour of the Lord Hay and his bride*, and in 1613 published a volume, *Songs of Mourning*, in which he lamented the death of

Henry, Prince of Wales. In 1612 *Two Bookes of Ayres* appeared. In the following year he wrote three masques, *The Lords' Masque*, *Entertainment to the Queen at Caversham House*, and *Masque at the Marriage of the Earl of Somerset*. *The Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres* appeared in 1617, and in the same year Campion published a technical musical treatise, *A New Way of Making Fowre Parts in Counter-point*. The words of *Ayres that were sung and played at Brougham Castle* (1618) are almost certainly his work. Campion died in 1620, having reissued his Latin poems with corrections and additions in the previous year.

The name of Thomas Campion, poet, composer, and physician, was almost entirely forgotten until A. H. Bullen edited his works in 1889. He now ranks, by almost universal consent, as one of the most charming of Elizabethan lyrical poets. It is seldom that "music and sweet poetry agree" as they do in his poems, because it is seldom that poet and musician are combined in one person. Sometimes, doubtless he set his words to music, and at other times he wrote words to fit some air that was running through his head; as is natural, poems of the former kind are superior to the others. But all his poems are good; and he can even perform the most difficult feat of writing sacred pieces which are as good as his secular poems. As a writer of masques he was not so good; it is perhaps foolish to complain that a

masque lacks plot, as by its very nature it is an insubstantial pageant; but construction of some kind is looked for, and is looked for in vain in the masques of Campion. He relied on his lyrics and music to make his masques successful. As a writer of lyrics Campion is original, fresh, spontaneous, and masterly. The variety of his metres and his absolute command over each kind are remarkable. It is most fortunate that, with the "inconsistency which distinguishes man from the

brutes", Campion did not practise what he preached and did not eschew rhyme. Bullen has likened him to Meleager, but at his best Campion is superior to that delightful but exotic Greek. Campion's best poems have the abandon and the apparent artlessness of the bird-songs in Aristophanes.

[Editions by A. H. Bullen and S. P. Vivian; Paul Reyher, *Les Masques Anglais*; T. Macdonagh, *Thomas Campion and the Art of English Poetry*.]

Rose-cheeked Laura, come
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other
Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow
From concent divinely framed;
Heav'n is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing
Discords need for helps to grace them;
Only beauty purely loving
Knows no discord.

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renew'd by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in them-
selves eternal.

.

The peaceful western wind
The winter storms hath tam'd,
And nature in each kind
The kind heat hath inflam'd:
The forward buds so sweetly breathe
Out of their earthy bowers,
That heav'n which views their pomp beneath
Would fain be decked with flowers.

THOMAS CAMPION

See how the morning smiles
On her bright eastern hill,
And with soft steps beguiles
Them that lie slumb'ring still.
The music-loving birds are come
From cliffs and rocks unknown,
To see the trees and briers bloom
That late were overflown.

What Saturn did destroy,
Love's Queen revives again;
And now her naked boy
Doth in the fields remain,
Where he such pleasing change doth view
In ev'ry living thing,
As if the world were born anew
To gratify the Spring.

If all things life present,
Why die my comforts then?
Why suffers my content?
Am I the worst of men?
O, beauty, be not thou accused
Too justly in this case:
Unkindly if true love be used,
'Twill yield thee little grace.

.

Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours;
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers.
Let now the chimneys blaze
And cups o'erflow with wine,
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine.
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall wait on honey Love,
While youthful Revels, Masks, and Courtly sights
Sleep's leaden spells remove.

This time doth well dispense
With lovers' long discourse;

Much speech hath some defence,
 Though beauty no remorse.
 All do not all things well;
 Some measures comely tread;
 Some knotted Riddles tell;
 Some Poems smoothly read.
 The Summer hath his joys,
 And Winter his delights;
 Though Love and all his pleasures are but toys,
 They shorten tedious nights.

.

Jack and Joan they think no ill,
 But loving live, and merry still;
 Do their weekdays' work, and pray
 Devoutly on the holy day:
 Skip and trip it on the green,
 And help to choose the Summer Queen:
 Lash out, at a Country Feast,
 Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy Ale,
 And tell at large a Winter tale;
 Climb up to the Apple loft,
 And turn the Crabs till they be soft.
 Tib is all the father's joy,
 And little Tom the mother's boy.
 All their pleasure is content;
 And care, to pay their yearly rent

Joan can call by name her Cows,
 And deck her windows with green boughs;
 She can wreaths and tuttyes make,
 And trim with plums a Bridal Cake.
 Jack knows what brings gain or loss;
 And his long Flail can stoutly toss:
 Make the hedge, which others break,
 And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now, you Courtly Dames and Knights,
 That study only strange delights;
 Though you scorn the home-spun gray,
 And revel in your rich array:

THOMAS CAMPION

Though your tongues dissemble deep,
 And can your heads from danger keep;
 Yet, for all your pomp and train,
 Securer lives the silly Swain.

.

What then is love but mourning?
 What desire, but a self-burning?
 Till she that hates doth love return,
 Thus will I mourn, thus will I sing,
 "Come away, come away, my darling."

Beauty is but a blooming,
 Youth in his glory entombing;
 Time hath a while, which none can stay:
 Then come away, while thus I sing,
 "Come away, come away, my darling."

Summer in winter fadeth;
 Gloomy night heav'nly light shadeth:
 Like to the morn are Venus' flowers;
 Such are her hours: then will I sing,
 "Come away, come away, my darling."

.

Thrice toss these Oaken ashes in the air,
 Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair;
 And thrice three times tie up this true love's knot,
 And murmur soft, "She will, or she will not."

Go burn these pois'nous weeds in yon blue fire,
 These Screech-owl's feathers and this prickling brier;
 This Cypress gathered at a dead man's grave;
 That all thy fears and cares an end may have.

Then come, you Fairies, dance with me a round;
 Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound:
 In vain are all the charms I can devise;
 She hath an Art to break them with her eyes.

THOMAS CAMPION

Her fair inflaming eyes,
Chief authors of my cares,
I prayed in humblest wise
With grace to view my tears:
They beheld me broad awake,
But alas, no ruth would take.

Her lips with kisses rich,
And words of fair delight,
I fairly did beseech,
To pity my sad plight;
But a voice from them brake forth,
As a whirlwind from the North.

Then to her hands I fled,
That can give heart and all;
To them I long did plead,
And loud for pity call:
But, alas, they put me off,
With a touch worse than a scoff.

So back I straight returned,
And at her breast I knocked;
Where long in vain I mourned,
Her heart so fast was locked:
Not a word could passage find,
For a Rock enclosed her mind.

Then down my prayers made way
To those most comely parts,
That make her fly or stay,
As they affect deserts:
But her angry feet, thus moved,
Fled with all the parts I loved.

Yet fled they not so fast,
As her enraged mind:
Still did I after haste,
Still was I left behind;
Till I found 'twas to no end,
With a Spirit to contend.

THOMAS CAMPION

Kind are her answers,
 But her performance keeps no day;
 Breaks time, as dancers
 From their own Music when they stray:
 All her free favours
 And smooth words wing my hopes in vain.
 O did ever voice so sweet but only feign?
 Can true love yield such delay,
 Converting joy to pain?

Lost is our freedom,
 When we submit to women so:
 Why do we need them,
 When in their best they work our woe?
 There is no wisdom
 Can alter ends, by Fate prefixed.
 O why is the good of man with evil mixed?
 Never were days yet called two,
 But one night went betwixt.

.

When thou must home to shades of under ground,
 And there arrived, a new admired guest,
 The beauteous spirits do ingirt thee round,
 White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
 To hear the stories of thy finished love
 From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
 Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,
 Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,
 And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake:
 When thou hast told these honours done to thee,
 Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

.

Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow,
 Though thou be black as night,
 And she made all of light,
 Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow.

Follow her whose light thy light depriveth,
 Though here thou liv'st disgraced,
 And she in heaven is placed,
 Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth.

THOMAS CAMPION

Follow those pure beams whose beauty burneth,
That so have scorched thee,
As thou still black must be,
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her while yet her glory shineth:
There comes a luckless night,
That will dim all her light;
And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still since so thy fates ordained;
The Sun must have his shade,
Till both at once do fade,
The Sun still proud, the shadow still disdained.

.

My sweetest Lesbia let us live and love,
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not weigh them: heav'ns great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive,
But soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like me,
Then bloody swords and armour should not be,
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should move,
Unless alarm came from the camp of love:
But fools do live, and waste their little light,
And seek with pain their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortune ends,
Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends,
But let all lovers rich in triumph come,
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb;
And Lesbia close up thou my little light,
And crown with love my ever-during night.

.

The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity,

THOMAS CAMPION

The man whose silent days,
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude,
Nor sorrow discontent;

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence.

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the Skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heav'n his book,
His wisdom heav'nly things,

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober Inn
And quiet Pilgrimage.

.

Whether men do laugh or weep,
Whether they do wake or sleep,
Whether they die young or old,
Whether they feel heat or cold;
There is, underneath the sun,
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest;
None are worst, and none are best;
Grief, and joy, and hope, and fear,
Play their Pageants everywhere:
Vain opinion all doth sway,
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in clouds do sit,
Mocking our poor apish wit;
That so lamely, with such state,
Their high glory imitate:
No ill can be felt but pain,
And that happy men disdain.

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER, EARL OF STIRLING

(c. 1567 – 1640)

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER was born about 1567, and was educated at the grammar-school at Stirling and the universities of Glasgow and Leyden. He was appointed tutor to the seventh Earl of Argyle, whom he accompanied to France, Spain, and Italy. On his return he was attached to the court of King James, and was eventually appointed tutor to Prince Henry. In 1603 he followed James to England, and in the same year published his closet-tragedy *Darius*. His other similar tragedies are *Cræsus* (1604), *The Alexandrian Tragedy* (1605), and *Julius Cæsar* (?1607). The last-named play, though its date is uncertain, was without doubt later than Shakespeare's play on the same subject; nor is it necessary to suppose, as has frequently been done, that Shakespeare had in mind an obscure passage of *Darius* when he penned a famous passage in *The Tempest*. In 1604 Alexander published *A Paraenesis to the Prince*, a poem of good advice addressed to Prince Henry, perhaps the most pleasing of his productions. In the same year appeared a collection of sonnets entitled *Aurora*, in which perhaps there is a certain amount of camouflaged autobiography. His sonnets are often good, though they appeared after the hey-day of the sonnet, so that he ranks as a camp-follower rather than as a pioneer. In 1607 he published his four tragedies in one volume entitled *Monarchicke Tragedies*. He was

knighted in or before 1609. He wrote the customary lament for the death of Prince Henry in 1612, and was appointed tutor to Prince Charles. In the following year he published an unimportant completion of the third part of the *Arcadia*. His sacred epic *Doomesday*, a "stupendous, monstr'-inform-ingens-horrendous" piece of work in 12,000 lines, began to appear in 1614. The rest of Alexander's life was devoted more to politics than to literature. In 1614 he was made Master of Requests. In 1621 he was granted vast tracts of land in Nova Scotia and Canada, and played a prominent part in Scottish colonization schemes and in the granting of baronetcies of Nova Scotia. He wrote his admirable prose *Encouragement to Colonies* to further his schemes, but they were mostly unsuccessful. In 1626 he became Secretary of State for Scotland, and was created a viscount in 1630 and an earl in 1633, when Charles was crowned at Holyrood. In 1631 he published the unfortunate metrical version of the Psalms which King James nominally perpetrated, though there is little doubt that Alexander subjected the royal effusions to a rigorous revision which sometimes amounted to rewriting. This book was a failure from every point of view, including the pecuniary. Lord Stirling collected his writings in a sumptuous folio in 1637, under the title *Recreations with the Muses*.

This edition included a fragmentary sacred epic *Jonathan*, and omitted his earlier amatory poems. He died insolvent in 1640.

Alexander was a wise and patriotic statesman; his ability has perhaps been insufficiently recognized by historians, as he was an episcopalian. As a man he had a genius for friendship, and was loved by such men as Drayton and Drummond of Hawthornden. As a poet he does not stand high; as a dramatist he can hardly be said to have any standing. "His tragedies were

reckoned much too thoughtful for the stage"; they were didactic poems rather than plays. He is weighty, laboured, and dull; in his large output little poetry is to be found. But there is some; occasional lines and passages will cheer the persevering reader, so that he can renew his strength and proceed without weariness.

[C. Rogers, *Memorials of the Earl of Stirling*; L. E. Kastner and H. B. Charlton, *The Poetical Works of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling* (S.T.S.).]

Aurora

SONNET I

Whilst charming fancies move me to reveale
The idle ravings of my brain-sicke youth,
My heart doth pant within, to heare my mouth
Unfold the follies which it would conceale:
Yet bitter Critickes may mistake my mind;
Not beautie, no, but vertue raisd my fires,
Whose sacred flame did cherish chaste desires,
And through my cloudie fortune clearely shin'd.
But had not others otherwise advisd,
My cabinet should yet these scroles containe,
This childish birth of a conceitie braine,
Which I had still as trifling toyes despisd:
Pardon those errours of mine unripe age;
My tender Muse by time may grow more sage.

SONNET XII

Sweet blushing goddesse of the golden morning,
Faire patronesse of all the worlds affaires,
Thou art become so carelesse of my cares,
That I must name thee goddesse of my mourning.
Lo how the Sunne part of thy burthen beares,
And whil'st thou doest in pearly drops regrade,
As t'were to pitie thy distressd state,
Exhales the Christall of thy glistring teares;

But I poure forth my vowes before thy shrine;
 And whil'st thou dost my loving zeal despise,
 Do drowne my heart in th' ocean of mine eyes;
 Yet daign'st thou not to drie these teares of mine,
 Unlesse it be with th' Aetna of desires,
 Which even amidst those floods doth foster fires.

SONNET XCIII

Mine eyes would ever on thy beauties gaze,
 Mine eares are ever greedie of thy fame,
 My heart is ever musing on the same,
 My tongue would still be busied with thy praise:
 I would mine eyes were blind and could not see,
 I would mine eares were deafe and would not heare;
 I would my heart would never hold thee deare,
 I would my tongue all such reports would flee:
 Th' eyes in their circles do thy picture hold,
 Th' eares conducts keepe still ecchoes of thy worth,
 The heart can never barre sweet fancies forth,
 The tongue that which I thinke must still unfold:
 Thy beauties then from which I would rebell,
 Th' eyes see, th' eares heare, th' heart thinks, and
 tongue must tell.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

(1563 – 1631)

MICHAEL DRAYTON was born at Hartshill, in Warwickshire, in 1563. His father was a well-to-do man of the middle classes. We know little of his boyhood and early years, and there is no reason to believe that he was a University man. We do know, however, on his own authority, that he cherished poetical ambitions at an unusually precocious age, and judging from the strenuousness of his character we may feel sure that he served a long and arduous apprenticeship to the

divine art of poetry. He appears to have been for some time a page in the family of Sir Henry Goodere of Polesworth, near Tamworth. In 1591 he published *The Harmonie of the Church*, a not very promising versification of certain passages of the Old Testament and Apocrypha. Though apparently a blameless production, this book for some reason offended the authorities and was suppressed. In 1593 he published his collection of nine eclogues, *Idea, the Shepheard's Garland*,

which owes a considerable debt to Spenser. This volume, like many of Drayton's works, was later subjected to a most drastic revision. His second thoughts almost invariably follow the proverb in being best; his pastoral poems in their revised form (1606) rank among the most pleasing of his writings. Several critics have attempted to identify Drayton's pastoral characters, especially, of course, Idea herself, with actual persons, but the results of these speculations are so uncertain that it is scarcely worth while recording them here. In 1594 Drayton wrote *Peirs Gaveston Earle of Cornwall* and *Matilda, the faire and chaste daughter of the Lord Robert Fitzwater*; in 1596 he wrote *The Tragicall Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*, and eleven years later *The Legend of Great Cromwel*. These four legends belonged even at the time of their appearance to a somewhat old-fashioned school of poetry; like Falstaff, they were born with a white head. They all contain admirable passages. In 1594 he wrote his sonnet-sequence *Ideas Mirrour*, which was carefully revised no fewer than five times. The sonnets are in the Shakespearean not the Petrarchan form. Many of them, especially in their revised form, contain fine lines; but it is seldom that Drayton can remain on the heights for an entire quatorzain. *Endimion and Phoebe* appeared in 1595; it is a pleasing and beautiful poem. His ambitious historical poem *Mortimeriados* appeared in 1596; it was written in rhyme royal, and in 1603 was recast into the eight-line stanza and renamed *The Barrons Wars*. Few men, save Drayton, who had accomplished

the task of writing such a poem, would have undertaken the labour of rewriting it. In neither version is it satisfactory. One of Drayton's most popular poems, *Englands Heroicall Epistles*, modelled upon Ovid's *Heroides*, was published in 1597. It is written in admirably smooth heroic couplets. About this time Drayton was drawn into the vortex of Elizabethan drama. It is uncertain whether he wrote any plays single-handed, and the only extant play which contains his work is *The First Part of Sir John Oldcastle*, of which he was one of the four authors. Drama obviously was not his bent. In 1603 Drayton unsuccessfully attempted to ingratiate himself with King James; his disappointment when rebuffed caused him to write a flat satire, *The Owle*, in 1604. In the same year appeared *Moyse in a Map of his Miracles*; this poem was revised in 1630. His *Odes* (1606) contains the admirable *Ballad of Agincourt*. *Polyolbion*, his most stupendous and most frequently named (not most frequently read) work was long on the stocks. We know from Francis Meres that he was at work on it in 1598, but the first eighteen "songs" were not published until 1613. There were difficulties about finding a publisher for more, and twelve more "songs" were not printed until 1622. The poem is a poetical gazetteer of England, and would have included Scotland had it met with a more favourable reception. Its composition must have necessitated a vast amount of research and labour; Selden supplied the first eighteen "songs" with a learned commentary, but the text is only slightly less learned. The

poem is written in rhymed Alexandrine couplets; the additional two syllables in each line change the metre from "riding rhyme" to ambling verse. An immense amount of industry must have gone to the writing of this poem; Drayton well merits the epithet χαλκέντερος, infelicitously rendered "of brazen bowels" by Liddell and Scott. *Polyolbion* was so planned that perhaps no poet could have made it a delightful whole; Drayton has made of it a competent piece of work with many interesting and some charming passages. Some of Drayton's latest poems are among his best; *Nymphidia* (1627) is a delightful mock-heroic fairy poem, which might have been written by Mercutio himself. It is an extraordinary piece of work for a man of sixty-three. *The Quest of Cynthia* and *The Shepherds Sirena* are graceful pastoral poems which appeared in the same volume; *The Muses Elizium* (1630) contains fresh and attractive work. Drayton died

late in 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

In his long life Drayton wrote an astonishing amount of poetry, whose variety is quite as remarkable as its excellence. He wrote one of the best sonnets, one of the best war-songs, the longest topographical poem, and perhaps the best fairy poetry in the language. He was no mere follower of poetic fashion, yet his poems reflect the changes which took place in English poetry between 1590 and 1630. He took a lofty view of the dignity and importance of his own calling, and was never a careless though sometimes a clumsy workman. In many respects he remained throughout his life an Elizabethan, trying to sing songs of Zion in a strange land.

[O. Elton, *Michael Drayton: a Critical Study*; W. J. Courthope, *History of English Poetry*; articles in *The Review of English Studies* (January and October, 1928) and in *The Modern Language Review* (July, 1930) by Dr. I. Gourvitch.]

Idea. 61

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,
 Nay, I have done: You get no more of me
 And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
 That thus so cleanly, I myself can free,
 Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows,
 That we one jot of former love retain;
 Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
 When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
 Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
 From Death to Life, thou might'st him yet recover.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

To the Cambro-Britans and their Harpe, his Ballad of Agincourt

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance,
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the Mayne,
At Kaux, the mouth of Scine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt,
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day,
With those that stopp'd his way,
Where the French General lay,
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the King sending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
" Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won,
Have ever to the sun
By Fame been raised.

" And, for myself (quoth he),
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.

Victor I will remain,
Or on this Earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

“Poitiers and Crecy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell,
No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat,
Lopp’d the French lilies.”

The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vanguard led;
With the main, Henry sped,
Amongst his hench-men.
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were,
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear, was wonder;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to Thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim,
To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;

MICHAEL DRAYTON

None from his fellows starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their Bows they threw,
And forth their Bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad-sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Gloucester, that Duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight,
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,

MICHAEL DRAYTON

Which Fame did not delay,
To England to carry;
O, when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

From “Nimphidia”

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
For naught must be her letting,
Four nimble Gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of Gossamer,
Fly Cranion her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel:
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning:
The seat the soft wool of the bee;
The cover (gallantly to see),
The wing of a pied butterfly,
I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistledown they shod it;
For all her maidens much did fear.
If Oberon had chanced to hear,
That Mab his Queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,

But ran herself away alone;
 Which when they heard there was not one,
 But hasted after to be gone,
 As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drop so clear,
 Pip, and Trip, and Skip that were,
 To Mab their sovereign ever dear:

 Her special Maids of Honour;
 Fib, and Tib, and Pink, and Pin,
 Tick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
 Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
 The train that wait upon her.

Upon a Grasshopper they got,
 And what with Amble, and with Trot,
 For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
 But after her they hie them.

A cobweb over them they throw,
 To shield the wind if it should blow,
 Themselves they wisely could bestow,
 Lest any should espy them.

(*Lines 129-176.*)

Polyolbion

The Sixth Song

Here then I cannot choose but bitterly exclaim
 Against those fools that all Antiquity defame,
 Because they have found out, some credulous ages laid
 Slight fictions with the truth, whilst truth on rumour stay'd;
 And that one forward Time (perceiving the neglect
 A former of her had) to purchase her respect,
 With toys then trimmed her up, the drowsy world t' allure,
 And lent her what it thought might appetite procure
 To man, whose mind doth still variety pursue;
 And therefore to those things whose grounds were very true,
 Though naked yet and bare (not having to content
 The wayward curious ear) gave fictive ornament;
 And fitter thought, the truth they should in question call,
 Than coldly sparing that, the truth should go and all.

And surely I suppose, that which this froward time
Doth scandalize her with to be her heinous crime,
That hath her most preserved; for, still where wit hath found
A thing most clearly true, it made that fiction's ground:
Which she supposed might give sure colour to them both:
From which, as from a root, this wond'ring error grow'th
At which our Critics gird, whose judgments are so strict,
And he the bravest man who most can contradict
That which decrepit Age (which forced is to lean
Upon Tradition) tells; esteeming it so mean,
As they it quite reject, and for some trifling thing
(Which Time hath pinned to Truth) they all away will fling.
These men (for all the world) like our Precisians be,
Who for some Cross or Saint they in the window see
Will pluck down all the Church: Soul-blinded sots that creep
In dirt, and never saw the wonders of the deep.
Therefore (in my conceit) most rightly served are they
That to the Roman trust (on his report that stay)
Our truth from him to learn, as ignorant of ours
As we were then of his; except 'twere of his powers:
Who our wise Druids here unmercifully slew;
Like whom, great Nature's depths no men yet ever knew,
Nor with such dauntless spirits were ever yet inspired;
Who at their proud arrive th' ambitious Romans fired
When first they heard them preach the soul's immortal state;
And ev'n in Rome's despite, and in contempt of Fate,
Grasped hands with horrid death: which out of hate and pride
They slew, who through the world were rev'renced beside.

To understand our state, no marvel then though we
Should so to Cæsar seek, in his reports to see
What anciently we were; when in our infant war,
Unskilful of our tongue but by interpreter,
He nothing had of ours which our great Bards did sing,
Except some few poor words; and those again to bring
Unto the Latin sounds, and easiness they used,
By their most filed speech, our British most abused.
But of our former state, beginning, our descent,
The wars we had at home, the conquests where we went,
He never understood. And though the Romans here
So noble trophies left, as very worthy were
A people great as they, yet did they ours neglect,
Long-reared ere they arrived. And where they do object,
The ruins and records we show, be very small
To prove ourselves so great: ev'n this the most of all

(’Gainst their objection) seems miraculous to me,
 That yet those should be found so general as they be;
 The Roman, next the Pict, the Saxon, then the Dane,
 All landing in this Isle, each like a horrid rain
 Deforming her; besides the sacrilegious wrack
 Of many a noble book, as impious hands should sack
 The centre, to extirp all knowledge, and exile
 All brave and ancient things, for ever from this Isle;
 Expressing wondrous grief, thus wand’ring Wye did sing.

But, back, industrious Muse; obsequiously to bring
 Clear Severn from her source, and tell how she doth strain
 Down her delicious dales; with all the goodly train,
 Brought forth the first of all by Brugan: which to make
 Her party worthy note, next, Dulas in doth take.
 Moylvadian his much love to Severn then to show,
 Upon her Southern side, send likewise (in a row)
 Bright Biga, that brings on her friend and fellow Floyd;
 Next, Dungum; Bacho then is busily employed,
 Tarranon, Carno, Hawes, with Becan, and the Rue,
 In Severn’s sovereign banks that give attendance due.

Thus as she swoops along, with all that goodly train,
 Upon her other bank by Newtown: so again
 Comes Dulas (of whose name so many Rivers be,
 As of none others is) with Mule, prepared to see
 The confluence of their Queen, as on her course she makes:
 Then at Montgomery next clear Kennet in she takes;
 Where little Fledling falls into her broader bank;
 Forked Vurnway, bringing Tur, and Tanot: growing rank,
 She plies her towards the Poole, from the Gomerian fields;
 Than which in all our Wales, there is no country yields
 An excellenter horse, so full of natural fire,
 As one of Phœbus’ steeds had been that stallion’s sire,
 Which first their race begun; or of th’ Asturian kind,
 Which some have held to be begotten by the wind,
 Upon the mountain mare; which strongly it receives,
 And in a little time her pregnant part upheaves.

But, leave we this to such as after wonders long:
 The Muse prepares herself unto another Song.

(*Lines 275-370.*)

GILES AND PHINEAS FLETCHER

(Giles, c. 1585 – 1623; Phineas, 1582 – 1650)

THE brothers Giles and Phineas Fletcher have become, by custom, nearly as inseparable in histories of literature as their first cousin John Fletcher and Francis Beaumont. The custom is justified, although they never collaborated; for they were both Cambridge men, both clergymen, and both ardent followers of Spenser. Giles was born about 1585, and was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1606. He remained in residence until 1618, becoming a minor fellow of his college and reader in Greek grammar and language. He afterwards became rector of Alderton, Suffolk, where the bucolic apathy of his parishioners is said to have hastened his death. Giles wrote a few minor poems, such as *Canto upon the Death of Eliza* and one which a recent editor has named *A Description of Encolpius*; but he is remembered solely on account of his long and elaborate sacred poem *Christ's Victorie and Triumph in Heaven and Earth over and after Death* (1610). This is a noble poem, and although its treatment of its sacred theme may appear to some readers too florid, it is never lacking in reverence or in sincere religious feeling. Its debt to Spenser is obvious; it is written in a modification (some would call it a mutilation) of the Spenserian stanza. It is one of the exceptions which confirm the rule that the greatest of all subjects almost invariably is treated in the meanest type of verse.

Phineas Fletcher was born in 1582, and was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1604, M.A. in 1608, and B.D. some years later. He was elected a fellow of his college, and in 1614 wrote a fisher-play, *Sicelides*, which was to have been performed during a visit of King James to the university. In 1616 Fletcher left Cambridge, and was for five years chaplain to Sir Henry Willoughby in Derbyshire; in 1621 he was presented to the rectory of Hilgay, Norfolk, where he ended his days in 1650, after an uneventful ministry of twenty-nine years' duration.

His first work, excluding one or two contributions to miscellanies, appeared in 1627. It was a Latin poem, *Locustae*, with an English paraphrase of it, *The Apollyonists*, in five cantos. This poem is a fierce attack upon the Jesuits. In 1628 was published *Brittain's Ida*, an interesting poem which the unscrupulous publisher attributed to Spenser. Many critics, including Grosart and Dr. F. S. Boas, attributed this poem on internal evidence to Phineas Fletcher, in spite of the publisher; the matter was settled conclusively in 1923, when Miss Ethel Seaton found in the library of Sion College a manuscript which makes Fletcher's authorship certain. It is also certain that the poem's correct title is *Venus and Anchises*, though it is not easy to displace a title which has been in use for three hundred years. This MS. also contains a

very charming *Epithalamium*, first printed in 1926. It is probable that Fletcher considered the *Epithalamium* and *Venus and Anchises* as unbecoming to his cloth, and suppressed the former while not objecting to the latter appearing as the work of his master Spenser. In 1633 appeared Fletcher's chief work, *The Purple Island or the Isle of Man*, together with *Piscatorie Eclogs* and *Miscellanies*. The *Eclogs* are not very notable poems, inspired by the Italian Sannazaro. *The Purple Island* is not a romance, as its title suggests, nor a Manx history, as its sub-title might be taken to indicate; but a portentous allegory. The Island is man's body, and the poem is an anatomical lecture in verse on the human frame, which has veins for its small

brooks, arteries for its larger streams, and so on. It is thus a curious cross between topography and anatomy; in many places it is both grotesque and disgusting; the later books, which deal with the mind, are, however, superior to the earlier books which deal with "this muddy vesture of decay". Occasional good passages recompense the persevering reader. Both Fletchers rank as ingenious writers with great poetical gifts which they did not always put to the best use; both imitated Spenser in thought, diction, and metre; and both influenced considerably the work of Milton.

[F. S. Boas, *The Poetical Works of Giles and Phineas Fletcher*; Ethel Seaton, *Venus and Anchises (Britain's Ida) and other Poems by Phineas Fletcher*.]

From "Christ's Triumph after Death"

But now the second Morning, from her bower,
Began to glister in her beams, and now
The roses of the day began to flower
In th' eastern garden; for heav'n's smiling brow
Half insolent for joy began to show:

The early Sun came lively dancing out,
And the bragge lambs ran wantoning about,
That heav'n and earth might seem in triumph both to shout.

Th' engladdened Spring, forgetful now to weep,
Began t' eblazon from her leafy bed,
The waking swallow broke her half-year's sleep,
And every bush lay deeply purpured
With violets, the woods' late-wint'ry head

Wide flaming primroses set all on fire,
And his bald trees put on their green attire,
Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds conspire.

And now the taller Sons (whom Titan warms)
Of unshorn mountains, blown with easy winds,

Dandled the morning's childhood in their arms,
And, if they chanced to slip the prouder pines,
The under Corylets did catch the shines,
 To gild their leaves, saw never happy year
 Such joyful triumph, and triumphant cheer,
As though the aged world anew created were.

Say Earth, why hast thou got thee new attire,
And stick'st thy habit full of daisies red?
Seems that thou dost to some high thought aspire,
And some new-found-out Bridegroom mean'st to wed:
Tell me ye Trees, so fresh apparelled,
 So never let the spiteful Canker waste you,
 So never let the heav'ns with lightning blast you,
Why go you now so trimly dressed, or whither hast you?

Answer me Jordan, why thy crooked tide
So often wanders from his nearest way,
As though some other way thy stream would slide,
And fain salute the place where something lay?
And you sweet birds, that shaded from the ray,
 Sit carolling, and piping grief away,
 The while the lambs to hear you dance, and play,
Tell me sweet birds, what is it you so fain would say?

And, thou fair Spouse of Earth, that every year,
Gett'st such a numerous issue of thy bride,
How chance thou hotter shin'st, and draw'st more near?
Sure thou somewhere some worthy sight hast spied,
That in one place for joy thou canst not bide:
 And you dead Swallows, that so lively now
 Through the flit air your winged passage row,
How could new life into your frozen ashes flow?

Ye Primroses, and purple violets,
Tell me, why blaze ye from your leafy bed,
And woo men's hands to rent you from your sets,
As though you would somewhere be carried,
With fresh perfumes, and velvets garnished?
 But ah, I need not ask, 'tis surely so,
 You all would to your Saviour's triumph go,
There would ye all await, and humble homage do.

There should the Earth herself with garlands new
And lovely flow'rs embellished adore,
Such roses never in her garland grew,
Such lilies never in her breast she wore,
Like beauty never yet did shine before:
 There should the Sun another Sun behold,
 From whence himself borrows his locks of gold,
That kindle heav'n, and earth with beauties manifold.

There might the violet, and primrose sweet
Beams of more lively, and more lovely grace,
Arising from their beds of incense meet;
There should the Swallow see new life embrace
Dead ashes, and the grave unheal his face,
 To let the living from his bowels creep,
 Unable longer his own dead to keep:
There heav'n, and earth should see their Lord awake from sleep.

Their Lord, before by other judg'd to die,
Now Judge of all himself, before forsaken
Of all the world, that from his aid did fly,
Now by the Saints into their armies taken,
Before for an unworthy man mistaken,
 Now worthy to be God confest, before
 With blasphemies by all the basest tore,
Now worshipped by Angels, that him low adore.

Whose garment was before indipt in blood,
But now, imbright'ned into heav'nly flame,
The Sun itself outglitters, though he should
Climb to the top of the celestial frame,
And force the stars go hide themselves for shame:
 Before that under earth was buried,
 But now about the heav'ns is carried,
And there for ever by the Angels heried.

So fairest Phosphor the bright Morning star,
But newly washed in the green element,
Before the drowsy night is half aware,
Shooting his flaming locks with dew besprent,
Springs lively up into the orient,
 And the bright drove, fleec'd all in gold, he chases
 To drink, that on the Olympic mountain grazes,
The while the minor Planets forfeit all their faces.

So long he wandered in our lower sphere,
That heav'n began his cloudy stars despise,
Half envious, to see on earth appear
A greater light, than flamed in his own skies:
At length it burst for spite, and out there flies
A globe of winged Angels, swift as thought,
That, on their spotted feathers, lively caught
The sparkling Earth, and to their azure fields it brought.

The rest, that yet amazed stood below,
With eyes cast up, as greedy to be fed,
And hands upheld, themselves to ground did throw,
So when the Trojan boy was ravished,
As through th' Idalian woods they say he fled,
His aged Guardians stood all dismayed,
Some lest he should have fallen back afraid,
And some their hasty vows, and timely prayers said.

Toss up your heads ye everlasting gates,
And let the Prince of glory enter in:
At whose brave volley of sidereal States,
The Sun to blush, and stars grow pale were seen,
When, leaping first from earth, he did begin
To climb his Angel's wings; then open hang
Your crystal doors, so all the chorus sang
Of heav'nly birds, as to the stars they nimbly sprang.

Hark how the floods clap their applauding hands,
The pleasant valleys singing for delight,
And wanton Mountains dance about the Lands,
The while the fields, struck with the heav'nly light,
Set all their flow'rs a-smiling at the sight,
The trees laugh with their blossoms, and the sound
Of the triumphant shout of praise, that crown'd
The flaming Lamb, breaking through heav'n, hath passage found.

Out leap the antique Patriarchs, all in haste,
To see the pow'rs of Hell in triumph led,
And with small stars a garland interchas'd
Of olive leaves they bore, to crown his head,
That was before with thorns degloried,
After them flew the Prophets, brightly stol'd
In shining lawn, and wimpled manifold,
Striking their ivory harps, strung all in chords of gold.

To which the Saints victorious carols sung,
 Ten thousand Saints at once, that with the sound,
 The hollow vaults of heav'n for triumph rung:
 The Cherubims their clamours did confound
 With all the rest, and clapped their wings around:
 Down from their thrones the Dominations flow,
 And at his feet their crowns and sceptres throw,
 And all the princely Souls fell on their faces low.

Nor can the Martyrs' wounds them stay behind,
 But out they rush among the heav'nly crowd,
 Seeking their heav'n out of their heav'n to find,
 Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,
 That the shrill noise broke through the starry cloud,
 And all the virgin Souls, in pure array,
 Came dancing forth, and making joyous play;
 So him they lead along into the courts of day.

So him they lead into the courts of day,
 Where never war, nor wounds abide him more,
 But in that house, eternal peace doth play,
 Quieting the souls, that new before
 Their way to heav'n through their own blood did score,
 But now, estranged from all misery,
 As far as heav'n, and earth discoasted lie,
 Swelter in quiet waves of immortality.

(*Stanzas 1-20.*)

From "Venus and Anchises"

(*Brittain's Ida*)

CANTO V

The Argument

The lover's sad despairing plaints
 Bright Venus with his love acquaints;
 Sweetly importun'd, he doth show,
 From whom proceedeth this his woe.

Yet never durst his faint and coward heart
 (Ah, Fool! faint heart fair lady ne'er could win)
 Assail fair Venus with his new-learnt art,
 But kept his love and burning flame within,

Which more flamed out the more he pressed it in:
And thinking oft how just she might disdain him,
While some cool myrtle shade did entertain him,
Thus sighing would he sit, and sadly would he plain him:

“ Ah, fond and hapless Boy! nor know I whether
More fond or hapless more, that all so high
Hast placed thy heart, where love and fate together
May never hope to end thy misery,
Nor yet thy self dare wish a remedy!
All hindrances (alas!) conspire to let it.
Ah, fond, and hapless Boy! if can'st not get it!
In thinking to forget, at length learn to forget it:

“ Ah, far too fond but much more hapless Swain!
Seeing thy love can be forgotten never,
Serve and observe thy love with willing pain;
And though in vain thy love thou do persevere,
Yet all in vain do thou adore her ever.
No hope can crown thy hopes so far aspiring,
Nor dares thyself desire thine own desiring,
Yet live thou in her love and die in her admiring.”

Thus oft the hopeless boy complaining lies:
But she, that well could guess his sad lamenting,
(Who can conceal love from Love's mother's eyes?)
Did not disdain to give his love contenting;
Cruel the soul that feeds on soul's tormenting:
Nor did she scorn him, though not nobly born,
(Love is nobility) nor could she scorn
That with so noble skill her title did adorn.

One day it chanced, thrice happy day and chance!
While Loves were with the Graces sweetly sporting,
And to fresh music sounding play and dance,
And Cupid's self, with shepherd's boys consorting,
Laughed at their pretty sport and simple courting,
Fair Venus seats the fearful boy close by her,
Where never Phœbus' jealous looks might eye her,
And bids this boy his mistress and her name descry her.

Long time the youth bound up in silence stood,
While hope and fear with hundred thoughts begun
Fit prologue to his speech; and fearful blood

From heart and face with these post-tidings run,
 That either now he's made, or now undone;
 At length his trembling words, with fear made weak,
 Began his too long silence thus to break,
 While from his humble eyes first reverence seemed to speak.

"Fair Queen of Love! my life thou may'st command,
 Too slender price for all thy former grace
 Which I receive at thy too bounteous hand;
 But never dare I speak her name and face;
 My life is much less prized than her disgrace:
 And, for I know if I her name relate
 I purchase anger, I must hide her state,
 Unless thou wear by Styx, I purchase not her hate."

Fair Venus well perceived his subtle shift,
 And, swearing gentle patience, gently smiled,
 While thus the boy pursued his former drift:
 "No tongue was ever yet so sweetly skilled,
 Nor greatest orator so highly styled,
 Though helped with all the choicest arts direction,
 But when he durst describe her heaven's perfection,
 By his imperfect praise dispraised his imperfection.

"Her form is as her self, perfect coelestial,
 No mortal spot her heavenly frame disgraces:
 Beyond compare such nothing is terrestrial;
 More sweet than thought or powerful wish embraces;
 The map of heaven, the sum of all her graces:
 But if you wish more truly limn'd to eye her,
 Than fainting speech or words can well descry her,
 Look in a glass, and there most perfect you may spy her."

From "The Purple Island"

Six goodly Cities built with suburbs round,
 Do fair adorn this lower region:
 The first Koilia, whose extremest bound
 On this side bordered by the Splenion,
 On that by sovereign Hepar's large commands:
 The merry Diazome above it stands,
 To both these joined in league and never failing bands.

The form—as when with breath our bag-pipes rise,
And swell—round-wise, and long, yet long-wise more;
Framed to the most capacious figure's guise:
For 'tis the Island's garner; here its store
Lies treasured up, which well prepared it sends
By secret path that to th' Arch-city bends;
Which making it more fit, to all the Isle dispends.

Far hence at foot of rocky Cephal's hills
This City's steward dwells in vaulted stone;
And twice a day Koilia's store-house fills
With certain rent and due provision:
Aloft he fitly dwells in arched cave;
Which to describe I better time shall have,
When that fair mount I sing, and his white curdy wave.

At that cave's mouth twice sixteen porters stand,
Receivers of the customary rent;
Of each side four—the foremost of the band—
Whose office to divide what in is sent:
Straight other four break it in pieces small;
And at each hand twice five, which grinding all,
Fit it for convoy, and this City's arsenal.

From thence a Groom with wondrous volubility
Delivers all unto near officers,
Of nature like himself, and like agility;
At each side four, that are the governors
To see the victuals shipped at fittest tide;
Which straight from thence with prosp'rous channel slide,
And in Koilia's port with nimble oars glide.

The haven, framed with wondrous sense and art,
Opens itself to all that entrance seek;
Yet if ought back would turn, and thence depart,
With thousand wrinkles shuts the ready creek:
But when the rent is slack, it rages rife,
And mutines in itself with civil strife:
Thereto a little groom eggs it with sharpest knife.

Below dwells in this City's market-place
The Island's common cook, Concoction;
Common to all; therefore in middle space
Is quartered fit in just proportion;

Whence never from his labour he retires;
 No rest he asks, or better change requires:
 Both night and day he works, ne'er sleeps, nor sleep desires.

That heat, which in his furnace ever fumeth,
 Is nothing like to our hot parching fire;
 Which all consuming, self at length consumeth;
 But moist'ning flames a gentle heat inspire,
 Which sure some in-born neighbour to him lendeth;
 And oft the bord'ring coast fit fuel sendeth,
 And oft the rising fume, which down again descendeth

Like to a pot, where under hovering
 Divided flames, the iron sides entwining,
 Above is stopped with close-laid covering,
 Exhaling fumes to narrow straits confining;
 So doubling heat, his duty doubly speedeth:
 Such is the fire Concoction's vessel needeth,
 Who daily all the Isle with fit provision feedeth.

There many a groom the busy Cook attends
 In under offices, and several place:
 This gathers up the scum, and thence it sends
 To be cast out; and liquors base,
 Another garbage, which the kitchen cloyes,
 And divers filth, whose scent the place annoys,
 By divers secret ways in under-sinks convoys.

(Canto II, stanzas 27 to 36.)

FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS

(1561 – 1626)

FRANCIS BACON was born in London in 1561. His father was Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord-Keeper of the Great Seal, and Lord Burleigh was his uncle by marriage. Bacon entered Trinity College, Cambridge, at the abnormally early age of

twelve, and left three years later, without a degree and with small reverence for Aristotle and none for his mediæval followers. In 1575 he was admitted to Gray's Inn; from 1576 to 1579 he was at Paris in the suite of Sir Amyas Paulet,

the English ambassador. The death of his father called him back to England, and being left in straitened circumstances he zealously pursued the study of law, and was admitted a barrister in 1582. In 1584 he became member of Parliament for Melcombe Regis, and soon after drew up a letter of advice to Queen Elizabeth, an able political memoir, which did not further its author's promotion. In 1586 he was member for Taunton, in 1589 for Liverpool, and he continued to sit in the House of Commons until he was elevated to the peerage. His talents and his connexion with Burleigh seemed to mark him out for high office; but his promotion was slow, he offended the queen by an uncharacteristic display of frankness, and his uncle was apparently jealous of his great gifts. He attached himself to the Earl of Essex, who endeavoured to secure for him the post of attorney-general, and, having failed in that, the solicitor-generalship, which was also bestowed elsewhere. Essex, with his usual generosity, compensated Bacon by presenting him with an estate which was afterwards sold for £1800. Bacon, however, forgot his obligations to his benefactor, and not only abandoned him as soon as he had fallen into disgrace, but without being obliged took part against him in his trial (1601), was active in securing his conviction, and, after his execution, blackened his memory in a pamphlet, which was, however, officially "edited" before publication. Bacon's conduct has sometimes been represented as worse than it was; some of his admirers, on the other hand, have tried to make out that he

played the part of a blameless and patriotic barrister. The truth is that he behaved not like a scoundrel, but like a cold-hearted opportunist. When James I came to the throne, Bacon thought his opportunity had come, and was assiduous in courting the king's favour. He was knighted, along with three hundred others, at the coronation in 1603; in 1604 he was appointed King's Counsel, with a pension of £60; in 1606 he made a marriage which was prudent from the pecuniary point of view. At the age of forty-six he at last began to mount the ladder at which he had gazed in vain for many years; he was appointed Solicitor-General. In 1613 he became Attorney-General; in 1617 he was made Lord-Keeper, and in 1618 Lord High Chancellor and Baron Verulam. In this year he lent his influence to bring about the execution of Raleigh. In 1621 he was advanced a step in the peerage and became Viscount St. Albans. As he himself said in one of his essays, "Prosperity doth best discover vice", and, soon after reaching the zenith of his career, he fell like Lucifer, never to rise again. A new Parliament was formed in 1621, and the Lord Chancellor was accused before the House of bribery, corruption, and other malpractices. It is difficult to ascertain the full extent of his guilt, but he seems to have been unable to justify himself; his nerve and his health gave way, and he handed in a "confession and humble submission", throwing himself on the mercy of the Peers. He was condemned to pay a fine of £40,000 and to be committed to the Tower during the king's pleasure; he was also declared incom-

petent to hold any office of state, and was banished from court for ever. The sentence, however, was never carried out. The fine was remitted almost as soon as imposed, and he was imprisoned for only a few days. He survived his fall five years, occupying himself with his literary and scientific works, and vainly hoping for political employment. His death was caused by his devotion to science. He was experimenting in the art of refrigeration, and when stuffing a fowl with snow caught a chill, which turned into a fatal attack of bronchitis. He died on Easter Day, 1626.

To turn from Bacon's life to his works is to turn from a sordid and melancholy spectacle to one of the greatest glories of England and Europe. His celebrated *Essays* first appeared in 1597; there are, however, only ten in this edition; that of 1612 contained thirty-eight, and the final edition of 1625 fifty-eight. The *Essays* immediately became and have always remained very popular; they are packed with thought—"infinite riches in a little room"—and their brilliance is so great that at times it is almost cloying. The treatise on *The Advancement of Learning* appeared in 1605; it is a wise and weighty exposition of some of Bacon's philosophy, couched in the choicest English. His *Life of Henry VII* (1622) was the first-fruits of his compulsory leisure. It is an admirable historical work, and gives a vivid portrait of the king, upon which modern historical research has done little to improve. *Sylva Sylvarum* and *The New Atlantis* were posthumously published in 1627; the latter is a fragmentary

philosophical romance, of great literary and scientific interest. Just as Chaucer, one of our greatest lyrists, disbelieved in the use of rhyme, in which he excelled, so did Bacon, one of the greatest masters of English prose, mistrust English as a permanent vehicle for thought. His greatest philosophical works were written in Latin. *De Sapientia Veterum* appeared in 1609; it is a somewhat supersubtle interpretation of ancient mythology. His philosophic masterpiece, the *Novum Organum*, appeared in 1620, and *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, a greatly amplified Latin version of *The Advancement of Learning*, in 1623. These and other Latin works, although they are of immense importance in the history of thought, cannot be discussed at any length in a book on English literature.

Bacon was the offspring of a Machiavellian father and a Calvinistic mother, and some of his peculiar notions of morality may have been inherited. He always had a high sense of his own outstanding abilities; he might have said that, like the Younger Cato, he was born not for himself but for the whole world; and he may have considered himself above the rules of conduct which are binding upon ordinary men. In some respects he was a thorough man of the world; in other respects he seemed unable to grasp simple facts. He failed to realize that his disgrace in 1621 was permanent; and in spite of the immense sums of money which he earned honestly and otherwise, he never managed to keep clear of debt, and died owing £22,000. He set an undue value upon pomp and circumstance, upon rank and title, things which men of much less

ability can afford to despise. Bacon was great as an historian, a writer on politics, and a rhetorician; but it is as the father of the inductive method in science, as the powerful exponent of the principle that facts must be observed and carefully collected before theorizing, that he occupies the position he holds among the world's great ones. The key-notes of his philosophy were Utility and Progress. He held, with the King of Brobdingnag, that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, deserved well of mankind. Like Heracles in legend or like Epicurus in the ancient world, Bacon was a liberator of the human race. The philosophy of the schoolmen led nowhere; every student of it soon found himself lost in a maze of superscholastic subtleties. Bacon's philosophy was practical, the ends which it proposed were attainable; it was also progressive, so that every generation of those who have followed Bacon's methods begins where the previous generation left

off. To his methods we owe directly or indirectly most of the important inventions of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Bacon took all knowledge to be his province, and his omniscience puts to shame the narrow specialism of to-day, with its imperfect system of liaison officers between the various branches of science. As a stylist Bacon is eminent; few English writers possess a more pregnant style. He is a great rhetorician in every sense of that word.

It should be noted that the title "Lord Bacon" is incorrect, though almost (not quite) sanctioned by usage. Bacon was Lord Verulam and afterwards Viscount St. Albans; it is as incorrect to call him "Lord Bacon" as it would be to call Lord Hailsham, his remote successor in the Chancellorship, "Lord Hogg".

[J. Spedding, R. L. Ellis, D. D. Heath, *Works, Letters and Life of Bacon*; E. A. Abbott, *Bacon*; R. W. Church, *Bacon* (English Men of Letters Series); T. Fowler, *Bacon*; Sir Sidney Lee, *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century*.]

Essays

Of Marriage and Single Life

He that hath Wife and Children hath given Hostages to Fortune; For they are Impediments to great Enterprises, either of Vertue, or Mischiefe. Certainly, the best workes, and of greatest Merit for the Publike, have proceeded from the unmarried or Childlesse Men, which, both in Affection and Meanes, have married and endowed the Publike. Yet it were great Reason that those that have Children should have greatest care of future times, unto which, they know, they must transmit their dearest pledges. Some there are who, though they lead a Single Life, yet their Thoughts doe end with themselves, and account future Times Impertinences. Nay, there are some other that account Wife and Children but as Bills of charges. Nay more, there are some foolish rich

covetous Men that take a pride in having no Children, because they may be thought so much the richer. For, perhaps, they have heard some talke, *Such an one is a great rich Man*; And another except to it, *Yea, but he hath a great charge of Children*; As if it were an Abatement to his Riches. But the most ordinary cause of a Single Life is Liberty; especially in certaine Selfe-pleasing and humorous Mindes, which are so sensible of every restraint as they will goe neare to thinke their Girdles and Garters to be Bonds and Shackles. Unmarried Men are best Friends, best Masters, best Servants, but not alwayes best Subjects; For they are light to runne away, And almost all Fugitives are of that Condition. A Single Life doth well with Church men; For Charity will hardly water the Ground, where it must first fill a Poole. It is indifferent for Judges and Magistrates; For if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a Servant five times worse than a Wife. For Souldiers, I finde the Generalls commonly, in their Hortatives, put Men in minde of their Wives and Children: And I thinke the Despising of Marriage amongst the Turkes, maketh the vulgar souldier more base. Certainly, Wife and Children are a kinde of Discipline of Humanity; And single Men, though they be many times more Charitable, because their Meanes are lesse exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruell and hard hearted, (good to make severe Inquisitors), because their Tendernesce is not so oft called upon. Grave Natures, led by Custome and therfore constant, are commonly loving Husbands; As was said of Ulysses, *Vetulam suam praetulit Immortalitati*. Chast Women are often Proud and froward, as Presuming upon the Merit of their Chastity. It is one of the best Bonds, both of Chastity and Obedience, in the Wife, if She thinke her Husband Wise; which She will never doe, if She finde him Jealous. Wives are young Men's Mistresses, Companions for middle Age, and old Men's Nurses: So as a Man may have a Quarrell to marry, when he will. But yet, he was reputed one of the wise Men, that made Answer to the Question, When a Man should marry? *A young Man not yet, an Elder Man not at all*. It is often seene that bad Husbands have very good Wives; whether it be that it rayseth the Price of their Husbands' Kindnesse, when it comes; Or that the Wives take a Pride in their Patience. But this never failes, if the bad Husbands were of their owne choosing, against their friends' consent; For then they will be sure to make good their owne Folly.

Of Love

The Stage is more beholding to Love then the Life of Man. For as to the Stage, Love is ever matter of Comedies, and now and then of Tragedies: But in Life it doth much mischief, Sometimes like a Syren, Sometimes like a Fury. You may observe that amongst all the great

and worthy Persons, (whereof the memory remaineth, either Ancient or Recent), there is not One that hath beene transported to the mad degree of Love; which shewes that great Spirits and great Businesse doe keepe out this weake Passion. You must except, neverthelesse, Marcus Antonius the halfe Partner of the Empire of Rome, and Appius Claudius the Decemvir and Law-giver; Whereof the former was indeed a Voluptuous Man and Inordinate; but the latter was an Austere and wise man: And therefore it seemes (though rarely) that Love can finde entrance, not only into an open Heart, but also into a Heart well fortified, if watch be not well kept. It is a poore Saying of Epicurus, *Satis magnum Alter Alteri Theatrum sumus*: As if Man, made for the contemplation of Heaven and all Noble Objects, should doe nothing but kneele before a little Idoll, and make himselfe subject, though not of the Mouth (as Beasts are) yet of the Eye, which was given him for higher Purposes. It is a strange Thing to note the Excesse of this Passion, And how it braves the Nature and value of things, by this, that the Speaking in a perpetuall Hyperbole is comely in nothing but in Love. Neither is it meerely in the Phrase; For whereas it hath beene well said that the Arch-flatterer, with whom all the petty Flatterers have Intelligence, is a Man's Selfe, Certainly the Lover is more. For there was never Proud Man thought so absurdly well of himselfe as the Lover doth of the Person loved: And therefore it was well said, *That it is impossible to love and to be wise*. Neither doth this weaknesse appeare to others onely, and not to the Party Loved, But to the Loved most of all, except the Love be reciproque. For it is a true Rule, that Love is ever rewarded, either with the Reciproque, or with an inward and secret Contempt. By how much the more Men ought to beware of this Passion, which loseth not only other things but itselfe. As for the other losses, the Poet's Relation doth well figure them; That he that preferred Helena, quitted the Gifts of Juno and Pallas. For whosoever esteemeth too much of Amorous Affection, quitteth both Riches and Wisedome. This Passion hath his Flouds in the very times of Weaknesse, which are great Prosperitie and great Adversitie, though this latter hath beene lesse observed: Both which times kindle Love, and make it more fervent, and therefore shew it to be the Childe of Folly. They doe best, who, if they cannot but admit Love, yet make it keepe Quarter, And sever it wholly from their serious Affaires and Actions of life; For if it checke once with Businesse, it troubleth Men's Fortunes, and maketh Men that they can no wayes be true to their owne Ends. I know not how, but Martiall Men are given to Love: I thinke it is but as they are given to Wine, For Perils commonly aske to be paid in Pleasures. There is in Man's Nature a secret Inclination and Motion towards love of others, which, if it be not spent upon some one or a few, doth naturally spread it selfe towards many, and maketh men become Humane and Charitable, As it is seene sometime in Friars.

Nuptiall love maketh Mankinde; Friendly love perfecteth it; but Wanton love Corrupteth and Imbaseth it.

Of Studies

Studies serve for Delight, for Ornament, and for Ability. Their Chiefe Use for Delight is in Privatenesse and Retiring; For Ornament, is in Discourse; And for Ability, is in the Judgement and Disposition of Businesse. For Expert Men can Execute, and perhaps Judge of particulars, one by one; But the generall Counsels, and the Plots and Marshalling of Affaires, come best from those that are Learned. To spend too much time in Studies is Sloth; To use them too much for Ornament is Affectation; To make Judgement wholly by their Rules is the Humour of a Scholler. They perfect Nature, and are perfected by Experience: For Naturall Abilities are like Naturall Plants, that need Proyning by Study: And Studies themselves doe give forth Directions too much at Large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty Men Contemne Studies; Simple Men Admire them; And Wise Men Use them: For they teach not their owne Use; But that is a Wisdome without them and above them, won by Observation. Reade not to Contradict and Confute; Nor to Beleeve and Take for granted; Nor to Finde Talke and Discourse; But to weigh and Consider. Some Bookes are to be Tasted, Others to be Swallowed, and Some Few to be Chewed and Digested: That is, some Bookes are to be read onely in Parts; Others to be read but not Curiously; And some Few to be read wholly, and with Diligence and Attention. Some Bookes also may be read by Deputy, and Extracts made of them by Others: But that would be onely in the lesse important Arguments, and the Meaner Sort of Bookes: else distilled Bookes are like Common distilled Waters, Flashy Things. Reading maketh a Full Man; Conference a Ready Man; And Writing an Exact Man. And therefore, If a Man Write little, he had need have a Great memory; If he Conferre little, he had need have a Present Wit; And if he Reade little, he had need have much Cunning, to seeme to know that he doth not. Histories make Men Wise; Poets Witty; The Mathematicks Subtill; Naturall Philosophy deepe; Morall Grave, Logick and Rhetorick Able to Contend. *Abeunt studia in Mores*. Nay, there is no Stond or Impediment in the Wit but may be wrought out by Fit Studies; Like as Diseases of the Body may have Appropriate Exercises. Bowling is good for the Stone and Reines; Shooting for the Lungs and Breast; Gentle Walking for the Stomacke; Riding for the Head; And the like. So if a Man's Wit be Wandring, let him Study the Mathematicks; For in Demonstrations, if his Wit be called away never so little, he must begin again: If his Wit be not Apt to distinguish or find differences, let him Study the Schoole-men; For they are *Cymini sectores*. If he

be not Apt to beat over Matters, and to call up one Thing to Prove and Illustrate another, let him Study the Lawyers' Cases: So every Defect of the Minde may have a Speciall Receipt.

From "The New Atlantis"

The Strangers' House is a fair and spacious house, built of brick, of somewhat a bluer colour than our brick; and with handsome windows, some of glass, some of a kind of cambric oiled. He brought us first into a fair parlour above stairs, and then asked us, what number of persons we were? and how many sick? We answered, we were in all (sick and whole) one and fifty persons, whereof our sick were seventeen. He desired us to have patience a little, and to stay till he came back to us, which was about an hour after; and then he led us to see the chambers which were provided for us, being in number nineteen. They having cast it (as it seemeth) that four of those chambers, which were better than the rest, might receive four of the principal men of our company; and lodge them alone by themselves; and the other fifteen chambers were to lodge us, two and two together. The chambers were handsome and cheerful chambers, and furnished civilly. Then he led us to a long gallery, like a dorture, where he showed us all along the one side (for the other side was but wall and window) seventeen cells, very neat ones, having partitions of cedar wood. Which gallery and cells, being in all forty (many more than we needed), were instituted as an infirmary for sick persons. And he told us withal, that as any of our sick waxed well, he might be removed from his cell to a chamber: for which purpose there were set forth ten spare chambers, besides the number we spake of before. This done, he brought us back to the parlour, and lifting up his cane a little (as they do when they give any charge or command), said to us, "Ye are to know that the custom of the land requireth, that after this day and to-morrow (which we give you for removing your people from your ship), you are to keep within doors for three days. But let it not trouble you, nor do not think yourselves restrained, but rather left to your ease and rest. You shall want nothing, and there are six of our people appointed to attend you for any business you may have abroad." We gave him thanks with all affection and respect, and said, "God surely is manifested in this land." We offered him also twenty pistolets; but he smiled, and only said; "What? twice paid?" And so he left us.

Soon after our dinner was served in; which was right good viands, both for bread and meat: better than any collegiate diet that I have known in Europe. We had also drink of three sorts, all wholesome and

good; wine of the grape; a drink of grain, such as is with us our ale, but more clear; and a kind of cider made of a fruit of that country; a wonderful pleasing and refreshing drink. Besides, there were brought in to us great store of those scarlet oranges for our sick; which (they said) were an assured remedy for sickness taken at sea. There was given us also a box of small grey or whitish pills, which they wished our sick should take, one of the pills every night before sleep; which (they said) would hasten their recovery.

JOHN DAY

(1574 – ? 1640)

JOHN DAY was born at Cawston, Norfolk, in 1574, and was educated at Ely and at Caius College, Cambridge, whence he was expelled for the not very heinous offence of misappropriating a book. He became one of Henslowe's hack writers, and wrote over twenty plays in collaboration with Chettle, Haughton, Dekker, Wentworth Smith, Hathway, Rowley, Wilkins, and others. He seems to have been continually impecunious, to have been anxious to take holy orders late in life, and to have died in or about 1640. Little else is known of him, except that Jonson classed him with others as a "rogue" and "base fellow".

We possess six plays which are his in part or wholly. *The Blind Beggar of Bednal Green* (c. 1600) is by Day and Chettle; it is not a good play. Day, William Rowley, and Wilkins collaborated to write *The Travels of the Three English Brothers* (1607). Day wrote unassisted the three admirably written comedies of *The Isle of Gulls* (1605), based upon Sidney's *Arcadia*, *Law Tricks* (1606), and *Humour out of Breath* (1607). The dialogue in

these comedies is excellently vivacious, and is much more adroitly managed than the plot. Day's work in some respects resembles that of Lyly; it is mildly euphuistic, and at its best is not of the earth, earthy. Character-drawing is not his strong point. The titles of some of Day's lost dramas, such as *The Black Dog of Newgate*, make us "pine for what is not", though it is not invariably true of old plays that "the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence". Day is chiefly remembered for his *Parliament of Bees* (c. 1607), which is not a play as it is sometimes nor a masque as it is often called; it stands to a masque in the same relationship which a closet-drama bears to a stage-play. It is an altogether charming piece of graceful and fantastic allegory. Day gives us the impression of having had a delicate wit, something too gentle for the workaday world, and of having written for a livelihood, not because he felt a strong inward desire to write. His works have been edited by A. H. Bullen.

From "The Parliament of Bees"

(ULANIA, a female Bee, confesses her passion for MELETUS, who loves ARETHUSA.)

—not a village fly, nor meadow bee,
That traffics daily on the neighbouring plain,
But will report, how all the winged train
Have sued to me for love; when we have flown
In swarms out to discover fields new-blown.
Happy was he could find the forwardest tree,
And cull the choicest blossoms out for me;
Of all their labours they allow'd me some
And (like my champions) mann'd me out, and home:
Yet I loved none of them. Philon, a bee
Well-skill'd in verse and amorous poetry,
As we have sat at work, both of one rose,
Has humm'd sweet canzons, both in verse and prose,
Which I ne'er minded. Astrophel, a bee
(Although not so poetical as he)
Yet in his full invention quick and ripe,
In summer evenings, on his well-tuned pipe,
Upon a woodbine blossom in the sun,
(Our hive being clean-swept, and our day's work done,)
Would play me twenty several tunes; yet I
Nor minded Astrophel, nor his melody.
Then there's Amniter, for whose love fair Leade
(That pretty bee) flies up and down the mead
With rivers in her eyes; without deserving
Sent me trim acorn bowls of his own carving,
To drink May dews and mead in. Yet none of these,
My hive-born playfellows and fellow bees,
Could I affect, until this strange bee came;
And him I love with such an ardent flame,
Discretion cannot quench.

He labours and toils,
Extracts more honey out of barren soils
Than twenty lazy drones. I have heard my father,
Steward of the hive, profess that he had rather
Lose half the swarm than him. If a bee, poor or weak,
Grows faint on his way, or by misfortune break
A wing or leg against a twig; alive,
Or dead, he'll bring into the master's hive

JOIN DAY

Him and his burthen. But the other day,
 On the next plain there grew a fatal fray
 Betwixt the wasps and us; the wind grew high,
 And a rough storm raged so impetuously,
 Our bees could scarce keep wing; then fell such rain,
 It made our colony forsake the plain,
 And fly to garrison: yet still he stood,
 And 'gainst the whole swarm made his party good;
 And at each blow he gave, cried out *His Vow*,
His Vow, and Arethusa!—On each bough
 And tender blossom he engraves her name
 With his sharp sting. 'To Arethusa's fame
 He consecrates his actions; all his worth
 Is only spent to character her forth.
 On damask roses, and the leaves of pines,
 I have seen him write such amorous moving lines
 In Arethusa's praise, as my poor heart
 Has, when I read them, envied her desert;
 And wept and sigh'd to think that he should be
 To her so constant, yet not pity me.

.

(PROREX, *Viceroy of Bees under King OBERON, describes
 his large prerogative.*)

To Us (who, warranted by Oberon's love,
 Write Ourselves *Master Bee*), both field and grove,
 Garden and orchard, lawns and flowery meads,
 (Where the amorous wind plays with the golden heads
 Of wanton cowslips, daisies in their prime,
 Sun-loving marigolds; the blossom'd thyme,
 The blue-vein'd violets and the damask rose;
 The stately lily, mistress of all those);
 Are allow'd and given, by Oberon's free arced,
 Pasture for me, and all my swarms to feed.

.

(*Oberon holds a court, in which he sentences the Wasp, the Drone, and
 the Humble Bee, for divers offences against the Commonwealth of Bees.*)

OBERON PROREX, *his viceroy, and other Bees*

PROREX

And whither must these flies be sent?

OBERON

To everlasting banishment.
 Underneath two hanging rocks
 (Where babbling Echo sits and mocks
 Poor travellers) there lies a grove,
 With whom the sun's so out of love,
 He never smiles on't: pale Despair
 Calls it his monarchal chair.
 Fruits half-ripe hang rivell'd and shrunk
 On broken arms, torn from the trunk:
 The moorish pools stand empty, left
 By water, stolen by cunning theft
 To hollow banks, driven out by snakes,
 Adders, and newts, that man these lakes:
 The mossy leaves, half-swelter'd, served
 As beds for vermin hunger-sterved:
 The woods are yew-trees, bent and broke
 By whirlwinds; here and there an oak,
 Half-cleft with thunder. To this grove
 We banish them.

CULPRITS

Some mercy, Jove!

OBERON

You should have cried so in your youth
 When Chronos and his daughter Truth
 Sojourn'd among you; when you spent
 Whole years in riotous merriment.
 Thrusting poor Bees out of their hives,
 Seizing both honey, wax, and lives.
 You should have call'd for mercy when
 You impaled common blossoms; when,
 Instead of giving poor Bees food,
 You ate their flesh, and drank their blood.
 Fairies, thrust them to their fate.

(OBERON *then confirms* PROREX *in his government,*
and breaks up session.)

OBERON

—now adieu!
 Prorex shall again renew

His potent reign: the massy world,
 Which in glittering orbs is hurl'd
 About the poles, be lord of: we
 Only reserve our royalty—
Field Music. Oberon must away;
 For us our gentle fairies stay:
 In the mountains and the rocks
 We'll hunt the gray, and little fox,
 Who destroy our lambs at feed,
 And spoil the nests where turtles breed.

GEORGE CHAPMAN

(? 1559 – 1634)

GEORGE CHAPMAN was born near Hitchin about 1559. He has been claimed as an alumnus by both Universities, but in all probability belonged to neither, though he was a good scholar and ranked next to Jonson, with a considerable interval, however, as the most learned of Elizabethan poets. We do not know much about his life, except that he was impecunious, and that he never won the position to which he thought his merits and attainments entitled him. He published *The Shadow of Night: Containing Two Poetical Hymns* in 1594—an obscure and unintelligible work. *Ovid's Banquet of Sense* appeared in the following year, together with some difficult sonnets and other poems. In 1598 he finished Marlowe's exquisite but incomplete paraphrase of *Hero and Leander*; his continuation, while it can hardly be called a "lame and impotent conclusion", is not worthy of what preceded it, as Chapman himself modestly confessed when he wrote of "that partly excellent Poem of

Master Marlowe's". Some time before 1598, when Meres published his *Palladis Tamia*, Chapman began to write for the stage. *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria* (printed 1598) and *An Humorous Day's Mirth* (printed 1599) are ineffective plays, the humour and mirth of the latter being restricted to its title. *All Fools* (printed 1605) is a much better play, in which Terence's matter and Jonson's manner are blended and suffused with something that is Chapman's own. In 1605 Chapman collaborated with Jonson and Marston in the admirable but unfortunate comedy *Eastward Ho!* (see Jonson). *The Gentleman Usher* and *Monsieur d'Olive* (both 1606) are two excellent if somewhat unequal comedies. *Bussy d'Ambois*, the most popular of Chapman's tragedies, appeared in 1607, and its sequel, *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*, appeared some time before 1613. In 1608 appeared the double tragedy of *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron*. These four trage-

dies are full of fiery energy and richness of phrase and imagery, but are lacking in truly dramatic qualities. *May Day* (1611) is an amusing farce; *The Widow's Tears* (1612) is based upon the famous story of the Matron of Ephesus, an ancient Indian tale which Petronius first introduced into the Western world. Chapman did not write for the stage again for many years, his next play being a thewless tragedy, *Cæsar and Pompey* (1631). Chapman collaborated once or twice with Shirley, and may have written some part of one or two other plays of slight value which are often attributed to him. His single masque, which was written for the Princess Elizabeth's wedding (1614), does not make us sustain Jonson's judgment "that next himself only Fletcher and Chapman could make a Mask". Chapman was not intended by nature to be a dramatist. He never learnt the art of handling his puppets with skill. He was an admirable gnomic poet, and his tragedies are full of that "highness and frequency of sentence" which Jonson praised in a tragic poet. Chapman's whole intellectual life was governed by his admiration for Homer, and when he wrote drama its excellences were those of epic poetry.

Chapman is chiefly remembered for his rugged but mighty-mouthed rendering of "the strong-winged music of Homer", and for having been, in all probability, the rival poet mentioned in the *Sonnets* of Shakespeare. The translation of Homer absorbed many years of his

long life. The first instalment of the *Iliad* (Books I, II, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI) appeared in 1598; the complete *Iliad* appeared in 1611. The last twelve books were translated in less than fifteen weeks. The *Iliad* is rendered into lines of fourteen syllables, and is on the whole much more vigorous and satisfactory than the *Odyssey* (1614), which is in heroic couplets. *The Battle of the Frogs and Mice* and the *Homeric Hymns* followed in 1624. Chapman also translated Hesiod and the fifth satire of Juvenal. He was not an accomplished Greek scholar; though he indignantly denied that his version of Homer was not translated directly from the Greek, he appears to have found his author difficult where there was no real difficulty. Although his translation is often inaccurate and sometimes grotesque, it has a vehemence and fire about it which are lacking in other versions, and it still remains, taking it for all in all, the noblest and most Homeric rendering of Homer in English verse. Chapman's was a proud and turbulent spirit; he outlived most of his contemporaries, and was the *doyen* of Elizabethan dramatists; he was to some extent a cynical and embittered man. It was only when he reclined on the bosom of the greatest of epic poets that his soul knew peace.

[R. H. Shepherd, *The Works of George Chapman*; A. Acheson, *Shakespeare and the Rival Poet*; A. C. Swinburne, *Contemporaries of Shakespeare*; J. M. Robertson, *Shakespeare and Chapman*.]

Homer's Iliads

HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE

She ran to Hector, and with her, tender of heart and hand,
 Her son, borne in his nurse's arms: when like a heavenly sign,
 Compact of many golden stars, the princely child did shine;
 Whom Hector call'd Scamandrius; but whom the town did name
 Astyanax; because his sire did only prop the same.
 Hector, though grief bereft his speech, yet smil'd upon his joy.
 Andromache cried out, mix'd hands, and to the strength of 'Troy,
 Thus wept forth her affection: O noblest in desire!
 Thy mind, inflam'd with others' good, will set thyself on fire:
 Nor pitiest thou thy son, nor wife, who must thy widow be
 If now thou issue: all the field will only run on thee.
 Better my shoulders underwent the earth, than thy decease;
 For then would earth bear joys no more: then comes the black increase
 Of griefs (like Greeks on Ilion.) Alas! what one survives
 To be my refuge? one black day bereft seven brothers' lives,
 By stern Achilles; by his hand my father breath'd his last:
 His high-wall'd rich Cilician Thebes, sack'd by him, and laid wast:
 The royal body yet he left unspoil'd: Religion charm'd
 That act of spoil; and all in fire he burn'd him complete arm'd;
 Built over him a royal tomb; and to the monument
 He left of him, th' Oreades (that are the high descent
 Of Ægis-bearing Jupiter) another of their own
 Did add to it, and set it round with elms; by which is shown
 (In theirs) the barrenness of death: yet might it serve beside
 To shelter the said monument from all the ruffinous pride
 Of storms and tempests, us'd to hurt things of that noble kind.
 The short life yet my mother liv'd, he sav'd; and serv'd his mind
 With all the riches of the realm; which not enough esteem'd,
 He kept her prisoner; whom small time, but much more wealth redeem'd;
 And she in sylvan Hyppoplace, Cilicia rul'd again;
 But soon was over-rul'd by death: Diana's chaste disdain
 Gave her a lance, and took her life. Yet all these gone from me,
 Thou amply render'st all; thy life makes still my father be;
 My mother; brothers: and besides thou art my husband too;
 Most lov'd, most worthy. Pity then, dear love, and do not go:
 For thou gone, all these go again: pity our common joy,
 Lest—of a father's patronage, the bulwark of all Troy—
 Thou leav'st him a poor widow's charge. Stay, stay then, in this tow'r,
 And call up to the wild fig-tree all thy retired pow'r:

For there the wall is easiest scal'd, and fittest for surprise;
And there, th' Ajaces, Idomen, th' Atrides, Diomed, thrice
Have both survey'd and made attempt; I know not if induc'd
By some wise augury, or the fact was naturally infus'd
Into their wits, or courages. To this, great Hector said:
Be well assured, wife, all these things in my kind cares are weighed.
But what a shame, and fear it is, to think how Troy would scorn
(Both in her husbands and her wives, whom long-train'd gowns adorn)
That I should cowardly fly off! The spirit I first did breathe
Did never teach me that; much less, since the contempt of death
Was settled in me; and my mind knew what a worthy was;
Whose office is to lead in fight, and give no danger pass
Without improvement. In this fire must Hector's trial shine;
Here must his country, father, friends, be—in him—made divine.
And such a stormy day shall come, (in mind and soul I know,)
When sacred Troy shall shed her tow'rs, for tears of overthrow;
When Priam, all his birth and pow'r, shall in those tears be drown'd.
But neither Troy's posterity, so much my soul doth wound;
Priam, nor Hecuba herself, nor all my brothers' woes
(Who though so many, and so good, must all be food for foes)
As thy sad state; when some rude Greek shall lead thee weeping hence;
These free days clouded; and a night of captive violence
Loading thy temples: out of which thine eyes must never see;
But spin the Greek wives webs of task, and their fetch-water be,
To Argos, from Messeides, or clear Hyperia's spring:
Which, howsoever thou abhorr'st, Fate's such a shrewish thing,
She will be mistress; whose curst hands, when they shall crush out cries
From thy oppressions, being beheld by other enemies.
Thus they will nourish thy extremes: This dame was Hector's wife,
A man, that at the wars of Troy, did breathe the worthiest life
Of all their army. This again will rub thy fruitful wounds;
To miss the man, that to thy bands could give such narrow bounds.
But that day shall not wound mine eyes; the solid heap of night
Shall interpose, and stop mine ears, against thy complaints, and plight.
This said, he reach'd to take his son: who of his arms afraid,
And then the horse-hair plume, with which he was so overlaid,
Nodded so horribly, he cling'd back to his nurse, and cried.
Laughter affected his great sire; who doff'd, and laid aside
His fearful helm, that on the earth cast round about it light;
Then took and kiss'd his loving son; and (balancing his weight
In dancing him) these loving vows to living Jove he us'd,
And all the other bench of gods: O you that have infus'd
Soul to this infant; now set down this blessing on his star:
Let his renown be clear as mine; equal his strength in war;

And make his reign so strong in 'Troy, that years to come may yield
 His facts this fame; - when, rich in spoils, he leaves the conquer'd field
 Sown with his slaughters:—'These high deeds exceed his father's worth.
 And let this echo'd praise supply the comforts to come forth
 Of his kind mother, with my life. 'This said; th' heroic sire
 Gave him his mother; whose fair eyes, fresh streams of love's salt fire,
 Billow'd on her soft cheeks, to hear the last of Hector's speech,
 In which his vows compris'd the sum of all he did beseech
 In her wish'd comfort. So she took into her odorous breast
 Her husband's gift; who, mov'd to see her heart so much oppress'd,
 He dried her tears; and thus desir'd: Afflict me not, dear wife,
 With these vain griefs. He doth not live that can disjoin my life
 And this firm bosom, but my fate; and fate, whose wings can fly?
 Noble, ignoble, fate controls: once born, the best must die.
 Go home, and set thy huswifery on these extremes of thought;
 And drive war from them with thy maids; keep them from doing nought:
 These will be nothing; leave the cares of war to men, and me;
 In whom of all the Ilion race they take their high'st degree.

(From *Book VI.*)

Homer's *Odysseys*

The bow Eumæus took, and bore away;
 Which up in tumult, and almost in fray,
 Put all the Wooers, one enquiring thus:
 "Whither, rogue, abject, wilt thou bear from us
 That bow proposed? Lay down, or I protest
 Thy dogs shall eat thee, that thou nourishest
 To guard thy swine; amongst whom, left of all,
 Thy life shall leave thee, if the festival,
 We now observe to Phœbus, may our zeals
 Grace with his aid, and all the Deities else."

This threat made good Eumæus yield the bow
 To his late place, not knowing what might grow
 From such a multitude. And then fell on
 Telemachus with threats, and said: "Set gone
 That bow yet further; 'tis no servant's part
 To serve too many masters; raise your heart
 And bear it off, lest, though you're younger, yet
 With stones I pelt you to the field with it.
 If you and I close, I shall prove too strong.
 I wish as much too hard for all this throng

The Gods would make me, I should quickly send
Some after with just sorrow to their end,
They waste my victuals so, and ply my cup,
And do me such shrewd turns still." This put up
The Wooers all in laughters, and put down
Their angers to him, that so late were grown
So grave and bloody; which resolved that fear
Of good Eumæus, who did take and bear
The King the bow; call'd nurse, and bade her make
The doors all sure, that if men's tumults take
The ears of some within, they may not fly,
But keep at work still close and silently.

These words put wings to her, and close she put
The chamber door. The court gates then were shut
By kind Philætiús, who straight did go
From out the hall, and in the portico
Found laid a cable of a ship, composed
Of spongy bulrushes; with which he closed,
In winding round about them, the court gates,
Then took his place again, to view the fates
That quickly follow'd. When he came, he saw
Ulysses viewing, ere he tried to draw
The famous bow, which every way he moved,
Up and down turning it; in which he proved
The plight it was in, fearing, chiefly, lest
The horns were eat with worms in so long rest.
But what his thoughts intended turning so,
And keeping such a search about the bow,
The Wooers little knowing fell to jest,
And said: "Past doubt he is a man profess'd
In bowyer's craft, and sees quite through the wood;
Or something, certain, to be understood
There is in this his turning of it still.
A cunning rogue he is at any ill."

Then spake another proud one: "Would to heaven,
I might, at will, get gold till he hath given
That bow his draught!" With these sharp jests did these
Delightsome Woo'rs their fatal humours please.
But when the wise Ulysses once had laid
His fingers on it, and to proof survey'd
The still sound plight it held, as one of skill
In song, and of the harp, doth at his will,
In tuning of his instrument, extend
A string out with his pin, touch all, and lend

GEORGE CHAPMAN

To every well-wreath'd string his perfect sound,
 Struck all together; with such ease drew round
 The King the bow. Then twang'd he up the string,
 That as a swallow in the air doth sing
 With no continued tune, but, pausing still,
 Twinks out her scatter'd voice in accents shrill;
 So sharp the string sung when he gave it touch,
 Once having bent and drawn it. Which so much
 Amazed the Wooers, that their colours went
 And came most grievously. And then Jove rent
 The air with thunder; which at heart did cheer
 The now-enough-sustaining traveller,
 That Jove again would his attempt enable.
 Then took he into hand, from off the table,
 The first drawn arrow; and a number more
 Spent shortly on the Wooers; but this one
 He measured by his arm, as if not known
 The length were to him, knock'd it then, and drew;
 And through the axes, at the first hole, flew
 The steel-charged arrow; which when he had done
 He thus bespake the Prince: "You have not won
 Disgrace yet by your guest; for I have strook
 The mark I shot at, and no such toil took
 In wearying the bow with fat and fire
 As did the Wooers. Yet reserved entire,
 Thank Heaven, my strength is, and myself am tried,
 No man to be so basely vilified
 As these men pleased to think me. But, free way
 Take that, and all their pleasures; and while day
 Holds her torch to you, and the hour of feast
 Hath now full date, give banquet, and the rest,
 Poem and harp, that grace a well-fill'd board."

This said, he beckon'd to his son; whose sword
 He straight girt to him, took to hand his lance,
 And complete arm'd did to his sire advance.

(Book XXI, lines 479-577.)

From "Bussy d'Ambois"

(A Nuntius (or Messenger) in the presence of King HENRY the Third of France and his court tells the manner of a combat, to which he was witness, of three to three; in which D'AMBOIS remained sole survivor; begun upon an affront passed upon D'AMBOIS by some courtiers.)

HENRY, GUISE, BEAUPRE, NUNTIUS, ETC.

NUNTIUS

I saw fierce D'Ambois and his two brave friends
Enter the field, and at their heels their foes,
Which were the famous soldiers, Barrisor,
L'Anou, and Pyrrhot, great in deeds of arms:
All which arrived at the evenest piece of earth
The field afforded, the three challengers
Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and stood rank'd:
When face to face the three defendants met them,
Alike prepared, and resolute alike.
Like bonfires of contributory wood
Every man's look show'd, fed with other's spirit;
As one had been a mirror to another,
Like forms of life and death each took from other:
And so were life and death mix'd at their heights,
That you could see no fear of death (for life)
Nor love of life (for death): but in their brows
Pyrrho's opinion in great letters shone;
That "life and death in all respects are one".

HENRY

Pass'd there no sort of words at their encounter?

NUNTIUS

As Hector 'twixt the hosts of Greece and Troy,
When Paris and the Spartan king should end
The nine years' war, held up his brazen lance
For signal that both hosts should cease from arms,
And hear him speak; so Barrisor (advised)
Advanced his naked rapier 'twixt both sides,
Ripp'd up the quarrel, and compared six lives
Then laid in balance with six idle words;

Offer'd remission and contrition too:
 Or else that he and D'Ambois might conclude
 The others' dangers. D'Ambois liked the last:
 But Barrisor's friends (being equally engaged
 In the mad quarrel) never would expose
 His life alone to that they all deserved.
 And (for the other offer of remission)
 D'Ambois (that like a laurel put in fire
 Sparkled and spit) did much much more than scorn
 That his wrong should incense him so like chaff
 To go so soon out, and, like lighted paper,
 Approve his spirit at once both fire and ashes:
 So drew they lots, and in them fates appointed
 That Barrisor should fight with fiery D'Ambois;
 Pyrrhot with Melynell; with Brisac L'Anou:
 And then like flame and powder they commix'd,
 So sprightly, that I wish'd they had been spirits;
 That the ne'er-shutting wounds, they needs must open,
 Might as they open'd shut, and never kill.
 But D'Ambois' sword (that lighten'd as it flew)
 Shot like a pointed comet at the face
 Of manly Barrisor; and there it stuck:
 Thrice pluck'd he at it, and thrice drew on thrusts
 From him, that of himself was free as fire;
 Who thrust still, as he pluck'd, yet (past belief)
 He with his subtile eye, hand, body, 'scaped;
 At last the deadly bitten point tugg'd off,
 On fell his yet undaunted foe so fiercely
 That (only made more horrid with his wound)
 Great D'Ambois shrunk, and gave a little ground:
 But soon return'd, redoubled in his danger,
 And at the heart of Barrisor seal'd his anger.
 Then, as in Arden I have seen an oak
 Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top
 Bent to his root, which being at length made loose
 (Even groaning with his weight) he 'gan to nod
 This way and that, as loath his curled brows
 (Which he had oft wrapt in the sky with storms)
 Should stoop; and yet, his radical fibres burst,
 Storm-like he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth:
 So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks
 Of ten set battles in your highness' war
 'Gainst the sole soldier of the world Navarre.

JOHN MARSTON

(c. 1575 – 1634)

JOHN MARSTON was born about 1575, probably in Coventry. His father was a lecturer of the Middle Temple, and his mother was the daughter of an Italian surgeon. Marston's Italian blood explains some of the peculiarities of his temperament, for, although he does not completely illustrate the proverb "Inglese Italianato è un diavolo incarnato", his youth was wild and unbridled. He was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1594. He began his literary career as a poet and satirist, and then took to the composition of plays. He did not write anything for the stage after 1607, and at some unknown date, probably about 1608 or 1609, he took holy orders. In 1616 he was presented to the living of Christchurch, in Hampshire, which he resigned in 1631. His plays were published in 1633, and he died in the following year.

The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image: and certain Satires appeared in 1598, and *The Scourge of Villany* (satires) later in the same year. In the later book Marston states that the earlier one was intended to discredit not to exemplify indecent writing, but Archbishop Whitgift, who was taking no chances, ordered both works to be burnt. *Antonio and Mellida*, an ill-constructed and bombastic tragedy in two parts, was published in 1602. *The Malcontent*, a better but far from perfect play, appeared in 1604. It was dedicated to Ben Jonson, and was probably intended

as a peace-offering after one of the many quarrels between the two dramatists. *The Dutch Courtesan* (1605) is a coarse but lively comedy. *Eastward Ho!* (1605) in which Jonson and Chapman collaborated, is a splendid play, and contains one of the best pictures of city life in all Elizabethan drama. Marston's exact share in it is unknown and unknowable. It nearly got its authors into serious trouble (see Jonson). *Parasitaster, or the Fawn* (1606) is a good comedy; *Sophonisba* (1606) a feeble and melodramatic tragedy. *What You Will* (1607) borrowed the sub-title of *Twelfth Night*, but has none of the charm of the Shakespearean comedy. Other plays in which Marston had a share are: *The Insatiate Countess* (probably in part the work of William Barksteed), *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, and *Histrionomastix*.

Marston can hardly be classed among the greater Elizabethan dramatists. He had, without doubt, very great abilities, but he did not make the most of them. Fustian language and uncertainty of taste mar much of his work, though now and again short passages and single lines occur which completely disarm the most querulous critic. Marston had no high opinion of his own work, and said of it: "He that thinks worse of my rhymes than myself, I scorn him, for he cannot; he that thinks better is a fool." He dedicated his early satires "To everlasting oblivion" and "To his most esteemed and best beloved Selfe". In leaving the stage for the

JOHN MARSTON

that he showed that the days of youth were over, and that his bent did not lie in dramatic composition.

J. H. Bullen, *The Works of Marston*; J. H. Penniman,

The War of the Theatres; R. A. Small, *The Stage-Quarrel between Ben Jonson and the so-called Poetasters*; A. C. Swinburne, *The Age of Shakespeare*; M. S. Allen, *The Satire of John Marston*.]

Antonio's Revenge

The Prologue

The rawish dank of clumsy winter ramps
The fluent summer's vein: and drizzling sleet
Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numb'd earth,
Whilst snarling gusts nibble the juiceless leaves
From the naked shuddering branch, and pills the skin
From off the soft and delicate aspects.
O, now methinks a sullen tragic scene
Would suit the time with pleasing congruence!
May we be happy in our weak devoir,
And all part pleased in most wish'd content.
But sweat of Hercules can ne'er beget
So blest an issue. Therefore we proclaim,
If any spirit breathes within this round
Uncapable of weighty passion,
(As from his birth being hugged in the arms
And nuzzled 'twixt the breasts of Happiness)
Who winks and shuts his apprehension up
From common sense of what men were, and are;
Who would not know what men must be: let such
Hurry amain from our black-visaged shows;
We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast,
Nail'd to the earth with grief; if any heart,
Pierced through with anguish, pant within this ring;
If there be any blood, whose heat is choked
And stifled with true sense of misery:
If aught of these strains fill this consort up,
They arrive most welcome. O, that our power
Could lacky or keep wing with our desires;
That with unused poise of style and sense
We might weigh massy in judicious scale!
Yet here's the prop that doth support our hopes:
When our scenes falter, or invention halts,
Your favour will give crutches to our faults.

From "The Insatiate Countess"

(ISABELLA (*the countess*), *after a long series of crimes of infidelity to her husband and of murder, is brought to suffer on a scaffold.*

ROBERTO, *her husband, arrives to take a last leave of her.*)

ROBERTO

Bear record, all you blessed saints in heaven,
I come not to torment thee in thy death;
For of himself he's terrible enough.
But call to mind a lady like yourself,
And think how ill in such a beauteous soul,
Upon the instant morrow of her nuptials,
Apostasy and wild revolt would show.
Withal imagine that she had a lord
Jealous the air should ravish her chaste looks;
Doting, like the Creator in his models,
Who views them every minute and with care
Mix'd in his fear of their obedience to him.
Suppose he sung through famous Italy,
More common than the looser songs of Petrarch,
To every several zany's instrument:
And he poor wretch, hoping some better fate
Might call her back from her adulterate purpose,
Lives in obscure and almost unknown life;
Till hearing that she is condemn'd to die,
For he once loved her, lends his pined corpse
Motion to bring him to her stage of honour,
Where, drown'd in woe at her so dismal chance,
He clasps her: thus he falls into a trance.

ISABELLA

O my offended lord, lift up your eyes;
But yet avert them from my loathed sight.
Had I with you enjoy'd the lawful pleasure,
To which belongs nor fear nor public shame,
I might have lived in honour, died in fame.
Your pardon on my faltering knees I beg;
Which shall confirm more peace unto my death,
Than all the grave instructions of the Church.

JOHN MARSTON

ROBERTO

Freely thou hast it. Farewell, my Isabella;
Let thy death ransom thy soul, O die a rare example.
The kiss thou gavest me in the church, here take:
As I leave thee, so thou the world forsake. [Exit.

EXECUTIONER

Madam, tie up your hair.

ISABELLA

O these golden nets,
That have ensnared so many wanton youths!
Not one, but has been held a thread of life,
And superstitiously depended on.
What else?

EXECUTIONER

Madam, I must entreat you blind your eyes.

ISABELLA

I have lived too long in darkness, my friend:
And yet mine eyes with their majestic light
Have got new Muses in a poet's spright.
They've been more gazed at than the god of day;
Their brightness never could be flattered:
Yet thou command'st a fixed cloud of lawn
To eclipse eternally these minutes of light.
I am prepared.

From "What You Will"

I was a scholar: seven useful springs
Did I deflower in quotations
Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man;
The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt.
Delight my spaniel slept, whilst I baised leaves,
Toss'd o'er the dunces, pored on the old print
Of titled words: and still my spaniel slept.
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,

Shrunk up my veins: and still my spaniel slept.
 And still I held converse with Zabarell,
 Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
 Of antick Donate: still my spaniel slept.
 Still on went I; first, *an sit anima*;
 Then, an it were mortal. O hold, hold; at that
 They're at brain-buffets, fell by the ears amain
 Pell-mell together: still my spaniel slept.
 Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fix'd,
Ex traduce, but whether 't had free will
 Or no, hot philosophers
 Stood banding factions, all so strongly propp'd,
 I stagger'd, knew not which was firmer part,
 But thought, quoted, read, observed, and pryed,
 Stuff'd noting-books: and still my spaniel slept.
 At length he waked, and yawn'd; and by yon sky,
 For aught I know he knew as much as I.

THOMAS DEKKER

(? 1570 – 1641)

WE know little about the life of Thomas Dekker except what we learn from his works. It is unlikely that he was a University man; it is certain that he was almost always short of money, and that his enormous output of plays and pamphlets was primarily due to sheer impecuniosity. We also know that in all his misfortunes he retained a singularly happy outlook; his humanity, in the broadest sense of that word, is second only to that of Shakespeare; in his attitude to everything mercy seasons justice. He was a man who had an infinitesimal capacity for taking pains with his work; he was often slipshod, and very often worked in collaboration. It is impossible to mention all Dekker's numerous

plays, nor is it necessary to enumerate those which, owing to Warburton's cook or some act of God, have not been preserved. *Old Fortunatus* (1600) is a pleasant retelling of an old story, and is among the best plays of Dekker. *The Shoemaker's Holiday* is a very amusing play dealing with citizen life; it is founded on *The Gentle Craft* of Deloney (q.v.). *Satiromastix* (1602), which was written in collaboration with Marston, is their ill-constructed but good-tempered rejoinder to the bitter attack which Jonson had made upon them in the *Poetaster*. Jonson and Dekker had formerly collaborated in two lost plays, *Page of Plymouth* and *Robert the Second*, and their literary partnership may have led

to a certain amount of animosity, which is not rare in the case of such partnerships. *Patient Grissill* (1603), written with Chettle and Haughton, is a good but not a masterly version of the story told by the Clerk of Oxford. *The Honest Whore* (1604), which has a second part not printed until 1630 but probably written much earlier, contains some of Dekker's strongest and most sympathetic work. *Northward Ho* (1607), *Westward Ho*, and *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt* were written in collaboration with Webster; the first two are a pair of citizen comedies, and the last-named an invertebrate play which survives only in a mutilated text. Dekker collaborated with Middleton in *The Roaring Girl* (1611), and with Massinger in *The Virgin Martyr*. *If it be not good, the Devil is in it* is a sample of his unaided work at its worst. *The Whore of Babylon* is more remarkable for its extreme Protestantism than for any literary qualities. Other plays are: *Match me in London* (1631); *The Wonder of a Kingdom* (1636); *The Witch of Edmonton*, with Rowley and Ford; and *The Sun's Darling*, a kind of masque, with Ford. Dekker's non-dramatic writings are also very numerous. *The Wonderful Year* (1603) gives a Defoe-like account of the plague; *The Bachelor's Banquet* is an excellent and amusing pamphlet; *News from Hell*, *The Seven Deadly Sins of London*, and *The Bellman of London* are vivacious tracts. The most famous of Dekker's prose writings is perhaps *The Gull's Hornbook*, a kind of ironical book

of etiquette. All Dekker's pamphlets are simply invaluable for the light which they throw upon the manners and customs of the time, though they must be used with caution as "documents" on account of their satirical exaggeration. Dekker showed his versatility by writing a very beautiful collection of prayers, *Four Birds of Noah's Ark* (1609). The worthless poem *Canaan's Calamity, etc.* (1598), with which Dekker was long discredited, is now known to be the work of Thomas Deloney, who shared Dekker's initials.

Thomas Dekker had the lightest heart and the lightest purse of all the Elizabethan dramatists. He was a Londoner through and through; a parallel may be drawn between Dekker and Dickens, who resemble each other at least as much as Monmouth and Macedon. Dekker had an enormous gust for life, and an ability to extract humour from anything. When he crossed swords with Jonson, his skilfully manipulated rapier was more than a match for Jonson's two-handed engine. As Charles Lamb said, "Dekker had poetry enough for anything"; as well as this gift of poetry he had a gift of realism, the two making a striking combination. His lyrics are among the best of those written in that great age.

[R. H. Shepherd, *Dramatic Works of Thomas Dekker*; A. B. Grosart, *Non-Dramatic Works of Thomas Dekker*; A. C. Swinburne, *The Age of Shakespeare*; M. L. Hunt, *Thomas Dekker, a Study*.]

Old Fortunatus

(The Goddess FORTUNE appears to FORTUNATUS, and offers him the choice of six things. He chooses Riches.)

FORTUNE

Before thy soul at this deep lottery
Draw forth her prize, ordain'd by destiny,
Know that here's no recanting a first choice.
Choose then discreetly: for the laws of fate,
Being graven in steel, must stand inviolate.

FORTUNATUS

Daughters of Jove and the unblemish'd Night,
Most righteous Parcæ, guide my genius right:
'Wisdom, Strength, Health, Beauty, Long Life, and Riches.

FORTUNE

Stay, Fortunatus; once more hear me speak.
If thou kiss Wisdom's cheek and make her thine,
She'll breathe into thy lips divinity,
And thou (like Phœbus) shalt speak oracle;
Thy heaven-inspired soul on Wisdom's wings
Shall fly up to the Parliament of Jove,
And read the Statutes of Eternity,
And see what's past and learn what is to come.
If thou lay claim to Strength, armies shall quake
To see thee frown: as kings at mine do lie,
So shall thy feet trample on empery.
Make Health thine object, thou shalt be strong proof
'Gainst the deep searching darts of surfeiting,
Be ever merry, ever revelling.
Wish but for Beauty, and within thine eyes
Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,
And on thy cheeks I'll mix such white and red,
That Jove shall turn away young Ganymede,
And with immortal arms shall circle thee.
Are thy desires Long Life? thy vital thread
Shall be stretch'd out; thou shalt behold the change
Of monarchies, and see those children die
Whose great great grandsires now in cradles lie.

THOMAS DEKKER

If through Gold's sacred hunger thou dost pine;
 Those gilded wantons which in swarms do run
 To warm their slender bodies in the sun,
 Shall stand for number of those golden piles
 Which in rich pride shall swell before thy feet;
 As those are, so shall these be infinite.

FORTUNATUS

O, whither am I rapt beyond myself?
 More violent conflicts fight in every thought
 Than his whose fatal choice 'Troy's downfall wrought.
 Shall I contract myself to Wisdom's love?
 Then I lose Riches; and a wise man poor
 Is like a sacred book that's never read;
 To himself he lives and to all else seems dead.
 This age thinks better of a gilded fool,
 Than of a threadbare saint in Wisdom's school.
 I will be Strong: then I refuse Long Life;
 And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
 There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors:
 The greatest strength expires with loss of breath,
 The mightiest in one minute stoop to death.
 Then take Long Life, or Health; should I do so,
 I might grow ugly, and that tedious scroll
 Of months and years much misery may enroll:
 Therefore I'll beg for Beauty; yet I will not:
 The fairest cheek hath oftentimes a soul
 Leprous as sin itself, than hell more foul.
 The Wisdom of this world is idiotism;
 Strength a weak reed; Health Sickness' enemy,
 And it at length will have the victory.
 Beauty is but a painting; and Long Life
 Is a long journey in December gone,
 Tedious and full of tribulation.
 Therefore, dread sacred empress, make me rich:
 My choice is Store of Gold; the rich are wise:
 He that upon his back rich garments wears
 Is wise, though on his head grow Midas' ears.
 Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world,
 The health, the soul, the beauty most divine;
 A mask of gold hides all deformities;
 Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative;
 O, therefore make me rich!

The Gull's Hornbook

CHAP. VI

How a gallant should behave himself in a playhouse

The theatre is your poets' Royal Exchange, upon which their muses, that are now turned to merchants, meeting, barter away that light commodity of words for a lighter ware than words; *plaudites*, and the breath of the great beast; which, like the threatenings of two cowards, vanish all into air. Players and their factors, who put away the stuff, and make the best of it they possibly can, as indeed 'tis their parts so to do, your gallant, your courtier, and your captain had wont to be the soundest paymasters; and, I think, are still the surest chapmen: and these, by means that their heads are well stocked, deal upon this comical freight by the gross; when your groundling, and gallery-commoner buys his sport by the penny; and, like a haggler, is glad to utter it again by retailing.

Since then the place is so free in entertainment, allowing a stool as well to the farmer's son as to your templar: that your stinkard has the selfsame liberty to be there in his tobacco-fumes, which your sweet courtier hath; and that your carman and tinker claim as strong a voice in their suffrage, and sit to give judgment on the play's life and death, as well as the proudest *Momus* among the tribes of critic: it is fit that he, whom the most tailors' bills do make room for, when he comes, should not be basely, like a viol, cased up in a corner.

Whether therefore the gatherers of the public or private playhouse stand to receive the afternoon's rent; let our gallant, having paid it, presently advance himself up to the throne of the stage; I mean not into the lords' room, which is now but the stage's suburbs; no; those boxes, by the iniquity of custom, conspiracy of waiting-women and gentlemen-ushers that there sweat together, and the covetousness of sharers, are contemptibly thrust into the rear; and much new satin is there damned, by being smothered to death in darkness. But on the very rushes where the comedy is to dance, yea, and under the state of *Cambyzes* himself, must our feathered ostrich, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly, because impudently, beating down the mews and hisses of the opposed rascality.

For do but cast up a reckoning; what large comings-in are pursed up by sitting on the stage? First a conspicuous eminence is gotten; by which means, the best and most essential parts of a gallant's good clothes, a proportionable leg, white hand, the Parisian lock, and a tolerable beard, are perfectly revealed.

By sitting on the stage, you have signed patent to engross the whole

commodity of censure, may lawfully presume to be a girder, and stand at the helm to steer the passage of scenes; yet no man shall once offer to hinder you from obtaining the title of an insolent, over-weening coxcomb.

By sitting on the stage, you may, without travelling for it, at the very next door ask whose play it is; and, by that quest of inquiry, the law warrants you to avoid much mistaking; if you know not the author, you may rail against him; and peradventure so behave yourself, that you may enforce the author to know you.

By sitting on the stage, if you be a knight, you may happily get you a mistress; if a mere Fleet-street gentleman, a wife; but assure yourself, by continual residence, you are the first and principal man in election to begin the number of "We three."

By spreading your body on the stage, and by being a justice in examining of plays, you shall put yourself into such true scenical authority, that some poet shall not dare to present his muse rudely upon your eyes, without having first unmasked her, rifled her, and discovered all her bare and most mystical parts before you at a tavern; when you most knightly shall, for his pains, pay for both their suppers.

By sitting on the stage, you may, with small cost, purchase the dear acquaintance of the boys; have a good stool for sixpence; at any time know what particular part any of the infants represent; get your match lighted; examine the play-suits' lace, and perhaps win wagers upon laying 'tis copper; etc. And to conclude; whether you be a fool, or a justice of peace; a cuckold, or a captain; a lord-mayor's son, or a dawcock; a knave, or an under-sheriff; of what stamp soever you be; current, or counterfeit; the stage, like time, will bring you to most perfect light, and lay you open. Neither are you to be hunted from thence; though the scarecrows in the yard hoot at you, hiss at you, spit at you, yea, throw dirt even in your teeth; 'tis most gentlemanlike patience to endure all this, and to laugh at the silly animals. But if the rabble, with a full throat, cry: "Away with the fool!" you were worse than a madman to tarry by it; for the gentleman, and the fool should never sit on the stage together.

Marry; let this observation go hand in hand with the rest; or rather, like a country serving-man, some five yards before them. Present not yourself on the stage, especially at a new play, until the quaking Prologue hath by rubbing got colour into his cheeks, and is ready to give the trumpets their cue that he is upon point to enter; for then it is time, as though you were one of the properties, or that you dropped out of the hangings, to creep from behind the arras, with your tripes or three-footed stool in one hand, and a teston mounted between a forefinger and a thumb in the other; for, if you should bestow your person upon the vulgar, when the belly of the house is but half full, your apparel is quite eaten up, the fashion lost, and the proportion of your body is in

more danger to be devoured than if it were served up in the Counter amongst the poultry: avoid that as you would the bastone. It shall crown you with rich commendation, to laugh aloud in the midst of the most serious and saddest scene of the terriblest tragedy; and to let that clapper, your tongue, be tossed so high, that all the house may ring of it: your lords use it; your knights are apes to the lords, and do so too; your inn-a-court man is zany to the knights, and (many very scurvily) comes likewise limping after it: be thou a beagle to them all, and never lin snuffing till you have scented them: for by talking and laughing, like a ploughman in a morris, you heap *Pelion* upon *Ossa*, glory upon glory; as first, all the eyes in the galleries will leave walking after the players, and only follow you; the simplest dolt in the house snatches up your name, and, when he meets you in the streets, or that you fall into his hands in the middle of a watch, his word shall be taken for you; he will cry "he's such a gallant," and you pass: secondly, you publish your temperance to the world, in that you seem not to resort thither to taste vain pleasures with a hungry appetite; but only as a gentleman to spend a foolish hour or two, because you can do nothing else: thirdly, you mightily disrelish the audience, and disgrace the author: Marry; you take up, though it be at the worst hand, a strong opinion of your own judgment, and enforce the poet to take pity of your weakness, and, by some dedicated sonnet, to bring you into a better paradise, only to stop your mouth.

Content

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?

O, sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?

O, punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed

To add to golden numbers golden numbers?

O, sweet content! O, sweet, O, sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny, hey nonny, nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?

O, sweet content!

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?

O, punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
 No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
 O, sweet content! O, sweet, O, sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face;
 Then hey nonny, hey nonny, nonny!

(From *Patient Grissil*.)

Lullaby

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
 Smiles awake you when you rise.
 Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
 And I will sing a lullaby:
 Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
 You are care, and care must keep you.
 Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
 And I will sing a lullaby;
 Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

(From *Patient Grissil*.)

THOMAS HEYWOOD

(? 1572 – 1641)

THOMAS HEYWOOD was a Lincolnshire man of fairly good family, and was educated at Cambridge. The unsupported tradition which made him a fellow of Peterhouse has been repudiated even by the late master of that college, Sir A. W. Ward. Heywood himself tells us that he had "either an entire hand or at the least a main finger" in two hundred and twenty plays. This gigantic total is not quite so astonishing when we remember

that his dramatic career stretched over at least thirty-seven years, so that he wrote on an average half a dozen plays a year, a notable but not an incredible feat. Only about twenty-four of his plays remain. As may be easily imagined, Heywood wrote without great effort, and was a popular entertainer rather than an artist. He is said to have written his plays on the backs of tavern-bills (which would account for the loss of many of them) and to have

demanded from himself a daily ration of so many words, a plan similar to that adopted by Anthony Trollope in mid-Victorian days. One of the earliest of Heywood's plays is *The Four Prentices of London*, a crude type of historical farrago, which perhaps may be dated as early as 1594. *Edward IV*, an historical play in two parts, is also crude, but has some good passages. *If You know not me You know Nobody* is also an historical drama in two parts, and is of little value. *The Golden Age*, *The Silver Age*, *The Brazen Age*, and *The Iron Age* (two parts) are odd miscellanies of classical mythology, very weak dramatically, but treating certain episodes with no little skill. Heywood's masterpiece, and the play by which he is chiefly remembered, is *A Woman killed with Kindness* (1603). It is an admirably constructed drama of domestic life, full of pathos and realism of the best kind. *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon* (1604) is much less memorable, and *The Fair Maid of the Exchange* (inaptly described on the title page as "very delectable and full of mirth") is probably not by Heywood. *The Royal King and the Loyal Subject* handles an improbable plot in a competent fashion. *The Rape of Lucrece* (?1604) is one of the most extraordinary hybrids ever produced, even in that age of incongruities, for it is a cross between tragedy and opera-bouffe. The songs of Valerius, "the merry lord among the Roman peers", are as out of place as a jig at a funeral. *The Fair Maid of the West* (two parts) is an attractive play with a pleasing smack of adventure and the sea about it, and *The English Traveller* is an even better play on

somewhat similar lines, and ranks perhaps second among its author's dramatic works. *The Captives* is perhaps chiefly interesting because it was discovered in 1883 by A. H. Bullen; *A Maidenhead well lost* is not a good play, nor is *A Challenge for Beauty* much better. *Love's Mistress* is a good rehandling of the beautiful tale of Cupid and Psyche which is told by the old woman in Apuleius's *Golden Ass*. For a hack-writer, Heywood did not collaborate frequently, but he wrote *Fortune by Land and Sea* with William Rowley, and *The late Lancashire Witches* with Richard Brome. Heywood's non-dramatic works are numerous but not important. His *Apology for Actors* (1612) is a pleasant but not a powerful piece of special pleading. *England's Elizabeth* and *Γυναικεῖον or Nine Books of Various History concerning Women* do not find many readers nowadays. Heywood's verse writings, *The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*, &c., are negligible.

Heywood did not entertain any exaggerated idea of the importance of his own work, but described himself as "the youngest and weakest of the nest wherein he was hatched". He was, however, a man of admirable talent, and particularly excelled in domestic drama, in plays which dealt with middle-class life and everyday happenings. He was, like Dekker, a London-lover, and was a man of pleasing modesty and industrious versatility. Lamb has called him "a sort of prose Shakespeare", but there is a certain lack of distinction in his work which prevents us from completely concurring with this verdict.

[A. M. Clark, *Thomas Heywood: Playwright and Miscellanist*.

From "A Woman killed with Kindness"

(MR. FRANKFORD *discovers that his Wife has been
unfaithful to him.*)

MRS. FRANKFORD

O, by what words, what title, or what name
Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! O!
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
As Lucifer from heaven. To call you husband!
(O me most wretched!) I have lost that name:
I am no more your wife.

FRANKFORD

Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee;
And keep thy countenance, for I'll blush for thee.
Now, I protest, I think, 'tis I am tainted,
For I am most ashamed; and 'tis more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face,
Than on the sun's clear brow: what wouldst thou speak?

MRS. FRANKFORD

I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,
No apprehension, no capacity.
When do you spurn me like a dog? when tread me
Under feet? when drag me by the hair?
Though I deserve a thousand thousand fold
More than you can inflict: yet, once my husband,
For womanhood, to which I am a shame,
Though once an ornament; even for his sake,
That hath redeem'd our souls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your sword: but let me go
Perfect and undeformed to my tomb.
I am not worthy that I should prevail
In the least suit; no, not to speak to you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your presence:
Yet as an abject this one suit I crave;
This granted, I am ready for my grave.

FRANKFORD

My God, with patience arm me! rise, 'nay, rise,
And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want

Thou play'dst the strumpet? Wast thou not supplied
With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy;
Nay, even beyond my calling?

MRS. FRANKFORD

I was.

FRANKFORD

Was it then disability in me?
Or in thine eye seem'd he a properer man?

MRS. FRANKFORD

O no.

FRANKFORD

Did not I lodge thee in my bosom?
Wear thee in my heart?

MRS. FRANKFORD

You did.

FRANKFORD

I did indeed, witness my tears I did.
Go bring my infants hither. O Nan, O Nan;
If neither fear of shame, regard of honour,
The blemish of my house, nor my dear love,
Could have withheld thee from so lewd a fact,
Yet for these infants, these young harmless souls,
On whose white brows thy shame is character'd,
And grows in greatness as they wax in years;
Look but on them, and melt away in tears.
Away with them; lest as her spotted body
Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bastardy,
So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits
With her infectious thoughts. Away with them.

MRS. FRANKFORD

In this one life I die ten thousand deaths.

FRANKFORD

Stand up, stand up, I will do nothing rashly.
I will retire awhile into my study,
And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently.

[*Exit.*

(He returns with CRANWELL his friend. She falls on her knees.)

FRANKFORD

My words are register'd in heaven already.
With patience hear me. I'll not martyr thee,
Nor mark thee for a strumpet; but with usage
Of more humility torment thy soul,
And kill thee even with kindness.

CRANWELL

Mr. Frankford.

FRANKFORD

Good Mr. Cranwell.—Woman, hear thy judgment;
Go make thee ready in thy best attire;
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel:
Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
I may remember such a woman was.
Choose thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber;
Take with thee everything which hath thy mark,
And get thee to my manor seven miles off;
Where live; 'tis thine, I freely give it thee:
My tenants by shall furnish thee with wains
To carry all thy stuff within two hours;
No longer will I limit thee my sight.
Choose which of all my servants thou likest best,
And they are thine to attend thee.

MRS. FRANKFORD

A mild sentence.

FRANKFORD

But as thou hopest for heaven, as thou believest
Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee never after this sad day
To see me or to meet me; or to send
By word, or writing, gift, or otherwise,
To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends;
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So farewell, Nan; for we will henceforth be
As we had never seen, ne'er more shall see.

MRS. FRANKFORD

How full my heart is, in mine eyes appears;
What wants in words, I will supply in tears.

FRANKFORD

Come, take your coach, your stuff; all must along;
Servants and all make ready, all be gone.
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one.

.

(MRS. FRANKFORD (*dying*). SIR FRANCIS ACTON (*her brother*). SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD, MR. MALBY, *and other of her husband's friends.*)

FRANKFORD (*entering*)

How do you, woman?

MRS. FRANKFORD

Well, Mr. Frankford, well; but shall be better
I hope within this hour. Will you vouchsafe
(Out of your grace and your humanity)
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?

FRANKFORD

This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
Than now 'tis griped by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold.

MRS. FRANKFORD

Amen, amen.

Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I'm now bound,
I was so impudent to wish you here;
And once more beg your pardon. O! good man,
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, O pardon me: my fault so heinous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees
That kneel I cannot: but on my heart's knees
My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet
To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, O pardon me!

THOMAS HEYWOOD

FRANKFORD

As freely from the low depth of my soul
 As my Redeemer hath for us given his death,
 I pardon thee; I will shed tears for thee;
 Pray with thee:
 And, in mere pity of thy weak estate,
 I'll wish to die with thee.

ALL

So do we all.

FRANKFORD

Even as I hope for pardon at that day,
 When the great Judge of heaven in scarlet sits,
 So be thou pardon'd. Though thy rash offence
 Divorced our bodies, thy repentant tears
 Unite our souls.

CHARLES

Then comfort, mistress Frankford;
 You see your husband hath forgiven your fall;
 Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting soul.

SUSAN

How is it with you?

ACTON

How d'ye feel yourself?

MRS. FRANKFORD

Not of this world.

FRANKFORD

I see you are not, and I weep to see it.
 My wife, the mother to my pretty babes;
 Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
 And with this kiss I wed thee once again:
 Though thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
 And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest;
 Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.

MRS. FRANKFORD

Pardon'd on earth, soul, thou in heaven art free
 Once more. Thy wife dies thus embracing thee.

Pack, Clouds, Away

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day!
 With night we banish sorrow.
 Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft
 To give my love good morrow.
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
 Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
 To give my love good morrow.
 To give my love good morrow,
 Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast!
 Sing, birds, in every furrow,
 And from each bill let music shrill
 Give my fair love good morrow.
 Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
 Sing my fair love good morrow.
 To give my love good morrow,
 Sing, birds, in every furrow.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER

(Beaumont, 1584 – 1616; Fletcher, 1579 – 1625)

FRANCIS BEAUMONT was the third son of Francis Beaumont, a judge of the common pleas, and was born at Grace-Dieu, Leicestershire, in 1584. He was educated at Broadgates Hall (now Pembroke College), Oxford, but did not graduate, and was entered a member of the Inner Temple in 1600. When eighteen years of age he wrote a not very promising Ovidian poem, *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*. He soon

became an intimate friend of Ben Jonson, who may have introduced him to John Fletcher. Fletcher was a son of Dr. Richard Fletcher, who was Dean of Peterborough at the time of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots; who was in turn Bishop of Bristol, Worcester, and London, and who had died in 1596 from the combined ill-effects of a misalliance and an overindulgence in tobacco, whose protomartyr he

may claim to be. John Fletcher was born at Rye, in Sussex, and was educated at Bene't (Corpus) College, Cambridge, where he was bible-clerk. Beaumont and Fletcher first met in 1607 or thereabouts, and soon became the closest of friends; they lived together in a house in Southwark, and are said to have had their clothes and yet more intimate possessions in common. This close companionship lasted for only some six years, when Beaumont married, and probably went to live in the country. In 1616 Beaumont died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Very little is known of Fletcher's life after he lost his partner; he died of the plague in 1625, and was buried at St. Saviour's, Southwark.

Beaumont and Fletcher have been aptly called the great twin brethren of Jacobean drama. In some respects they stand apart from their fellow-dramatists. They were both of gentle birth, and Beaumont at any rate was in easy circumstances and probably shared his affluence with his friend. So close was their partnership that their earliest editor wrote in 1647: "It was once in my thoughts to have printed Mr. Fletcher's works by themselves, because, single and alone, he would make a just volume; but since never parted while they lived, I conceived it not equitable to separate their ashes." It is probably a shock to most readers when they learn that comparatively few of the fifty-odd plays which comprise the enormous *corpus dramaticum* traditionally bearing the name of "Beaumont and Fletcher" are the work of the "Dioscuri of English drama". The truth is that "Beaumont and Fletcher" became a kind

of formula; even so early as 1619 we find Jonson speaking of a play as by "Flesher and Beaumont"; a eulogistic poem addressed to Fletcher makes it quite clear that Jonson knew that Beaumont had no hand in this particular play, *The Faithful Shepherdess*. It is now believed that only about nine of the plays (some of these, however, among the best) are written by Beaumont and Fletcher; two are the work of Beaumont alone; fifteen are the work of Fletcher alone; some eighteen are by Fletcher and Massinger; some four are by Fletcher and some other collaborator; and in five or six neither Beaumont nor Fletcher had any appreciable share. All these figures are to be received with caution, as doctors (designate and otherwise) differ with some violence about the authorship of many of the plays. It is usually thought or repeated that Fletcher contributed the wit and Beaumont the judgment to the plays which they wrote together, and that Beaumont's function was to act as a kind of brake upon Fletcher's runaway genius ("*Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius"). We know much more about Fletcher's work than we do about Beaumont's; but this idea is probably wrong, or at any rate requires very considerable modification. We do know that Beaumont, though a man of higher seriousness (*σπουδαίστερος*) than his partner, had the complementary gift of excelling in burlesque or mock-heroic writing; that fine skit *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* is probably his unaided work. Fletcher's fluent and facile genius excelled in comedy or tragi-comedy rather than tragedy; he had a great

gift for writing lyrics—beautiful songs unequalled by any save those of Shakespeare. Of all the plays *The Maid's Tragedy*, really by Beaumont and Fletcher, is the most famous; *Bonduca* (Fletcher and someone else) is a fine tragedy based on early British history; *Philaster* (mainly Beaumont) is a good tragi-comedy resembling *Cymbeline*; while of the comedies none is better than *The Wild-Goose Chase* (Fletcher alone). It is said of this play that, notwithstanding his innate modesty, the author, when he saw it performed, could not forbear to join in the general applause. Other plays which are of outstanding merit are: *A King and no King* (Beaumont and Fletcher); *Valentinian* (Fletcher alone); Fletcher's supremely beautiful pastoral play *The Faithful Shepherdess*; *The Woman's Prize* (Fletcher), a pleasing sequel to *The Taming of the Shrew*; *Sir John van Olden Barnavelt* (Fletcher and Massinger), acted in August, 1619, and founded on the events of the previous May; *The Beggars' Bush* (Fletcher and Massinger); and *The Elder Brother* (Fletcher and Massinger). But indeed in all the other plays, which are too numerous to mention, a very high standard of competence is maintained. Fletcher wrote a considerable part of *Henry VIII*, and there is little doubt that Shakespeare had a hand or at least a finger in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. It cannot be said that the innumerable problems connected with the authorship of the "Beaumont and Fletcher" plays have been solved or even treated satisfactorily. Massinger was, apparently, Fletcher's chief partner; but Fletcher also collaborated with William Rowley,

Field, Tourneur, Jonson, and Daborne, and Shirley seems to have further complicated the issue by revising several of the fifty-odd plays. In dealing with these matters, several editors appear to rely too much on their inner consciousness. It is hard to separate into its component parts the work of two such close friends and partners—so close that they might have written "Je sommes", as an irreverent Frenchman did in another connexion.

The Beaumont and Fletcher plays are good in passages, and must have been most effective on the stage. Fletcher, in particular, was a master of stage-craft. They never hang fire, and have plenty of incident and plot in them, in that respect comparing most favourably with the work of Jonson and his school. In many cases two stories are combined to form one play, lest the interest should ever flag. There is, however, an incoherence and a fatal fluency about these plays, and what is worse, they betray a defect of moral vision. Shakespeare's comedy was the full round comedy of life; Fletcher's is the thin, flat comedy of intrigue. The characters of Beaumont and Fletcher are fleeting shades, who have not drunk of the blood of life, and therefore lead a shadowy existence. And yet in many ways "Beaumont and Fletcher" stand next to Shakespeare among contemporary dramatists. Jonson and Marlowe are writers of heavier metal; Beaumont and Fletcher are "metal more attractive". In a famous passage Fuller has compared Jonson to a Spanish galleon and Shakespeare to an English man-of-war; Beaumont and Fletcher may be likened to a yacht,

with "Youth on the prow and
Pleasure at the helm".

[Editions by A. H. Bullen, and
by A. Glover and A. R. Waller;
G. C. Macaulay, *Francis Beaumont*,
a critical study; C. M. Gayley, *Francis Beaumont*; O. L. Hatcher,
John Fletcher, a study in dramatic
method; A. H. Thorndike, *The*
Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher
on Shakespeare; E. H. Oliphant,
The Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher.]

Song from "The Maid's Tragedy"

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

From "The Two Noble Kinsmen"

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden-pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Larks'-heels trim.

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense!
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chattering pie,
May on our bride-house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

Invocation to Sleep

From "Valentinian"

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers;—easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

From "The Queen of Corinth"

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan;
Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
Violets plucked the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see;
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.

From "The Nice Valour"

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy;

O sweetest melancholy!
 Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,
 A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
 A tongue chain'd up without a sound!
 Fountain heads and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves!
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly hous'd save bats and owls!
 A midnight bell, a parting groan,
 These are the sounds we feed upon;
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

Philaster; or, Love Lies a-Bleeding

(PHILASTER *tells the Princess ARETHUSA how he first
 found the boy BELLARIO.*)

PHILASTER

I have a boy sent by the gods,
 Not yet seen in the court; hunting the buck,
 I found him sitting by a fountain side,
 Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst;
 And paid the nymph again as much in tears;
 A garland lay him by, made by himself,
 Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
 Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
 Delighted me: but ever when he turn'd
 His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
 As if he meant to make them grow again.
 Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
 Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;
 He told me that his parents gentle died,
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
 Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
 Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
 Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
 Then took he up his garland and did show,
 What every flower, as country people hold,
 Did signify; and how all order'd thus,
 Express'd his grief: and to my thoughts did read
 The prettiest lecture of his country art

That could be wish'd, so that, methought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was as glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master kept: him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

(PHILASTER *prefers* BELLARIO *to the service of*
the Princess ARETHUSA.)

PHILASTER

And thou shalt find her honourable, boy,
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and for my sake,
Apter to give, than thou wilt be to ask, ay, or deserve.

BELLARIO

Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing,
And only yet am something by being yours;
You trusted me unknown; and that which you are apt
To construe a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps might have been craft, the cunning of a boy
Harden'd in lies and theft; yet ventured you
To part my miseries and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

PHILASTER

But, boy, it will prefer thee; thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair yet.
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That place thee in the noblest way of life:
She is a princess I prefer thee to.

BELLARIO

In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty; I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he, but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER

PHILASTER

Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

BELLARIO

Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth;
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn.
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once; what master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected
To break my stubbornness if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

PHILASTER

Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off; thou knowest
It is my business that doth call thee hence,
And when thou art with her thou dwell'st with me:
Think so, and 'tis so; and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will;
Nay, weep not, gentle boy; 'tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.

BELLARIO

I am gone;
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer;
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs.
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be one.

(BELLARIO *describes to the Princess ARETHUSA the manner of
his master PHILASTER'S love for her.*)

ARETHUSA

Sir, you are sad to change your service, is't not so?

BELLARIO

Madam, I have not changed: I wait on you,
To do him service.

ARETHUSA

Thou disclaim'st in me;
Tell me thy name.

BELLARIO

Bellarion.

ARETHUSA

'Thou canst sing and play?

BELLARIO

If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

ARETHUSA

Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?
Hadst thou a curst master when thou went'st to school?
Thou art not capable of any other grief;
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them: believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows, and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves to abide in them.
Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?

BELLARIO

Love, madam? I know not what it is.

ARETHUSA

Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
Thou art deceived, boy. Does he speak of me
As if he wish'd me well?

BELLARIO

If it be love,
To forget all respect of his own friends,
In thinking of your face; if it be love,
To sit cross-arm'd and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily, as men in the streets do fire;

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER

If it be love to weep himself away,
 When he but hears of any lady dead,
 Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;
 If when he goes to rest (which will not be)
 'Twixt every prayer he says to name you once,
 As others drop a bead, be to be in love;
 Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

ARETHUSA

O you are a cunning boy, and taught to lie
 For your lord's credit; but thou know'st a lie
 That bears this sound, is welcomer to me
 Than any truth that says he loves me not.

(PHILASTER is jealous of BELLARIO with the Princess.)

BELLARIO

Health to you, my lord;
 The princess doth commend her love, her life,
 And this unto you.

PHILASTER

O Bellario,
 Now I perceive she loves me, she does show it
 In loving thee, my boy; she has made thee brave.

BELLARIO

My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
 Past my desert, more fit for her attendant,
 Though far unfit for me who do attend.

PHILASTER

Thou art grown courtly, boy. O let all women
 That love black deeds learn to dissemble here.
 Here by this paper she does write to me
 As if her heart were mines of adamant
 To all the world besides, but unto me
 A maiden snow that melted with my looks.
 Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
 For I shall guess her love to me by that.

BELLARIO

Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
 Something allied to her; or had preserved

Her life three times by my fidelity;
As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.

PHILASTER

Why this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?

BELLARIO

Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant, bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded: and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.

PHILASTER

This is much better still.

BELLARIO

Are you ill, my lord?

PHILASTER

Ill? No, Bellario.

BELLARIO

Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,
That I was wont to see.

PHILASTER

Thou art deceived, boy.—And she strokes thy head?

BELLARIO

Yes.

PHILASTER

And she does clap thy cheeks?

BELLARIO

She does, my lord.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER

PHILASTER

And she does kiss thee, boy, ha?

BELLARIO

How, my lord?

PHILASTER

She kisses thee?

BELLARIO

Not so, my lord.

PHILASTER

Come, come, I know she does.

BELLARIO

No, by my life.

Ay now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplex'd when first I went to her;
My heart held augury. You are abused,
Some villain has abused you; I do see
Whereto you tend; fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you; 'tis some subtle train
To bring that noble frame of yours to naught.

PHILASTER

Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift. I hate her more,
Than I love happiness, and placed thee there
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discover'd? is she fallen to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.

BELLARIO

My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.

PHILASTER

O my heart!

This is a salve worse than the main disease.

Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do know thy face.

BELLARIO

Why, so you do.
She is (for aught I know), by all the gods,
As chaste as ice; but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it, thus; the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.

PHILASTER

Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee; I could curse thee now.

BELLARIO

If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me than is your hate.

PHILASTER

Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling! fear'st thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?

BELLARIO

O, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?

PHILASTER

O, but thou dost not know what 'tis to die.

BELLARIO

Yes, I do know, my lord!
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy;
A thing we all pursue; I know besides
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER

PHILASTER

But there are pains, false boy,
For perjured souls; think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

BELLARIO

May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjured, or have ever thought,
Of that you charge me with; if I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me.

PHILASTER

O, what should I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario;
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,
That though I know them false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further; but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth: a love from me to thee
Is firm whate'er thou dost: it troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee: but, good boy,
Let me not see thee more; something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee; if thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

BELLARIO

I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell for evermore;
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace.

BENJAMIN JONSON

(1572 – 1637)

BENJAMIN JONSON, usually during his lifetime and now invariably called "Ben", was born at Westminster in 1572. His father, who, after being a sufferer in the Marian persecution, had become a minister, died before Ben was born, leaving his wife in straitened circumstances. Jonson was educated at Westminster School, owing, it is believed, to the kindness of Camden, who at that time was an assistant-master there. It is a pious article of belief that Jonson continued his studies at St. John's College, Cambridge, but there is no actual proof of this, and if he was in residence at all, it can only have been for a few weeks. His mother had remarried about two years after the birth of her son; her second husband was a master-bricklayer, and Jonson was put to work with him. He did not like this employment, so enlisted in the army and went to the Low Countries, where the English troops were fighting the Spaniards. He killed an enemy in single combat and took *opima spolia* from him. He soon returned to England, and began to work for the Admiral's company both as playwright and actor. Some of his early plays were probably written in collaboration and were regarded by their author as hack-work, and so are not preserved. Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598) mentions Jonson as among the best for tragedy; but his early tragedies are lost. On 22nd September, 1598, Jonson killed a fellow-actor, Gabriel Spencer, in a duel; he was almost

hanged for this breach of the Queen's peace, only escaping by benefit of clergy. He forfeited his goods and chattels, and was branded on his left thumb with the Tyburn T. During his imprisonment he became a Papist, and so continued for twelve years. In 1605 Jonson was again imprisoned; he had collaborated with Chapman and Marston in a play called *Eastward Ho*, which was considered by a sensitive follower of King James I to contain some unpardonable aspersions upon the Scottish nation. The three authors were sent to gaol, Jonson, whose share in the play was a small one, voluntarily surrendering himself. The report was that they were to have their ears and noses cut, but they were released unpunished, the Scottish knight who accused them having perhaps realized that another surgical operation was more urgent. In 1613 Jonson went to France as tutor to Sir Walter Raleigh's elder son. In 1618 he journeyed to Scotland on foot, leaving London probably about June, and starting on his return journey on 25th January, 1619. He spent a fortnight or so in December, 1618, at Hawthornden with the poet William Drummond, who wrote notes of his conversations with Jonson, desultory but priceless, for his own edification and with no idea of publishing them. These notes were first printed in a garbled form in 1711; the first adequate edition, reproducing a transcript made by Sir Robert Sibbald the antiquary, was

produced by David Laing in 1842. In 1619 Jonson was created an M.A. of Oxford; in 1628 he succeeded Middleton as City Chronologer. In spite of an overwhelming tradition to the contrary, firmly embedded in all textbooks, Jonson was never Poet Laureate *de jure*; *de facto* he occupied a position somewhat equivalent to it. During his later years Jonson gathered round him many young men who loved to be called his sons and to be "sealed of the tribe of Benjamin"; he reigned as *dictator perpetuus* over a sort of club which met in the Apollo Room of the Devil Tavern. He was long in ill-health, suffering from dropsy, scrofula, gout, and paralysis. After his death, which took place on 6th August, 1637, he was buried in the north side of the nave of Westminster Abbey, and the inscription "O rare Ben Jonson" was cut on his slab by the order of a casual visitor.

Jonson's earliest extant play may have been *The Case is Altered*, a meritorious but un-Jonsonian comedy. His first great play, *Every Man in his Humour*, appeared at the Globe in 1598. Shakespeare was one of the cast, and there is a strong tradition that the play was accepted owing to his intervention. This play is of the greatest importance in English dramatic history, and is in itself an amusing and spontaneous play, which its author was not able to surpass for some seven years. Its companion piece, *Every Man out of his Humour* (1599), is much less pleasing. There is an undercurrent of bitterness running through it, and its humorous characters are caricatures of impossible persons. It has, how-

ever, several amusing scenes. *Cynthia's Revels*, performed in 1600 by the children of the Queen's Chapel, is an unsuccessful return to Lylyesque allegorical comedy. It is long and well-written, but has lost much of the sparkle which it originally possessed. *The Poetaster* (1601) is a much livelier play. It is a counter-attack upon Dekker and Marston, the latter of whom had already represented Jonson on the stage. It ends with a highly comic scene, based upon Lucian's *Lexiphanes*, in which Marston vomits up all his crudities of diction. Jonson was disappointed with his success as a writer of comedies, and resolved to transfer his attentions to tragedy. *Sejanus* (1603) is the result. It is a carefully written tragedy, which adheres most scrupulously to Tacitus and the other authorities, but it has little action, and fails to give almost everything that is required in a tragedy. A similar verdict may be given upon the other tragedy, *Catiline* (1611), where Jonson had a somewhat better subject, and treated it if anything less adequately. In 1605 Jonson's masterpiece, *Volpone*, was acted both at the Globe and at the two Universities. It is a scathing satire on greed and avarice, based in part upon some incidents in the *Satiricon* of Petronius. It is a well-constructed and marvellously clever play, but its subject is repellent, and it is stretching language to the uttermost to call it a comedy. *Epicoene, or the Silent Woman* (1609) is a masterpiece of farce, and is well-constructed, though, like some of Barrie's plays, it is based upon a trick, and is less effective when seen or read for the second time. It is, perhaps, the

best-tempered of all the plays. *The Alchemist* (1610) is another masterpiece; it is a bitter satire on greed and lust. There is something of the spirit of Plautus in it, but it is *anima Plautina habitans in sicco*—the soul of Plautus dwelling in waterless places. The last of the great plays is *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), a crude and realistic farce, which depicts low life in London with admirable, if sometimes unsavoury, fidelity. *The Devil is an Ass* (1616) marks a distinct decline. In it Jonson harked back to some features of the old morality-play, and though there is an amusing satire upon the “projectors” of the time, the play as a whole is neither well-constructed nor witty. He did not write any more stage-plays until 1625, when *The Staple of News* appeared. It is an unsuccessful attempt to mix allegory and Aristophanic comedy. Swinburne praised it excessively, but it has not many other admirers. *The New Inn*, produced in 1629, was a complete failure, and was not heard to the end. It is a play with a romantic plot more absurd than can be easily imagined. There are passages of fine writing in it, but as a whole it is marred by extravagance and improbability. *The Magnetic Lady* (1632) was intended to complete the cycle of plays dealing with “humours”, but it is a feeble play in comparison with its companion pieces. *A Tale of a Tub* (1633) is the last of Jonson’s plays, though there is some reason to suppose that it is a youthful production of Jonson’s which he refurbished in his old age. It is a good straightforward rustic farce with no pretence to depth, but much less tedious than the plays

of Jonson’s old age. When Jonson died, in 1637, he left two dramatic fragments behind him, one the beautiful pastoral play of *The Sad Shepherd*, of which we have nearly three complete acts, and the other a small fragment of seventy lines of a tragedy on *The Fall of Mortimer*. *The Sad Shepherd*, in spite of occasional lapses of taste and displays of artificiality and *simplesse*, is a marvellous play, and has a rich vein of poetry and fancy in it. It makes us revise some of our opinions about Jonson. The fragment of *Mortimer* does not make us feel any regret that it was not completed.

From 1605 to 1630 Jonson wrote many masques for performance at court. He was the principal masque-writer of his time; if he did not invent the masque, he certainly brought it to perfection; when Inigo Jones, who designed the dresses and scenery, quarrelled with Jonson and insisted on having another librettist, the masque immediately declined. Masques were mainly designed to display the expensive dresses and elaborate dances of the noble lords and ladies who performed in them. They did not give much scope to the librettist, and Jonson’s masques do not rise, except occasionally, above the level of mediocrity as poetry, though as masques they are the best we have. The best of them are: *The Masque of Queens* (1609), *Love Restored* (1611), and *News from the New World Discovered in the Moon* (1621). Jonson also wrote several “entertainments”, which were in some respects akin to masques, but not identical with them, their central feature being a speech of welcome, not a dance.

Jonson wrote a large quantity of verse of various kinds—epigrams, addresses, lyrics, elegies, and epistles; little of it, however, is superlatively good, though much of it is well-expressed and weighty. Jonson had not the lyric touch—his best-known song, *Drink to me only with thine eyes*, being quite exceptional, as well as being based on some passages in the letters of Philostratus. Some of his poems appeared under the title of *Epigrams* and *The Forest* in the folio edition of his works which was published in 1616. Others, under the title *Underwoods*, appeared in the 1640 folio.

Jonson left two incomplete prose works behind him when he died. One was *Timber, or Discoveries made upon Men and Matter*, which was long thought to be a series of somewhat disjointed but original essays, and which was extravagantly eulogized by Swinburne as such. It has now been carefully analysed, and appears to be a sort of commonplace book, probably not intended for publication, in which Jonson noted down passages which appealed to him, sometimes translating or adapting from the classics, and sometimes from contemporary classical scholars. The other work is an *English Grammar*, modelled closely on Lily's *Latin Grammar*, and interesting chiefly as illustrating the self-conscious nature of Jonson's craftsmanship.

Among a cloud of somewhat nebulous contemporaries, the figure of Jonson stands out solid and well-defined. We have a clear picture of him fighting his battles with sword and with pen, giving no quarter and expecting none. We

see him, aged forty-six and weighing almost twenty stone, advancing slowly on Scotland like a tank, and scandalizing the douce laird of Hawthornden. We see him in the Apollo Room, drinking deep, and, like an antique Roman, enforcing to the utmost his *patria potestas* against any of his sons who were recalcitrant. He is perhaps the greatest of all the Elizabethans after Shakespeare, and yet his plays are seldom read and hardly ever acted. His qualities arouse admiration rather than enthusiasm. He was a titanic workman with a strong sense of his own importance and an ever-present idea of the sacred nature of his mission as a poet. He lacked the divine fire, and so was not successful in much of his work, though no one else has so nearly taken the kingdom of poetry by storm. His work is quite devoid of charm, whimsicality, and the capriciousness of the Comic Muse. The saving grace of nonsense rarely comes to his rescue. Yet he is a colossal figure in English letters, and is always wise and weighty in his thought. Above all, he is transparently honest, delightfully uncompromising, and unflinchingly manly in everything that he wrote.

[C. II. Herford and P. Simpson, *The Oxford Jonson*; M. Castelain, *Ben Jonson: l'homme et l'œuvre*; G. Gregory Smith, *Ben Jonson* (English Men of Letters Series); A. C. Swinburne, *A Study of Ben Jonson*; J. A. Symonds, *Ben Jonson* (English Worthies Series); Sir A. W. Ward, *History of English Dramatic Literature*; R. F. Patterson, *Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden*.]



BEN JONSON

From the painting after Gerard Honthorst in the National
Portrait Gallery



From "Every Man in his Humour"

MATTHEW. ED. KNO'WELL. BOBADIL. STEPHEN. DOWN-RIGHT.

Matthew.—Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like Clown of him, where we were to-day, Mr. Well-bred's half Brother? I think the whole Earth cannot shew his Parallel by this Day-light.

Ed. Kno'well.—We were now speaking of him: Captain Bobadil tells me he is fallen foul o' you too.

Matthew.—O, I Sir, he threatned me with the Bastinado.

Bobadil.—I, but I think, I taught you prevention this Morning, for that—You shall kill him beyond question: if you be so generously minded.

Matthew.—Indeed, it is a most excellent Trick!

Bobadil.—O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hay?

[*He practises at a Post.*]

Matthew.—Rare Captain!

Bobadil.—Tut, 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a—*punto*!

Ed. Kno'well.—Captain, did you ever prove your self upon any of our Masters of defence here?

Matthew.—O good Sir! yes I hope he has.

Bobadil.—I will tell you, Sir. Upon my first coming to the City, after my long travail, for knowledg' (in that mistery only) there came three or four of 'em to me, at a Gentlemans House, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my Presence at their Schools; and withal so much importun'd me, that (I protest to you, as I am a Gentleman) I was asham'd of their rude demeanour out of all measure: well, I told 'em that to come to a publick School, they should pardon me, it was opposite (in *diameter*) to my Humour; but, if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a Gentleman, and so forth.

Ed. Kno'well.—So, Sir, then you tryed their skill?

Bobadil.—Alas, soon tryed! you shall hear Sir. Within two or three days after they came; and, by honesty, fair Sir, believe me, I grac'd them exceedingly, shew'd them some two or three tricks of prevention, have purchas'd 'em since a Credit to admiration! they cannot deny this: and yet now they hate me, and why? because I am excellent, and for no other vile Reason on the Earth.

Ed. Kno'well.—This is strange and barbarous! as ever I heard.

Bobadil.—Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures; but note, Sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walkt alone in divers Skirts i' the Town, as *Turn-*

bull, White-chappel, Shore-ditch, which were then my Quarters; and since, upon the *Exchange*, at my Lodging, and at my Ordinary: where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a Street, in the open view of all our Gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this Lenity will not o're-come their Spleen; they will be doing with the Pismier, raising a Hill a Man may spurn abroad with his Foot at pleasure. By my self I could have slain them all, but I delight not in Murder. I am loth to bear any other than this Bastinado for 'em: yet I hold it good polity not to go disarm'd, for though I be skilful, I may be oppress'd with Multitudes.

Ed. Kno'well.—I, believe me, may you Sir: and (in my conceit) our whole Nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bobadil.—Alas no: what's a peculiar Man to a Nation? not seen.

Ed. Kno'well.—O, but your skill, Sir.

Bobadil.—Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, Sir, by the way of private, and under Seal; I am a Gentleman, and live here obscure, and to my self; but, were I known to Her Majesty and the Lords (observe me) I would undertake (upon this poor Head and Life) for the publick benefit of the State, not only to spare the intire Lives of her Subjects in general, but to save the one half; nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding War, and against what Enemy soever. And how would I do it think you?

Ed. Kno'well.—Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bobadil.—Why thus, sir. I would select Nineteen more, to my self throughout the Land; Gentlemen they should be of good Spirit, strong and able Constitution, I would choose them by an instinct, a Character that I have: And I would teach these Nineteen the special Rules, as your *Punto*, your *Reverso*, your *Stoccata*, your *Imbroccata*, your *Passada*, your *Montanto*; till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as my self. This done, say the Enemy were Forty thousand strong, we Twenty would come into the Field the Tenth of *March*, or thereabouts; and we would challenge Twenty of the Enemy; they could not in their Honour refuse us; well we would kill them; challenge Twenty more, kill them; Twenty more, kill them; Twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every Man his Twenty a day, that's Twenty score; Twenty score, that's Two hundred; Two hundred a day, five days a thousand; Forty thousand; Forty times five, Five times forty, Two hundred days kills them all up by Computation. And this will I venture my poor Gentleman-like Carcass to perform (provided there be no Treason practis'd upon us) by fair and discreet Manhood; that is, civilly by the Sword.

Ed. Kno'well.—Why are you so sure of your hand, Captain, at all times?

Bobadil.—Tut, never miss thrust upon my Reputation with you.

Ed. Kno'well.—I would not stand in Down-rights state then, an' you meet him, for the Wealth of any one Street in London.

Bobadil.—Why, Sir, you mistake me! if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my Weapon on him! let this Gentleman do his mind: but I will bastinado him (by the bright Sun) where ever I meet him.

Matthew.—Faith, and I'll have a fling at him at my distance.

Ed. Kno'well.—Gods so; look where he is; yonder he goes.

[Down-right walks over the stage.]

Down-right.—What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging Raskals?

Bobadil.—It's not he? is it?

Ed. Kno'well.—Yes faith, it is he.

Matthew.—I'll be hanged then if that were he.

Ed. Kno'well.—Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he.

Stephen.—Upon my Reputation it was he.

Bobadil.—Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induc'd to believe it was he yet.

Ed. Kno'well.—That I think, Sir. But see, he is come again!

Down-right.—O, Pharaohs foot have I found you? Come, draw to your Tools; draw Gipsie, or I'll thresh you.

Bobadil.—Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me—

Down-right.—Draw your Weapon then.

Bobadil.—Tall Man, I never thought on it till now (body of me) I had a Warrant of the Peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a Water-bearer; this Gentleman saw it, Mr. Matthew.

Down-right.—'Sdeath, you will not draw then?

[He beats him and disarms him, Matthew runs away.]

Bobadil.—Hold, hold, under thy favour forbear.

Down-right.—Prate again, as you like this, you Whoreson foist you. You'll controul the Point, you? Your Consort is gone? had he staid he had shar'd with you, Sir.

Bobadil.—Well Gentlemen, bear Witness, I was bound to the Peace, by this good day.

Ed. Kno'well.—No faith, it's an ill day, Captain, never reckon it other: but, say you were bound to the Peace, the Law allows you to defend yourself: that'll prove but a poor excuse.

Bobadil.—I cannot tell, Sir. I desire good construction in fair sort. I never sustain'd the like disgrace (by Heaven) sure I was struck with a Plannet thence, for I had no power to touch my Weapon.

Ed. Kno'well.—I, like enough, I have heard of many that have been beaten under a Plannet: go, get you to a Surgeon. 'Slid, an' these be your Tricks, your *passadoes*, and your *mountantoes*, I'll none of them. O,

manners! that this Age should bring forth such Creatures! that Nature should be at leisure to make 'em! Come, Couz.

Stephen.—Mass I'll ha' this Cloke.

Ed. Kno'well.—Gods will, 'tis Down-rights.

Stephen.—Nay, it's mine now, another might have tane't up as well as I, I'll wear it, so I will.

Ed. Kno'well.—How an' he see it? he'll challenge it, assure your self.

Stephen.—I, but he shall not ha' it; I'll say I bought it.

Ed. Kno'well.—Take heed you buy it not too dear Couz.

(*Act IV, Sc. 7.*)

From "Volpone" (The Fox)

CELIA

Some Serene blast me, or dire Lightning strike
This my offending Face.

VOLPONE

Why droops my Celia?
Thou hast in place of a base Husband, found
A worthy Lover: use thy Fortune well,
With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold,
What thou art Queen of; not in expectation,
As I feed others: but possess'd and crown'd.
See, here, a Rope of Pearl; and each, more Orient
Than that the brave Ægyptian Queen carrous'd;
Dissolve and drink 'em. See, a Carbuncle,
May put out both the Eyes of our St. Mark;
A Diamond would have brought Laullia Paulina,
When she came inlike Star-light hid with Jewels,
That were the Spoils of Provinces; take these,
And wear, and lose 'em: yet remains an Ear-ring
To purchase them again, and this whole state.
A Gem but worth a private Patrimony,
Is nothing: we will eat such at a Meal.
The Heads of Parrots, Tongues of Nightingales,
The Brains of Peacocks, and of Estriches
Shall be our Food: and, could we get the Phoenix,
(Though Nature lost her kind) she were our Dish.

CELIA

Good Sir, these things might move a Mind affected
With such delights; but I, whose Innocence

Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th' enjoying,
 And which once lost, I have nought to lose beyond it,
 Cannot be taken with these sensual Baits:
 If you have Conscience—

VOLPONE

'Tis the Beggars Vertue,
 If thou hast Wisdom, hear me, Celia.
 Thy Bathes shall be the Juice of July-flowers,
 Spirit of Roses, and of Violets,
 The Milk of Unicorns, and Panthers breath
 Gather'd in Bags, and mixt with Cretan Wines.
 Our drink shall be prepared Gold and Amber;
 Which we will take, until my Roof whirl round
 With the Vertigo: and my Dwarf shall dance,
 My Eunuch sing, my Fool make up the Antick,
 Whilst we, in changed shapes, act Ovids Tales,
 Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,
 Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine:
 So, of the rest, till we have quite run through
 And wearied all the Fables of the Gods.
 Then will I have thee in more modern Forms,
 Attired like some sprightly Dame of France,
 Brave Tuscan Lady, or proud Spanish Beauty;
 Sometimes, unto the Persian Sophies Wife;
 Or the Grand Signiors Mistress; and, for change,
 To one of our most artful Courtizans,
 Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian;
 And I will meet thee in as many shapes:
 Where we may so transfuse our wandring Souls:
 Out at our Lips, and score up sums of Pleasures,

That the curious shall not know
 How to tell them, as they flow;
 And the envious, when they find
 What their number is, be pind.

(*Act III, Sc. 7.*)

Song. To Celia

Drink to me, only, with thine Eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a Kiss but in the Cup,
 And I'll not look for Wine.

BENJAMIN JONSON

The Thirst, that from the Soul doth rise,
 Doth ask a Drink divine:
 But might I of Jove's Nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy Wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee,
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It could not withered be.
 But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me:
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of it self, but thee.

Charis' Triumph

See the Chariot at Hand here of Love
 Wherein my Lady rideth!
 Each that draws, is a Swan, or a Dove
 And well the Car Love guideth.
 As she goes, all Hearts do duty
 Unto her Beauty,
 And enamour'd, do wish, so they might
 But enjoy such a sight;
 That they still were to run by her side,
 Thorough Swords, thorough Seas, whither she would ride

Do but look on her Eyes, they do light
 All that Love's World compriseth!
 Do but look on her Hair, it is bright
 As Love's Star when it riseth!
 Do but mark, her Forehead's smoother
 Than words that soothe her!
 And from her arched Brows, such a Grace
 Sheds it self through the face,
 As alone there triumphs to the life
 All the Gain, all the Good of the Elements strife.

Have you seen but a bright Lily grow,
 Before rude hands have touch'd it?
 Ha' you mark'd but the fall o' the Snow
 Before the Soyl hath smutch'd it?

Ha' you felt the Wooll of Bever?
 Or Swans Down ever?
 Or have smelt o' the Bud o' the Briar?
 Or the Nard in the fire?
 Or have tasted the Bag of the Bee?
 O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

An Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy, a Boy-actor

Weep with me all you that read
 This little Story:
 And know for whom a Tear you shed
 Death's self is sorry.
 'Twas a Child, that so did thrive
 In Grace, and Feature,
 As Heaven and Nature seem'd to strive
 Which own'd the Creature.
 Years he numbred scarce Thirteen
 When Fates turn'd cruel,
 Yet three fill'd Zodiacks had he been
 The Stages Jewel;
 And did act (what now we moan)
 Old Men so duly,
 As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,
 He play'd so truly.
 So, by Error to his Fate
 They all consented;
 But viewing him since (alas, too late)
 They have repented;
 And have sought (to give new birth)
 In Baths to steep him;
 But, being so much too good for Earth,
 Heaven vows to keep him.

Discoveries. De Shakespeare Nostrati

I remember, the Players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his Writing, (whatsoever he penn'd) he never blotted out a Line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent Speech. I had not told Posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that Circumstance to commend their Friend by, wherein he most faulted. And to justifie mine own Candor, (for I lov'd the Man, and do honour his Memory (on this side Idolatry)

as much as any.) He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free Nature: had an excellent Phantsie; brave Notions, and gentle Expressions: wherein he flow'd with that facility, that sometime it was necessary he should be stop'd: Sufflaminandus erat; as Augustus said of Haterius. His Wit was in his own Power; would the Rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter: As when he said in the Person of Cæsar, one speaking to him; *Cæsar thou dost me wrong*. He reply'd; *Cæsar did never wrong, but with just Cause*: and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his Vices with his Vertues. There was ever more in him to be praised, than to be pardoned.

JOHN WEBSTER

(? 1580 – ? 1625)

WE know that John Webster was writing plays between 1602 and 1624, and that he was a member of the Merchant Taylors Company; we know scarcely anything more about him. We do not know when he was born or when he died, where he was educated, or how he earned his living. His life is perhaps more completely in obscurity than that of any important Elizabethan. During his apprenticeship as a dramatist he wrote only in collaboration. He collaborated with Middleton and several others in two plays, *Cæsar's Fall* and *The Two Harpies*, and assisted Dekker, Heywood, and Wentworth Smith to write *Lady Jane*. The former two plays are lost; but *Lady Jane* is usually identified with *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt*, an invertebrate play which bears many traces of the hand of Dekker and none of the hand of Webster. Webster had some share in the second edition of Marston's *Malcontent* (1604), but it is probable that his sole contribution was the introduction, a

work of little merit. The two citizen comedies *Westward Ho* and *Northward Ho* were both written in conjunction with Dekker. The former probably induced Jonson, Chapman, and Marston to write *Eastward Ho* (1605), which in its turn prompted the production of *Northward Ho*. These plays were written in friendly rivalry, not enmity; and Dekker's and Webster's two plays are good and vigorous, though not equal to *Eastward Ho*. There is much evidence to show that Webster was a careful and deliberate workman; collaboration, therefore, did not suit him, and he reserved his strength for his original work. The earlier of his two great tragic masterpieces, *The White Devil* (also known as *Vittoria Corombona*), was printed in 1612, and was probably written in the previous year. The source of its plot has caused some investigators considerable trouble. The play is founded on fact, and the events on which it is based took place between 1581

and 1585. No account of these events has been found which corresponds exactly with the version given by Webster. It is probable that the alterations which he introduced were for the purpose of making the play more effective on the stage, just as Shakespeare altered Cinthio when writing *Othello*. Webster's object was to make a powerful tragedy, not to reconstruct with exactitude what actually happened. He has completely attained his object, and has written a masterly play on the same lines as Kyd's crude revenge-plays and Tourneur's extravagant tragedies. The other masterpiece of Webster, *The Duchess of Malfy*, is, if anything, more masterly. It is based on an old story, which is probably alluded to by Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*, II, v, 45 ("the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe"). This play was probably written about 1613, though not printed until 1623. It is a riper play than its great predecessor, and is probably the greatest non-Shakespearean tragedy of Elizabethan times. In these two plays Webster shows himself to have complete mastery over all forms of pity and terror, and to be able to raise melodrama to the plane of tragedy. Webster's other plays include: *The Guise* and *A Late Murther of the Sonne upon the Mother* (with Ford), both lost; *The Devil's Law-case*, an unequal play in which purple patches are sewn on some veritable fustian; *Appius and Virginia*, a play which is meritorious rather than masterly;

and *A Cure for a Cuckold*, a mixture of rough farce and romantic comedy. He has also been credited or debited with the authorship of *The Thracian Wonder*, a play in which he had no share. The usual elegy on Henry, Prince of Wales, a few occasional poems, and a city-pageant, *Monuments of Honor* (1624), comprise the rest of Webster's extant works.

Webster's fame rests almost entirely on his two masterpieces. In them he has shown himself to be the nearest to Shakespeare among his contemporaries as a writer of tragedies, and, as Domitius Afer said of Virgil, he is "propior primo quam tertio". His plots are not well worked out, and his work is lessened in value by a certain Grand Guignol and *macabre* element; but he was an artist in words, with a marvellous gift of phrase. He had the restraint of a true master, and he saw deeply into the hearts of men. His work shares with that of Shakespeare the quality of inevitableness; the characters of other playwrights *might* have spoken as they do; those of Shakespeare and of Webster *must* so have spoken. Webster is an apt pupil of Shakespeare's; not in the letter which killeth, but in the spirit which giveth life.

[A. C. Swinburne, *The Age of Shakespeare*; R. C. Brooke, *John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama*; E. E. Stoll, *John Webster: the Periods of his Work*. The best edition is that of F. L. Lucas (4 vols., 1927).]

From "The Duchess of Malfy"

(The DUCHESS's marriage with ANTONIO being discovered, her brother FERDINAND shuts her up in a prison, and torments her with various trials of studied cruelty. By his command, BOSOLA, the instrument of his devices, shows her the bodies of her husband and children counterfeited in wax, as dead.)

BOSOLA

He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.

DUCHESS

There is not between heaven and earth one wish
I stay for after this: it wastes me more
Than were't my picture fashion'd out of wax,
Stuck with a magical needle, and then buried
In some foul dunghill; and 'yond's an excellent property
For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.

BOSOLA

What's that?

DUCHESS

If they would bind me to that lifeless trunk,
And let me freeze to death.

BOSOLA

Come, you must live.
Leave this vain sorrow.
Things being at the worst begin to mend.
The bee,
When he hath shot his sting into your hand,
May then play with your eyelid.

DUCHESS

Good comfortable fellow,
Persuade a wretch that's broke upon the wheel
To have all his bones new set; entreat him live

To be executed again. Who must despatch me?
I account this world a tedious theatre,
For I do play a part in't 'gainst my will.

BOSOLA

Come, be of comfort; I will save your life.

DUCHESS

Indeed I have not leisure to attend
So small a business.
I will go pray.—No: I'll go curse.

BOSOLA

O fie!

DUCHESS

I could curse the stars!

BOSOLA

O fearful.

DUCHESS

And those three smiling seasons of the year
Into a Russian winter: nay, the world
To its first chaos.
Plagues (that make lanes through largest families)
Consume them!
Let them like tyrants
Ne'er be remember'd but for the ill they've done!
Let all the zealous prayers of mortified
Churchmen forget them!
Let heaven a little while cease crowning martyrs,
To punish them! go, howl them this; and say, I long to bleed:
It is some mercy, when men kill with speed. [Exit.

(FERDINAND *enters.*)

FERDINAND

Excellent, as I would wish: she's plagued in art.
These presentations are but framed in wax,
By the curious master in that quality
Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them
For true substantial bodies.

JOHN WEBSTER

BOSOLA

Why do you do this?

FERDINAND

To bring her to despair.

BOSOLA

Faith, end here;
And go no further in your cruelty.
Send her a penitential garment to put on
Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her
With beads and prayer-books.

FERDINAND

Damn her; that body of hers,
While that my blood ran pure in't, was more worth
Than that, which thou wouldst comfort, call'd a soul.
I'll send her masques of common courtezans,
Have her meat served up by bawds and ruffians,
And ('cause she'll need be mad) I am resolved
To remove forth the common hospital
All the mad folk, and place them near her lodging:
There let them practise together, sing, and dance,
And act their gambols to the full of the moon.

*(She is kept waking with noises of Madmen: and, at last, is
strangled by common Executioners.)*

DUCHESS. CARIOLA.

DUCHESS

What hideous noise was that?

CARIOLA

'Tis the wild consort
Of madmen, lady; which your tyrant brother
Hath placed about your lodging: this tyranny
I think was never practised till this hour.

DUCHESS

Indeed I thank him; nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason

And silence make me stark mad; sit down,
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.

CARIOLA

O, 'twill increase your melancholy.

DUCHESS

Thou art deceived.
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison?

CARIOLA

Yes: but thou shalt live
To shake this durance off.

DUCHESS

Thou art a fool.
The robin-redbreast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.

CARIOLA

Pray, dry your eyes.
What think you of, madam?

DUCHESS

Of nothing:
When I muse thus, I sleep.

CARIOLA

Like a madman, with your eyes open?

DUCHESS

Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world?

CARIOLA

Yes, out of question.

DUCHESS

O that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead!
From them I should learn somewhat I am sure

JOHN WEBSTER

I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle;
 I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.
 The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
 The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad;
 I am acquainted with sad misery,
 As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar;
 Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
 And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?

CARIOLA

Like to your picture in the gallery:
 A deal of life in show, but none in practice:
 Or rather, like some reverend monument
 Whose ruins are ev'n pitied.

DUCHESS

Very proper:
 And Fortune seems only to have her eyesight,
 To behold my tragedy: how now,
 What noise is that?

(A SERVANT enters.)

SERVANT

I am come to tell you,
 Your brother hath intended you some sport.
 A great physician, when the Pope was sick
 Of a deep melancholy, presented him
 With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
 (Being full of change and sport) forced him to laugh,
 And so the imposthume broke: the selfsame cure
 The duke intends on you.

DUCHESS

Let them come in.

(Here follows a Dance of sundry sorts of Madmen, with music answerable thereto: after which BOSOLA (like an old man) enters.)

DUCHESS

Is he mad too?

BOSOLA

I am come to make thy tomb.

DUCHESS

Ha! my tomb?
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my deathbed,
Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

BOSOLA

Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

DUCHESS

Thou art not mad sure: dost know me?

BOSOLA

Yes.

DUCHESS

Who am I?

BOSOLA

Thou art a box of wormseed; at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What's this flesh? a little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in, more contemptible; since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

DUCHESS

Am not I thy duchess?

BOSOLA

Thou art some great woman sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in grey hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milk-maid's. Thou sleepest worse, than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

DUCHESS

I am Duchess of Malfy still.

BOSOLA

That makes thy sleeps so broken:
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;
But, look'd too near, have neither heat nor light.

DUCHESS

Thou art very plain.

BOSOLA

My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living.
I am a tomb-maker.

DUCHESS

And thou comest to make my tomb?

BOSOLA

Yes.

DUCHESS

Let me be a little merry.
Of what stuff wilt thou make it?

BOSOLA

Nay, resolve me first; of what fashion?

DUCHESS

Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed?
Do we affect fashion in the grave?

BOSOLA

Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks (as if they died of the tooth-ache): they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but, as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the selfsame way they seem to turn their faces.

DUCHESS

Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk, fit for a charnel.

BOSOLA

Now I shall. *[A coffin, cords, and a bell, produced.]*
Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.

DUCHESS

Let me see it.

I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

BOSOLA

This is your last presence-chamber.

CARIOLA

O my sweet lady!

DUCHESS

Peace, it affrights not me.

BOSOLA

I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.

DUCHESS

Even now thou saidst,
Thou wast a tomb-maker.

BOSOLA

'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification. Listen.

Dirge

Hark, now everything is still;
This screech-owl, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturb'd your mind;
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is't fools make such vain keeping.
Sin, their conception; their birth, weeping:
Their life, a general mist of error;
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet:
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day:
End your groan, and come away.

JOHN WEBSTER

CARIOLA

Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers: alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.

DUCHESS

To whom; to our next neighbours? They are mad folks.
Farewell, Cariola.

I pray thee look thou givest my little boy
Some syrup for his cold; and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.—Now what you please;
What death?

BOSOLA

Strangling. Here are your executioners.

DUCHESS

I forgive them.
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough of the lungs,
Would do as much as they do.

BOSOLA

Doth not death fright you?

DUCHESS

Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In the other world?

BOSOLA

Yet methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you;
This cord should terrify you.

DUCHESS

Not a whit.
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smother'd
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know, death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits: and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways; any way: (for heaven's sake)

So I were out of your whispering: tell my brothers,
That I perceive, death (now I'm well awake)
Best gift is, they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault;
I'd not be tedious to you.
Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me.
Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for Mandragora to make me sleep.
Go tell my brothers; when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet. [*They strangle her, kneeling.*]

(FERDINAND *enters.*)

FERDINAND

Is she dead?

BOSOLA

She is what you would have her.
Fix your eye here.

FERDINAND

Constantly.

BOSOLA

Do you not weep?
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out.
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.

FERDINAND

Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.

BOSOLA

I think not so: her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many.

FERDINAND

She and I were twins:
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

(? 1552 - 1618)

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was the son of a Devonshire gentleman, and was born about 1552. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he did not graduate; and at an early age became a soldier, serving in France in the Huguenot army at Jarnac and Moncontour. He accompanied his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on a voyage of discovery in 1578; in 1580 he distinguished himself in the Irish rebellion both by ability and severity. He held the view that leniency to bloody-minded malefactors was cruelty to good and peaceable subjects. In 1581 he was sent to England with dispatches, and at once became the queen's favourite. The act of gallantry to which by tradition he owed his advancement is poetically if not historically true, and casts a valuable light on the characters of Elizabeth and Raleigh alike. His rise was rapid. In 1584 he obtained a charter of colonization and unsuccessfully attempted the settlement of Virginia in one or two following years. In 1584, also, he obtained a large share of the forfeited Irish estates, and introduced there the cultivation of the potato. Through the queen's favour he obtained licences to sell wine and to export woollens, was knighted and made Lord Warden of the Stannaries or tin-mines (1585), vice-admiral of Devon and Cornwall, and captain of the Queen's Guard (1587). When the Armada threatened England in 1588 Raleigh

did useful organizing work, but, to his chagrin, his official duties prevented him from taking a prominent part in the actual fighting. He always held firmly to the principle that attack is the best form of defence, and subsequently fitted out vessels to attack the Spaniards. In 1592 he incurred the queen's displeasure by an intrigue with one of her maids of honour, Elizabeth Throgmorton. He aggravated his offence in the queen's eyes by marrying the lady, and was imprisoned for some months and banished from court. He never regained his former position in the queen's affections. To discover the fabled El Dorado or region of gold he planned an expedition to Guiana, on which he embarked in 1595, and reached the Orinoco, but was obliged to return after having done little more than take formal possession of the country in the name of Elizabeth. In 1596 he held a naval command against Spain under Lord Howard and the Earl of Essex, and assisted at the defeat of the Spanish fleet and the capture of Cadiz. Next year he captured Fayal in the Azores; in 1600 he became Governor of Jersey. James I, on his accession in 1603, had his mind poisoned against Raleigh, whom he deprived of all his offices. Accused of complicity in Lord Cobham's plot in favour of Arabella Stewart, Raleigh was brought to trial at Winchester (the plague was raging in London) in Nov., 1603. After a most unfair



SIR WALTER RALEIGH

From the portrait (artist unknown) in the National Portrait Gallery

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trial, in which Coke, the Attorney-General, disgraced his learned profession by an exhibition of rancour and brutality, Raleigh was found guilty of treason and sentenced to death. He was, however, reprieved and confined to the Tower. Here he remained for twelve years, devoting himself to scientific and literary work. In 1616 he obtained his release by bribing the favourite Villiers, and by offering to open a mine of gold which he believed to exist near the Orinoco. The enterprise proved disastrous. His ships were wrecked by tempests and their crews prostrated by fever. Raleigh himself nearly died, and his beloved elder son was killed fighting the Spaniards at San Tomás. Laurence Kemys, who had led this ill-omened shore expedition, drove a knife into his heart when Raleigh rebuked him for his ill-success. When Raleigh returned to England with a remnant of his forces and no gold, James, who wished to marry the Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles I) to a Spanish princess, determined to propitiate the Spanish court by executing Raleigh on his former sentence. After a trial before a commission of the Privy Council the doom of death was pronounced against him, and he was executed on 29th Oct., 1618. Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it; his death did much to destroy what little remained of James's popularity.

An early biographer says of Raleigh: "Authors are perplexed under what Topick to place him, whether of Statesman, Seaman, Souldier, Chymist, or Chronologer; for in all these he did excel. He could make everything he read or

heard his own, and his own he could easily improve to the greatest Advantage. He seem'd to be born to that only which he went about, so Dexterous was he in all his Undertakings, in Court, in Camp, by Sea, by Land, with Sword, with Pen." His life was so full and adventurous that it is to be wondered at that he found any time for study and literary work. As Dogberry said, "To be a well-favoured man is a gift of fortune; but to read and write comes by nature"; Raleigh must have been a pupil of Nature in his literary gifts. His principal works are: *A Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Isles of Azores* (1591), *The Discovery of the Empyre of Guiana* (1596), and his *History of the World* (1614). The last-named work was undertaken to please Henry, Prince of Wales, and was abandoned soon after the untimely death of the prince. It traces the history of the world from the creation to 130 B.C., when Macedonia became a Roman province. Some six hundred and sixty authors are cited in this work. According to Ben Jonson, "the best wits of England were employed for making of his Historie". Ben himself wrote the chapters on the Punic War; Robert Burhill assisted with the Greek and Hebrew, and John Hoskins revised the book. But the scheme of the book was Raleigh's; it was grandly planned and grandly executed, and at times rises to rare heights of eloquence. It is, of course, not written critically; in those days history was a Muse, not a branch of science. Raleigh's short poems, some thirty in number, are admirable; the fragment which we possess of his long poem *Cynthia, the Lady of the*

Sea does not make us regret the loss of the bulk of this poem.

[W. Stebbing, *Sir Walter Raleigh*; Sir E. Gosse, *Raleigh*; Sir Rennell Rodd, *Sir Walter Raleigh*; E. Edwards, *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*;

M. Waldman, *Sir Walter Raleigh*; Sir Sidney Lee, *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century*; T. Brushfield, *Bibliography of Sir Walter Raleigh*; M. A. S. Hume, *Sir Walter Raleigh*.]

Verses Found in His Bible in the Gate-house at Westminster

Even such is time, that takes in trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us but with earth and dust;
 Who, in the dark and silent grave,
 When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days;
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 My God shall raise me up, I trust!

From the "History of the World"

By this which we have already set down, is seen the beginning and end of the three first Monarchies of the World; whereof the Founders and Erectors thought that they could never have ended. That of Rome which made the fourth, was also at this time almost at the highest. We have left it flourishing in the middle of the Field; having rooted up or cut down, all that kept it from the Eyes and Admiration of the World. But after some continuance, it shall begin to lose the Beauty it had; the storms of Ambition shall beat her great Boughs and Branches one against another; her Leaves shall fall off; her Limbs wither, and a Rabble of Barbarous Nations enter the Field, and cut her down.

Now these great Kings, and Conquering Nations, have been the Subject of those Ancient Histories, which have been preserved, and yet remain among us; and withal of so many Tragical Poets as in the Persons of powerful Princes, and other Mighty Men have complained against Infidelity, Time, Destiny; and most of all against the Variable Success of Worldly things, and Instability of Fortune. To these Undertakings, the greatest Lords of the World have been stirred up, rather by the desire of Fame, which ploweth up the Air, and soweth in the Wind; than by the affection of bearing Rule, which draweth after it so much Vexation, and so many Cares. And that this is true, the good Advice of Cineas to Pyrrhus proves. And certainly, as Fame hath often been dangerous to

the Living, so is it to the Dead of no use at all; because separate from Knowledge. Which were it otherwise, and the extream ill Bargain of buying this lasting Discourse, understood by them which are dissolved; they themselves would then rather have wished, to have stoln out of the World without noise; than to be put in mind, that they have purchased the report of their Actions in the World, by Rapine, Oppression and Cruelty, by giving in Spoil the Innocent and Labouring Soul to the Idle and Insolent, and by having emptied the Cities of the World of their Ancient Inhabitants, and filled them again with so many and so variable sorts of Sorrows.

Since the fall of the Roman Empire, (omitting that of the Germans, which had neither greatness nor continuance) there hath been no State fearful in the East, but that of the Turk; nor in the West any Prince that hath spread his Wings far over his Nest, but the Spaniard; who since the time that Ferdinand expelled the Moors out of Granado, have made many attempts to make themselves Masters of all Europe. And it is true, that by the Treasures of both Indies, and by the many Kingdoms which they possess in Europe, they are at this day the most powerful. But as the Turk is now counterpoised by the Persian, so instead of so many Millions as have been spent by the English, French, and Netherlands in a Defensive War, and in Diversions against them, it is easie to demonstrate, that with the charge of two hundred thousand Pound, continued but for two years or three at the most, they may not only be perswaded to live in Peace, but all their swelling and overflowing Streams may be brought back into their natural Channels and old Banks. These two Nations, I say, are at this day the most eminent and to be regarded; the one seeking to root out the Christian Religion altogether, the other the Truth and Sincere Profession thereof; the one to joyn all Europe to Asia, the other the rest of all Europe to Spain.

For the rest, if we seek a reason of the Succession and continuance of this boundless Ambition in Mortal Men, we may add to that which hath been already said; That the Kings and Princes of the World have always laid before them, the Actions, but not the Ends, of those great Ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the Glory of the one, but they never mind the Misery of the other, till they find the Experience in themselves. They neglect the Advice of God, while they enjoy Life, or hope it; but they follow the Counsel of Death, upon his first approach. It is he that puts into Man all the Wisdom of the World, without speaking a Word; which God with all the Words of his Law, Promises or Threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth Man, is believed; God, which hath made him and loves him is always deferred. I have considered (saith Solomon) all the Works that are under the Sun, and behold, all is vanity and vexation of Spirit: but who believes it, till Death tells it us. It was Death, which opening the

Conscience of Charles the Fifth, made him enjoin his Son Philip to restore Navarre; and King Francis the First of France, to command that Justice should be done upon the Murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone, that can suddenly make Man to know himself. He tells the Proud and Insolent, that they are but Objects, and humbles them at the instant; makes them crie, complain, and repent; Yea, even to hate their forepassed Happiness. He takes the account of the Rich, and proves him a Begger; a naked Begger, which hath interest in nothing, but in the Gravel that fills his Mouth. He holds a Glass before the Eyes of the most Beautiful, and makes them see therein, their Deformity and Rottenness; and they acknowledge it.

O Eloquent, Just and Mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the World hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the World and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far stretched Greatness, all the Pride, Cruelty, and Ambition of Man, and covered it all over with these two narrow Words, *Ilic jacet*.

Lastly, Whereas this Book, by the Title it hath, calls itself, The First Part of the General History of the World, implying a Second, and Third Volume; which I also intended, and have hewn out; besides many other Discouragements, perswading my Silence; it hath pleased God to take that Glorious Prince out of the World, to whom they were directed; whose unspeakable and never enough lamented loss, hath taught me to say with Job, *Versa est in Luctum Cithara mea, Organum meum in vocem flentium*.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

(1585 – 1649)

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN was born on 13th December, 1585. His father, Sir John Drummond, was laird of Hawthornden, and gentleman-usher to King James, being knighted when James succeeded to the English crown. Drummond's mother was Susannah Fowler, sister of William Fowler, who was secretary to Queen Anne, the queen-consort,

and a sonneteer and translator of Petrarch. Drummond was educated at the Edinburgh High School and at Edinburgh University, which had been founded only three years before he was born. He graduated M.A. in 1605. In the following year he went to the Continent to study law, remaining some time in London on his way. He attended law lectures at Bourges and Paris,

but his real interests lay in art and literature. When his father died in 1610 and left him at the age of twenty-five laird of Hawthornden, he abandoned the law, which he had never taken very seriously, and devoted himself to a life of study. Like most poets of the time, he composed a lament upon the death of Prince Henry; it was entitled *Tears on the Death of Moeliades*, and was published in 1613. Drummond became more and more of a recluse. In 1615 a tragedy occurred which overshadowed his life for many years. He fell in love with Mary Cunningham of Barns, and she died on the eve of their wedding. Drummond was prostrated with grief, and remained single for seventeen years. In 1616 he published a collection of poems, many of which were connected with his bereavement. In 1617 he wrote a poem entitled *The River of Forth Feasting*, in order to celebrate James's visit to his northern kingdom. Late in the following year he met Ben Jonson, almost certainly for the first time, and entertained him for a fortnight or so at Hawthornden about Christmas-time. The notes which he took of Jonson's table-talk, traditionally but not very happily known as *Conversations* (*non rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum*), were not intended for publication, and were not in fact published until 1711, and then in a severely "edited" form. A more correct text, edited from a transcript of Drummond's MS. made by the antiquary Sir Robert Sibbald (1641-1722) about 1710, was published by David Laing in 1842, and a fully annotated edition by Dr. R. F. Patterson appeared

in 1923. An ill-advised attack on the authenticity of the *Conversations* was made by Mr. C. L. Stainer in 1925; but Mr. Stainer did not prove any of his allegations, and his case was laughed out of court. In 1620 Drummond had a serious illness, and in 1623 he published a volume of melancholy verse, *Flowers of Zion*, and a beautiful piece of reflective prose, *A Cypress Grove*, which will bear comparison with Sir Thomas Browne. In 1627 a patent for various mechanical devices, mostly military appliances, including a kind of tank and a perpetual-motion machine, was granted to Drummond. In the same year he presented five hundred books to Edinburgh University. In 1632 he married Elizabeth Logan, on account, it is said, of her resemblance to his early love. He had a large family, and in 1638 repaired his house "*ut honesto otio quiesceret*", as the inscription says. He interested himself in genealogy, and was thus led on to study history. As Bishop Sage says (1711), "Our Author had a particular Respect and Fondness for his Name, and this seems to have been one of the Reasons he had for writing his History, which also is pretty evident from his own Dedication of it to John Earl of Perth". In that dedication he apologizes "that I, who the most part of my life have been writing about small things in verse, should adventure to write about so many great and weighty affairs in prose". His *History of the Lives and Reigns of the Five James's, Kings of Scotland, from the Year 1423 to the Year 1542* is well-written but is of small value to students of Scottish history. In the stirring events

before and during the Civil War, Drummond, though an ardent Royalist, took little part. He circulated a tract called *Irene* in 1638, in which he urged upon all parties the need for moderation, and wrote many other political tracts of small literary value. The execution of King Charles is said to have hastened his end, and he died on 4th December, 1649.

Though a thorough-going and patriotic Scot, Drummond wrote his poems in the purest English, and was a pioneer in the use of the southern idiom among the literary circles of Edinburgh. His best work is to be found in his sonnets,

in which he showed himself to be an admirer of Petrarch. Owing doubtless to the secluded life which he led, he was never abreast of the literary fashion of the moment, and was a Die-hard in literature as well as in politics. As his editors of 1711 say of him, "He was . . . a quaint and delicate Poet, and a Master and Judge of all polite Learning. . . . In a Word, we may justly say, he deserves a very Considerable Place among the Best and Learn'dest Men of his Age".

[L. E. Kastner, *The Poetical Works of Drummond of Hawthornden* (S.T.S.); David Masson, *Drummond of Hawthornden*.]

From "A Cypress Grove"

But is this Life so great a Good, that the Loss of it should be so dear unto Man? If it be, the meanest Creatures of Nature thus are happy; for they live no less than he. If it be so great a Felicity, how is it esteemed of Man himself at so small a Rate, that for so poor Gains, nay one disgraceful Word, he will not stand to lose it? What Excellency is there in it, for which he should desire it perpetual, and repine to be at Rest, and return to his old Grandmother Dust? Of what Moment are the Labours and Actions of it, that the Interruption and leaving off of them should be to him so distasteful, and with such grudging Lamentations received?

Is not the Entering into Life, Weakness? the Continuing, Sorrow? In the one, he is exposed to all the Injuries of the Elements, and like a condemned Trespasser (as if it were a Fault to come to the Light) no sooner born than manacled and bound; in the other, he is restlessly, like a Ball, tossed in the Tennis-Court of this World, when he is in the brightest Meridian of his Glory, there needeth nothing to destroy him, but to let him fall his own Height; a Reflex of the Sun, a Blast of Wind, nay the Glance of an Eye, is sufficient to undo him: How can that be any great Matter, which so small Instruments and slender Actions are Masters of?

His Body is but a Mass of discording Humours, composed and elemented by the conspiring Influences of superior Lights, which, tho' agreeing for a Trace of Time, yet can never be made uniform, and kept in a just Proportion. To what Sickness is it subject unto, beyond those

of the other sensible Creatures; no Part of it being which is not particularly infected and afflicted by some one, nay every Part with many; yea so many, that the Masters of that Art can scarce number or name them: So that the Life of divers of the meanest Creatures of Nature hath, with great Reason, by the most Wise, been preferred to the natural Life of Man: And we should rather wonder, how so frail a Matter should so long endure, than how so soon dissolve and decay.

Are the Actions of most Part of Men, much differing from the exercise of the Spider; that pitcheth Toyls, and is Tapist, to prey on the smaller Creatures, and for the weaving of a scornful Web eviscerateth it self many Days, which when with much industry finished, a little Puff of Wind carieth away both the Work and the Worker? Or, are they not like the Plays of Children? Or (to hold them at their highest Rate) as is a May-Game, or, what is more earnest, some Study at Chesse? Every Day we rise and lie down, apparel and disapparel ourselves, weary our Bodies and refresh them, which is a Circle of idle Travels and Labours (like Penelope's Task) unprofitably renewed. Some Time we are in a Chase after a fading Beauty; now we seek to enlarge our Bounds, increase our Treasure, feeding poorly, to purchase what we must leave to those we never saw, or (happily) to a Fool, or a Prodigal Heir. Raised with the Wind of Ambition, we court that idle Name of Honour, not considering how they, who are mounted aloft in the highest Ascendant of Earthly Glory, are but like tortured Ghosts, wandring with golden Fetters in glistening Prisons, having Fear and Danger their unseparable Executioners, in the midst of Multitudes rather guarded than regarded. They whom opaque Imaginations and inward Melancholy, have made weary of the World, though they have withdrawn themselves from the Course of vulgar Affairs, by vain Contemplations, and curious Searches, are more disquieted, and live a Life worse than others; their Wit being too sharp to give them a Taste of their present Infelicity, and to increase their Woes; while they of a more shallow and simple Conceit, have Want of Knowledge and Ignorance of themselves, for a Remedy and Antidote against all the Calamities of Life.

Madrigal

Sweet Rose, whence is this Hue
Which does all Hues excel?
Whence this most fragrant Smell?
And whence this Form and gracing Grace in you?
In flowry Paestum's Fields perhaps you grew,
Or Hybla's Hills you bred,
Or Odoriferous Enna's Plains you fed,

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN

Or Tmolus, or where Boar young Adon slew;
Or hath the Queen of Love you dy'd of new
In that dear Blood, which makes you look so red?
No, none of those, but cause more high you blist;
My Lady's Breast you bore, her Lips you kist.

Flowers of Sion, 5

Of this fair Volume which we World do Name
If we the Sheets and Leaves could turn with care,
Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the Art and Wisdom rare,
Find out his Power which wildest Pow'rs doth tame,
His Providence extending every where,
His Justice which proud Rebels doth not spare,
In every Page, no, Period of the same.
But silly we like foolish Children rest,
Well pleas'd with colour'd Velum, Leaves of Gold,
Fair dangling Ribbands, leaving what is best,
On the great Writer's Sense ne're taking hold;
Or if by Chance we stay our Minds on ought,
It is some Picture on the Margin wrought.

Madrigal

My Thoughts hold mortal Strife,
I do detest my Life,
And with lamenting Cries
Peace to my Soul to bring,
Oft call that Prince, which here doth Monarchize,
But he grim grinning King,
Who Catives scorns, and doth the Blest surprise,
Late having deckt with Beauty's Rose his Tomb,
Disdains to crop a Weed, and will not come.

Sonnet

O Night, clear Night, O dark and gloomy Day!
O wofull Waking! O Soul-pleasing Sleep!
O sweet Conceits which in my Brains did creep!
Yet sowr Conceits which went so soon away.

A Sleep I had more then poor Words can say,
 For clos'd in Arms (me thought) I did thee keep,
 A sorry Wretch plung'd in Misfortunes deep.
 Am I not wak'd? when Light doth Lies bewray.
 O that that Night had never still been black!
 O that that Day had never yet begun!
 And you mine Eyes would yet no Time saw Sun!
 To have your Sun in such a Zodiack:
 Lo, what is good of Life is but a Dream,
 When Sorrow is a never-ebbing Stream.

GEORGE WITHER

(1588 – 1667)

GEORGE WITHER was born at Bentworth, in Hampshire, in 1588. He was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he did not graduate. In 1610 or thereabouts he settled in London to study law, and in 1615 he became a member of Lincoln's Inn. His interests, however, lay in literature rather than in law. He wrote, as so many of his contemporaries did, a lament on the death of Prince Henry; but his lament took the unusual form of a sonnet-sequence. His poem on the marriage of Princess Elizabeth won him some favour at court, which stood him in good stead in some of the difficulties which he experienced later. His first satirical work, *Abuses stript and whipt*, appeared in 1613; although its satire is general and, as satires go, mild, it caused his imprisonment in the Marshalsea for several months. While he was in prison he wrote one of his best and most attractive poems, *The Shepherd's Hunting*, a collection of eclogues. *Fidelia*, a delightfully fresh and

charming poem, appeared in 1617. The best known of Wither's poems, the famous *Shall I, wasting in despair*, appeared in a later edition of *Fidelia*. Wither's second attempt at satire, *Wither's Motto, Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo*, was no more successful than his first attempt, and caused its author's return to the Marshalsea in 1621. A love-poem, entitled *Faire-Virtue, the Mistress of Phil'Arete*, appeared in 1622. At this point Wither's career as a poet virtually ended. He lived for forty-five years longer, and acquired some notoriety as a Puritan, a soldier, and an indefatigable writer of pious or political productions both in prose and verse. It is not necessary to name all or even many of his later and less worthy writings. *Halelujah* (1641), a collection of pious verse, shows some of his old power. His *Hymnes and Songs of the Church* (1623) was ordered by letters patent to be inserted in every copy of the semi-official *Psalm-book in meeter*, but Wither derived no satisfaction

and considerable trouble from this monopoly. Wither stated his case in an interesting enough prose tract, *The Scholar's Purgatory* (1624). *Britain's Remembrancer* (1628) is a long poem in eight cantos of much solemnity but little merit. *A Collection of Emblems* (1635) consisted of poems written to fit engravings, and so of small literary value. In 1639 Wither served as captain of horse against the Scottish covenanters; but in 1642 he raised a troop of horse for the Parliament, and was appointed captain and commander of Farnham Castle. He was captured by the Royalists but released by the intervention of Sir John Denham, who said he wished to make sure, by the preservation of Wither's life, that he would not himself be the worst poet in England. Wither subsequently became a major, but his military career was undistinguished. His writings rapidly increased in number and in worthlessness. He was appointed commissioner for the sale of the king's goods in 1653, and clerk in the statute office of the Court of Chancery in 1655, but he remained dissatisfied with his lot. After the Restoration he was imprisoned for more than a year, and continued his career as poetaster and pamphleteer both in prison

and out of it. His long life came to an end in 1667.

Wither (who was often called Withers) became almost proverbial, especially among cavalier poets, for being what Aristophanes calls "a pourer forth of weak washy twaddle" (κρουνοχυτρολήραιος). His detractors forgot entirely what he himself chose to consider the sins and offences of his youth—his light and graceful pastorals and his pleasing satires. Between his best and his worst work, as between the best and the worst work of Wordsworth, a great gulf is fixed, so that it is hard to recognize the dainty pastoral poet in the pious and prolix platitudinist. To perpetrate a pun which he himself sanctioned, age had the power to wither him. No other poet impresses on us so strongly that

Youth is hot and bold, age is weak
and cold;
Youth is wild and age is tame.

The restoration of the name of Wither to the roll of English poets was mainly due to the loving advocacy of Charles Lamb.

[The Spenser Society's edition of Wither's works; F. Sidgwick, *The Poetry of George Wither*; E. Arber, *An English Garner*.]

The Lover's Resolution

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my silly heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that bears a noble mind,
If not outward helps she find,
Thinks what with them he would do
Who without them dares her woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

WILLIAM BROWNE OF TAVISTOCK

(1591 – ? 1643)

WILLIAM BROWNE, usually called "of Tavistock" for purposes of identification, was born at Tavistock in 1591. He was educated at Tavistock Grammar School and at Exeter College, Oxford, the west-country college. His career in several respects resembles that of Wither, who was his friend. He did not graduate; he entered at Clifford's Inn and migrated to the Inner Temple, and must have served an apprenticeship to the law, probably without enthusiasm. He also began his career as poet by writing an elegy on Prince Henry. The first book of his best work, *Britannia's Pastorals*, appeared in 1613, when he was only twenty-two years of age. The second book appeared in 1616; but the third, which lacks the finishing touches, was not printed until 1852, more than two hundred years after its author's death. In 1614 appeared a small volume entitled *The Shepherd's Pipe*, containing seven eclogues, the number being fixed by the number of reeds in the syrinx or Pan's pipe. Browne was a keen antiquarian, and incorporated in his first eclogue a passage of Occleve (q.v.), whose name and work had fallen into almost complete oblivion. Besides Browne's seven eclogues, this little volume contains eclogues by Christopher Brooke, Wither, and Davies of Hereford. Browne wrote in 1615 *The Inner Temple Masque*, dealing with the story of Ulysses and Circe. It is a beautiful masque, but it is uncertain whether it was

ever performed, and it was not printed until 1772. The second half of Browne's life did not resemble Wither's somewhat turbulent later career, for he led a life of calm placidity; but his literary output seems to have ceased. In 1624 he became tutor to the future Earl of Carnarvon, who was killed at Newbury. He took his M.A. at Oxford in that year. He somehow or other, possibly by means of a judicious marriage, was able to purchase an estate near Dorking. He died in 1643, or possibly in 1645.

Browne was a devoted admirer and follower of Sidney and of Spenser, but especially of Spenser. His *Britannia's Pastorals* is entertaining and pleasing if read in the right spirit. If it is read for the story, the puzzled reader will soon throw it aside in disgust, when he finds himself lost in a maze of unintelligible allegory. The poem should be read for its beautiful descriptive passages, especially the descriptions of country life and scenery. Many of these passages take the form of similes. They will repay constant reading, and the persevering reader, using them as stepping-stones, may manage to wade through the whole poem with considerable pleasure. The famous epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke, *Underneath this sable hearse*, is sometimes attributed to Browne, sometimes to Jonson. The evidence either way is not decisive, and unless more is discovered, the problem of authorship must be

ded as insoluble. Browne has
 been loved by other poets;
 on imitated him, and Keats,
 in some respects resembled
 was an ardent admirer.
 Gordon Goodwin, *The Poetical*

Works of William Browne; Sir
 Edmund Gosse, *The Jacobean Poets*;
 F. W. Moorman, *William Browne*,
his Britannia's Pastorals; Sir A.
 T. Quiller-Couch, *Adventures in*
Criticism.]

Britannia's Pastorals

Book II, Song I

Glide soft, ye silver floods,
 And every spring:
 Within the shady woods
 Let no bird sing!
 Nor from the grove a turtle-dove
 Be seen to couple with her love;
 But silence on each dale and mountain dwell,
 Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy farewell.

But (of great Thetis' train)
 Ye mermaids fair,
 That on the shores do plain
 Your sea-green hair,
 As ye in trammels knit your locks,
 Weep ye; and so enforce the rocks
 In heavy murmurs through the broad shores tell
 How Willy bade his friend and joy farewell.

Cease, cease, ye murd'ring winds,
 To move a wave;
 But if with troubled minds
 You seek his grave;
 Know 'tis as various as yourselves,
 Now in the deep, then on the shelves,
 His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,
 Whilst Willy weeps and bids all joy farewell.

Had he Arion-like
 Been judg'd to drown,
 He on his lute could strike
 So rare a sowne,
 A thousand dolphins would have come
 And jointly strive to bring him home.

WILLIAM BROWNE OF TAVISTOCK

But he on shipboard died, by sickness fell,
Since when his Willy bade all joy farewell.

Great Neptune, hear a swain!
His coffin take,
And with a golden chain
For pity make
It fast unto a rock near land!
Where ev'ry calmy morn I'll stand,
And ere one sheep out of my fold I tell,
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend farewell.

Ah heavy shepherd, whosoe'er thou be,
Quoth fair Marina, I do pity thee:
For who by death is in a true friend cross'd,
'Till he be earth, he half himself hath lost.
More happy deem I thee, lamented swain,
Whose body lies among the scaly train,
Since I shall never think that thou canst die,
Whilst Willy lives, or any poetry:
For well it seems in versing he hath skill,
And though he, aided from the sacred hill,
To thee with him no equal life can give,
Yet by his pen thou may'st for ever live.
With this a beam of sudden brightness flies
Upon her face, so dazzling her clear eyes,
That neither flower nor grass which by her grew
She could discern cloth'd in their perfect hue.
For as a wag, to sport with such as pass,
'Taking the sunbeams in a looking-glass,
Conveys the rays into the eyes of one
Who, blinded, either stumbles at a stone,
Or as he dazzled walks the peopled streets,
Is ready justling every man he meets:
So then Apollo did in glory cast
His bright beams on a rock with gold enchas'd,
And thence the swift reflection of their light
Blinded those eyes, the chiefest stars of night,
When straight a thick-swoll'n cloud (as if it sought
In beauty's mind to have a thankful thought)
Inveil'd the lustre of great Titan's car,
And she beheld from whence she sat, not far,
Cut on a high-brow'd rock, inlaid with gold,
This epitaph, and read it, thus enroll'd:

In depth of waves long hath Alexis slept,
So choicest jewels are the closest kept;
Whose death the land had seen, but it appears
To countervail his loss men wanted tears.
So here he lies, whose dirge each mermaid sings,
For whom the clouds weep rain, the Earth her springs.

(Lines 242-318.)

SIR HENRY WOTTON

(1568 – 1639)

SIR HENRY WOTTON was born at Boughton Hall, Kent, in 1568. He was educated at Winchester and at New College, Oxford, but he subsequently migrated to Queen's College, whence he graduated B.A. in 1588. He then devoted some seven years to foreign travel, and returned in 1595, a scholar and a man of the world in the best sense of the term. He became a kind of secret agent to the Earl of Essex, and when Essex lost the queen's favour, Wotton thought it prudent to leave England and settle in Venice. Though he was not implicated in Essex's plot, he did not return to England until after the death of the queen. While at Venice he wrote his important prose work, *The State of Christendom*, which, however, was not published until 1657. In 1602 Ferdinand the Great, Duke of Tuscany, intercepted certain letters which discovered a design to kill James VI of Scotland, and sent Wotton in the disguise of an Italian to Scotland, with letters and Italian antidotes against poison. He stayed three months in Scotland, and was well received by the king, who in gratitude, when he became

King of England, knighted Wotton and appointed him ambassador to Venice. Wotton held this post for almost twenty years (not consecutive), returning home finally in 1624. He upset and almost ruined his career by an inopportune joke—by defining an ambassador as “an honest man, sent to lie abroad for the good of his country”. This epigram ruined his chance of being appointed secretary to the king after the death of Lord Salisbury. When he finally left Venice in 1624, he was without money or the means of earning it. He published a small and unimportant book on architecture, a paraphrase of Vitruvius. On 26th July, 1624, he was appointed Provost of Eton, and held this post until his death in 1639. The last years of his life were tranquil, and he spent much of his leisure fishing with his friend Izaak Walton. He started several literary projects which he did not carry out—a *History of England*, a *Life of Luther*, and a *Life of Donne*. He wrote letters of much interest to various correspondents. The main collection of his works, *Reliquiae Wottonianae*, preceded by Walton's memoir, appeared posthumously in 1651.

Wotton had the good fortune to write one exquisite and one first-rate poem, and to have his life written by Walton. Walton's tribute was written not only in the spirit of friendship, but in the spirit of brotherly love which one fisherman feels for another. As a man of letters Wotton was something of an amateur, though he was

a man of light and leading in his own generation. But he will always be remembered as the author of *You meaner beauties of the night* and as one of the most eminent English "biographees".

[Isaac Walton, *Lives*; L. P. Smith, *Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton*; Sir A. W. Ward, *Sir Henry Wotton, a Biographical Sketch*.]

On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies;
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents; what's your praise,
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own;
What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
The eclipse and glory of her kind?

The Character of a Happy Life

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the world by care
 Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Nor vice; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than gifts to lend;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And, having nothing, yet hath all.

Upon the Death of Sir Albertus Morton's Wife

He first deceased; she for a little tried
 To live without him, liked it not, and died.

RICHARD CORBET

(1582 – 1635)

RICHARD CORBET was the son of a gardener of Ewell, in Surrey, and was born in 1582. He was educated at Westminster School, Broadgates Hall (Pembroke College), Oxford, and Christ Church. He graduated B.A. in 1602, M.A. in 1605, and

B.D. in 1617. He had a distinguished career as don and churchman, becoming Dean of Christ Church in 1620, Bishop of Oxford in 1624, and Bishop of Norwich in 1632. He was an intimate friend of Ben Jonson, for whom he probably

obtained the honorary degree of M.A. at Oxford, and he was also, as Ben's friends were wont to be, a lover of conviviality and a hater of Puritanism. Corbet did not allow his high spiritual office to interfere unduly with his love of wine and practical joking, and many legends gathered round him. He was in the habit of visiting the wine-cellar with his chaplain, doffing his episcopal vestments, and abandoning himself to enjoyment of the generous liquor. On one occasion, when he was a Doctor of Divinity, he met at Abingdon Cross a ballad-vender who could not sell his wares; so he borrowed the man's leather jerkin and sang

the ballads so lustily that the stock was soon disposed of. His handsome appearance and well-toned voice doubtless helped him in this venture.

Corbet's poems (published 1647) are not great literature, but are most pleasant to read, reflecting as they do his good-humoured personality. *Fairies Farewell* is perhaps the best known of them; but *Iter Boreale* and the *Journey to France* are both excellent poems of their kind. The lines to his three-year-old son are most touching; it is melancholy to have to record that that son was a failure in life, and sponged upon his rich acquaintances.

Fairies Farewell

Farewell, rewards and fairies!
 Good housewives now may say,
 For now foul sluts in dairies
 Do fare as well as they.
 And though they sweep their hearths no less
 Than maids were wont to do,
 Yet who of late, for cleanliness,
 Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbeyes,
 The fairies' lost command!
 They did but change priests' babies,
 But some have changed your land;
 And all your children sprung from thence,
 Are now grown Puritanes;
 Who live as changelings ever since,
 For love of your demains.

At morning and at evening both
 You merry were and glad;
 So little care of sleep or sloth
 These pretty ladies had;

When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily merrily went their tabour
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain;
But since of late, Elizabeth,
And later, James came in,
They never danced on any heath
As when the time hath been.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession;
Their songs were Ave-Maries,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas;
Or farther for religion fled;
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure;
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punished sure;
It was a just and Christian deed
To pinch such black and blue:
Oh, how the Commonwealth doth need
Such justices as you!

JOHN DONNE

(1573 - 1631)

JOHN DONNE was born in 1573. His name was pronounced as if spelt "Dunn", and was humorously latinized as "Johannes Factus". His father was an ironmonger of Welsh extraction, and his mother was a daughter of John Heywood (q.v.) the epigrammatist, and a grand-niece of Sir Thomas More. Donne's mother, therefore, was a Roman Catholic, and Donne was educated in the principles of the old faith. He was entered at Hart Hall, Oxford, at the early age of eleven, probably to avoid subscribing the oath of supremacy. He did not graduate, nor did he take a degree at Cambridge, whither he migrated to complete his studies. In 1592 he was entered at Lincoln's Inn, though he appears to have been a member of Thavies Inn previously. His legal studies were probably interrupted by the composition of much of his poetry, as Ben Jonson affirmed that Donne had "written all his best pieces ere he was 25 years old". In 1596 he served as a volunteer in the expedition to Cadiz, and in the next year he went to the Azores, being accompanied on both occasions by his friend Sir Henry Wotton (q.v.). On the second of these voyages they made friends with Sir Thomas Egerton the younger, who secured Donne's appointment as private secretary to his father, Sir Thomas Egerton the elder (afterwards Lord Ellesmere and Viscount Brackley), who had been appointed Lord Keeper in 1596. A busy and lucrative

career seemed to be opening for Donne, but unfortunately he spoilt his chances by clandestinely marrying Anne More, his master's niece by marriage. For this offence he was dismissed from his post and imprisoned; for many years he and his wife lived in considerable poverty, and he had no very definite means of livelihood. He lived for a time with his wife's cousin, Francis Wooley, and for a time with Sir Robert Drury, whose favour he gained by writing two extravagantly adulatory poems on the death of his only daughter. These were the first of Donne's poems to be printed in his lifetime, nor were many of his writings published until two years after his death, though most of his poems circulated freely in manuscript. His satires and elegies were extremely popular. He assisted Thomas Morton, afterwards Bishop of Durham, to rout the Jesuits in argument, and wrote a curious prose tract named *Biathanatos* in defence of suicide, and another polemical work, by royal command, entitled *Pseudo-Martyr*. In 1615 Donne at last yielded to the king's reiterated wish that he should become a clergyman. He was held back from taking orders not only by scruples about his unworthiness, but by hopes that some lucrative lay position might still be found for him. As soon as he complied with the king's desire, his pecuniary difficulties ceased. In 1616 he became divinity reader at Lincoln's Inn, and in 1621 he was



JOHN DONNE

From the painting by (or after) Isaac Oliver in the National
Portrait Gallery



appointed Dean of St. Paul's. He threw himself with characteristic fervour into his new career, and he was marked down for a bishopric when his fatal illness began its course. His sermons were famous, and we do not possess any more splendid examples of pulpit eloquence. They are no mere drawing out of the staple of verbosity; the magnificence of the language is equalled by the loftiness of the thought.

Donne's writings have suffered somewhat from the gap of over thirty years which lay between the composition and the publication of some of them. Many poems by other hands were fathered on him, and his genuine poems are frequently corrupted. But when all possible allowance is made for textual errors, his style still remains tortured and crabbed, and his metre is frequently unmelodious. His lines on the death of Prince Henry were written, Jonson tells us, to match Sir Edward Herbert in obscureness. Sometimes he can write as clearly and tersely as any of his contemporaries; but often he is laboured and difficult. He was the founder and leader of that school of poetry which Dr. Johnson not very aptly named "metaphysical". The absurdities of this school are quite as great in their own way as those of the Euphuists; *similia dissimilibus comparantur*, and all bounds of common sense are passed in a desperate attempt to be clever at all costs. The peculiarities of this school are particularly displeasing to those who admire the austere self-restraint of the great Greek poets. Donne's influence on English poetry was almost wholly maleficent, though

some of his poems are beyond criticism. His *Satires*, written between 1593 and 1597, are rough and harsh, and follow the tradition of Persius rather than that of Horace. Pope "versified" two of these satires, to make them more in accordance with eighteenth-century taste. His *Songs* are mostly real songs, intended to be set to music and sung. His *Elegies* are more typical of his strange and contradictory genius. *The Progress of the Soul*, *Poema Satyricon* is an incomplete, sombre, and somewhat disgusting poem on metempsychosis. *The Storm* and *The Calm* are among the best of Donne's *Letters*, both being reminiscences of his expeditions in 1596 and 1597. His sacred poems are of great excellence.

Jonson's opinions of Donne are interesting. He considered him the first poet in the world in some things; but thought that "Done, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging", and that "Done himself, for not being understood, would perish". There is much truth in these seemingly contradictory remarks. Donne's poems too often "run like a brewer's cart upon the stones, 'quae per salebras, altaque saxa cadunt'". His thought, however, is often great and not merely quaint, and shines through the obscurity of his style. Professor Saintsbury has said somewhere that every reader of Donne is "either an adept or an outsider born"; it is not possible for a member of the latter class to write so as to satisfy a member of the former.

[Walton's masterly life of Donne is a great but not entirely reliable biography. Walton knew Dr. Donne but not Jack Donne (the

antithesis of persons " is Donne's *Donne*; E. M. Simpson, *A Study*
 n). H. J. C. Grierson, *The of Donne's Prose Works*; G. L.
ems of John Donne; Sir Edmund Keynes, *The Bibliography of John*
 osse, *Life and Letters of John Donne*.]

The Sun Rising

Busy old fool, unruly Sun,
 Why dost thou thus,
 Through windows, and through curtains call on us?
 Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?
 Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide
 Late school boys, and sour prentices,
 Go tell Court-huntsmen, that the King will ride,
 Call country ants to harvest offices;
 Love, all alike, no season knows, nor clime,
 Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams, so reverend, and strong
 Why shouldst thou think?
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
 But that I would not lose her sight so long:
 If her eyes have not blinded thine,
 Look, and to-morrow late, tell me,
 Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine
 Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with me.
 Ask for those Kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
 And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

She is all States, and all Princes, I,
 Nothing else is.
 Princes do but play us; compar'd to this,
 All honour's mimic; All wealth alchemy.
 Thou, sun, art half as happy as we,
 In that the world's contracted thus;
 Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
 To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
 Shine here to us, and thou art every where;
 This bed thy centre is, these walls, thy sphere.

Song

Go, and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me, where all past years are,
Or who cleft the Devil's foot,
Teach me to hear Mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou beest borne to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true, and fair.

If thou findest one, let me know,
Such a Pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet do not, I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet,
Though she were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two, or three.

The Undertaking

I have done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did,
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now t' impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he which can have learn'd the art
To cut it, can find none.

JOIN DONNE

So, if I now should utter this,
Others (because no more
Such stuff to work upon, there is,)
Would love but as before.

But he who loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loathes,
For he who colour loves, and skin,
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
Vertue attir'd in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the He and She;

And if this love, though placed so,
From profane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
Or, if they do, deride:

Then you have done a braver thing
Than all the Worthies did;
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

The Canonization

For Godsake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palsy, or my gout,
My five grey hairs, or ruin'd fortune flout,
With wealth your state, your mind with Arts improve,
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his honour, or his grace,
Or the King's real, or his stamped face
Contemplate, what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love?
What merchants' ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who says my tears have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats which my veins fill
Add one more to the plaguy Bill?

JOHN DONNE

Soldiers find wars, and Lawyers find out still
Litigious men, which quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another fly,
We are Tapers too, and at our own cost die,
And we in us find th' Eagle and the Dove.
The Phœnix riddle hath more wit
By us, we two being one, are it.
So to one neutral thing both sexes fit,
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tombs and hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
And if no piece of Chronicle we prove,
We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs,
And by these hymns, all shall approve
Us canonized for Love:

And thus invoke us; You whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage;
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove
Into the glasses of your eyes
(So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize,)
Countries, Towns, Courts: Beg from above
A pattern of your love!

Song

Sweetest love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter Love for me;
But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best,
To use myself in jest
Thus by feign'd deaths to die;

JOHN DONNE

Yesternight the Sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day,
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall!
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
But sigh'st my soul away,
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
Thou art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil;
But think that we
Are but turn'd aside to sleep;
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

From the "Sermons"

ALL MUST DIE

not man die even in his birth? The breaking of prison is death, it is our birth, but a breaking of prison? As soon as we were by God, our very apparel was an Emblem of death. In the dead beasts, he covered the skins of dying men. As soon as us on work, our very occupation was an Emblem of death; It

was to dig the earth; not to dig pitfalls for other men, but graves for ourselves. Hath any man here forgot to-day, that yesterday is dead? And the Bell tolls for to-day, and will ring out anon; and for as much of every one of us, as appertains to this day. *Quotidie morimur, et tamen nos esse aeternos putamus*, says *S. Hierome*; We die every day, and we die all the day long; and because we are not absolutely dead, we call that an eternity, an eternity of dying: And is there comfort in that state? why, that is the state of hell itself, Eternal dying, and not dead.

But for this there is enough said, by the Moral man; (that we may respite divine proofs, for divine points anon, for our several Resurrections) for this death is merely natural, and it is enough that the moral man says, *Mors lex, tributum, officium mortalium*. First it is *lex*, you were born under that law, upon that condition to die: so it is a rebellious thing not to be content to die, it opposes the Law. Then it is *Tributum*, an imposition which nature the Queen of this world lays upon us, and which she will take, when and where she list; here a young man, there an old man, here a happy, there a miserable man; And so it is a seditious thing not to be content to die, it opposes the prerogative. And lastly, it is *Officium*, men are to have their turns, to take their time, and then to give way by death to successors; and so it is *Incivile, inofficiosum*, not to be content to die, it opposes the frame and form of government. It comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an Oak in the Chimney, are no Epitaph of that Oak, to tell me how high or how large that was; It tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless too, it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing: As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldest not, as of a Prince whom thou couldest not look upon, will trouble thine eyes, if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the Churchyard into the Church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the Church into the Churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce, 'This is the Patrician, this is the noble flour, and this the yeomanly, this the Plebeian bran.

Donne's Last Sermon

In all our periods and transitions in this life, are so many passages from death to death; our very birth and entrance into this life, is *exitus a morte*, an issue from death, for in our mother's womb we are dead so, as that we do not know we live, not as much as we do in our sleep, neither is there any grave so close, or so putrid a prison, as the womb would be unto us, if we stayed in it beyond our time, or died there before our time. In the grave the worms do not kill us, we breed and feed, and then kill those worms, which we ourselves produced. In the womb the dead child

kills the Mother that conceived it, and is a murderer, nay a parricide, even after it is dead. And if we be not dead so in the womb, so as that being dead we kill her that gave us our first life, our life of vegetation, yet we are dead so, as David's Idols are dead. In the womb we have eyes and see not, ears and hear not; There in the womb we are fitted for works of darkness, all the while deprived of light: And there in the womb we are taught cruelty, by being fed with blood, and may be damned, though we be never born.

We have a winding sheet in our Mother's womb, which grows with us from our conception, and we come into the world, wound up in that winding sheet, for we come to seek a grave; And as prisoners discharg'd of actions may lie for fees; so when the womb hath discharg'd us, yet we are bound to it by cords of flesh by such a string, as that we cannot go thence, nor stay there; we celebrate our own funerals with cries, even at our birth; as though our threescore and ten years' life were spent in our mothers' labour, and our circle made up in the first point thereof; we beg our Baptism, with another Sacrament, with tears; And we come into a world that lasts many ages, but we last not.

This whole world is but an universal churchyard, but our common grave, and the life and motion that the greatest persons have in it, is but as the shaking of buried bodies in their grave, by an earthquake. That which we call life, is but *Hebdomada mortium*, a week of death, seven days, seven periods of our life spent in dying, a dying seven times over, and there is an end. Our birth dies in infancy, and our infancy dies in youth, and youth and the rest die in age, and age also dies, and determines all. Nor do all these, youth out of infancy, or age out of youth arise so, as a Phoenix out of the ashes of another Phoenix formerly dead, but as a wasp or a serpent out of carrion, or as a Snake out of dung. Our youth is worse than our infancy, and our age worse than our youth. Our youth is hungry and thirsty, after those sins, which our infancy knew not; And our age is sorry and angry, that it cannot pursue those sins which our youth did; and besides, all the way, so many deaths, that is, so many deadly calamities accompany every condition, and every period of this life, as that death itself would be an ease to them that suffer them: Upon this sense doth Job wish that God had not given him an issue from the first death, from the womb, Wherefore hast thou brought me forth out of the womb? O that I had given up the Ghost, and no eye seen me! I should have been as though I had not been.

But for us that die now and sleep in the state of the dead, we must all pass this posthume death, this death after death, nay this death after burial, this dissolution after dissolution, this death of corruption and putrefaction, of vermiculation and incineration, of dissolution and dispersion in and from the grave, when these bodies that have been the children of royal parents, and the parents of royal children, must say

with Job, Corruption thou art my father, and to the Worm thou art my mother and my sister. Miserable riddle, when the same worm must be my mother, and my sister, and my self. Miserable incest, when I must be married to my mother and my sister, beget and bear that worm which is all that miserable penury; when my mouth shall be filled with dust, and the worm shall feed, and feed sweetly upon me, when the ambitious man shall have no satisfaction, if the poorest alive tread upon him, nor the poorest receive any contentment in being made equal to Princes, for they shall be equal but in dust. One dieth at his full strength, being wholly at ease, and in quiet, and another dies in the bitterness of his soul, and never eats with pleasure, but they lie down alike in the dust, and the worm covers them; In Job and in Esay, it covers them and is spread under them, the worm is spread under thee, and the worm covers thee, There's the Mats and the Carpets that lie under, and there's the State and the Canopy, that hangs over the greatest of the sons of men; Even those bodies that were the temples of the holy Ghost, come to this dilapidation, to ruin, to rubbish, to dust, even the Israel of the Lord, and Jacob himself hath no other specification, no other denomination, but that, *vermis Jacob*, Thou worm of Jacob. Truly the consideration of this posthume death, this death after burial, that after God, (with whom are the issues of death) hath delivered me from the death of the womb, by bringing me into the world, and from the manifold deaths of the world, by laying me in the grave, I must die again in an Incineration of this flesh, and in a dispersion of that dust. That all that Monarch, who spread over many nations alive, must in his dust lie in a corner of that sheet of lead, and there, but so long as that lead will last, and that private and retired man, that thought himself his own for ever, and never came forth, must in his dust of the grave be published and, (such are the revolutions of the graves) be mingled with the dust of every highway, and of every dunghill, and swallowed in every puddle and pond; This is the most inglorious and contemptible vilification, the most deadly and peremptory nullification of man, that we can consider.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY

(1581 – 1613)

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY was born at Compton-Scorpion, Warwickshire, in 1581. His father was Sir Nicholas Overbury, afterwards a judge in Wales and Recorder of Gloucester. He was educated at

Queen's College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1598, and was a member of the Middle Temple. In 1601 he met Robert Carr, then page to the Earl of Dunbar and afterwards King James's favourite,

and struck up a firm friendship with him. When Carr broke his arm at a tournament and rose to prominence, Overbury advised him in all his affairs, so that the queen nicknamed him Carr's "governor" or tutor. Overbury was knighted in 1608. In 1611 or thereabouts Carr fell in love with Frances Howard, who had married the third Earl of Essex in 1606. Lady Essex sought to annul her marriage in order that she might marry Carr, and Overbury used all his influence to oppose the match, though he had not objected to the open adultery of the pair. The countess contrived to get Overbury imprisoned in the Tower, and, not satisfied with that, got poison served with his food. The poison was so unskillfully administered that it caused only excruciating agony, not death. After being imprisoned three months and seventeen days, Overbury was fatally poisoned by a clyster of corrosive sublimate on 14th September, 1613. Ten days later the Countess of Essex's marriage was annulled, and on the following Boxing Day she was married to Carr, now Earl of Somerset. She was not accused of the murder of

Overbury until 1615; she pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to death, but received a pardon. Her less guilty husband was imprisoned for six years, and four of her humbler accomplices were hanged.

Nothing in Overbury's life was so important as his manner of leaving it; there is no doubt that his sensational death gave an adventitious fame to his writings, which were all posthumously published. His poem *The Wife* is a smooth but undistinguished didactic poem in six-line stanzas. The *Characters*, which were first printed in the second edition of this poem, are well written, but only in part the work of Overbury. Twenty-one appeared in this edition, and even of them some were written by "other learned Gentlemen his friends". In later editions the number rose to a hundred, of which but few can have been Overbury's. Overbury was neither a good man nor a great writer, but he acquired a reputation as saint and poet on account of his miserable end.

[A. Amos, *The Great Oyer of Poisoning*; E. A. Parry, *The Overbury Mystery*.]

From "Characters"

A FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID

A fair and happy milkmaid is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is herself) is far better than outsides of tissue: for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocency, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoil both her complexion and conditions.

Nature hath taught her too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul. She rises therefore with chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glove or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity: and when winter evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel) she sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, seeing her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair; and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and chirurgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none: yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition: that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

A MERE SCHOLAR

A mere scholar is an intelligible ass, or a silly fellow in black, that speaks sentences more familiarly than sense. The antiquity of his university is his creed, and the excellency of his college (though but for a match at football) an article of his faith. He speaks Latin better than his mother-tongue; and is a stranger in no part of the world but his own country. He does usually tell great stories of himself to small purpose, for they are commonly ridiculous, be they true or false. His ambition is, that he either is or shall be a graduate: but if ever he get a fellowship, he has then no fellow. In spite of all logic he dare swear and maintain it, that a cuckold and a townsman are *termini convertibiles*, though his mother's husband be an alderman. He was never begotten (as it seems) without much wrangling; for his whole life is spent in *pro* and *contra*. His tongue goes always before his wit, like gentleman-usher, but somewhat faster. That he is a complete gallant in all points, *cap à pie*, witness his horsemanship and the wearing of his weapons. He is commonly longwinded, able to speak more with ease, than any man can endure to hear with patience. University jests are his universal

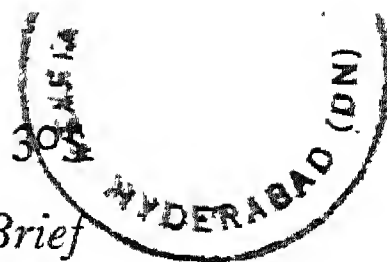
discourse, and his news the demeanour of the proctors. His phrase, the apparel of his mind, is made of divers shreds like a cushion, and when it goes plainest, it hath a rash outside, and fustian linings. The current of his speech is closed with an *ergo*; and whatever be the question, the truth is on his side. 'Tis a wrong to his reputation to be ignorant of any thing; and yet he knows not that he knows nothing. He gives directions for husbandry from Virgil's *Georgics*; for cattle from his *Bucolics*; for war-like stratagems from his *Aeneid*, or Cæsar's *Commentaries*. He orders all things by the book, is skilful in all trades, and thrives in none. He is led more by his ears than his understanding, taking the sound of words for their true sense: and does therefore confidently believe, that Erra Pater was the father of heretics; Rodulphus Agricola a substantial farmer; and will not stick to aver that Systema's *Logic* doth excel Keckerman's. His ill luck is not so much in being a fool, as in being put to such pains to express it to the world: for what in others is natural, in him (with much-a-do) is artificial. His poverty is his happiness, for it makes some men believe, that he is none of fortune's favourites. That learning which he hath, was in his nonage put in backward like a clyster, and 'tis now like ware mislaid in a pedlar's pack; 'a has it, but knows not where it is. In a word, he is the index of a man, and the title-page of a scholar; or a puritan in morality: much in profession, nothing in practice.

OWEN FELLTHAM

(? 1602 – 1668)

OWEN FELLTHAM was the son of Thomas Felltham of Mutford, in Suffolk, and was born about 1602. Very few details of his life are known. It has been stated that he was at Cambridge, for the not very conclusive reason that he is not mentioned by Wood, the Oxford antiquary. At the extremely early age of eighteen he published the first version of *Resolves*, the book by which he is remembered, if he can be said to be remembered at all. The first version consisted of a hundred reflective and moralizing short essays. He appears to have held some domestic office, as either chaplain or secretary, in the house-

hold of the Earl of Thomond at Great Billing, Northamptonshire. A second edition of *Resolves* appeared in 1628, and contained "A Seconde Centurie" of essays. The book proved to be extremely popular, and ran into eight editions in its author's lifetime. The fourth edition reversed the order of the two "centuries", and in the eighth edition the earlier century was carefully revised and fifteen essays were omitted. The book contains much respectable but commonplace middle-class moralizing; it appealed strongly to those who, like Felltham himself, enjoyed reflection without being adepts at it.



The essays, however, contain plenty of excellent good sense, and their style, though conceited, is not unattractive. Felltham's other works consist of some well-wrought verses, including a reply to Jonson's *Come, leave the loathed stage*, which is at once a good parody and an admirable criticism; a shrewd descrip-

tion of Holland entitled *A Brief Character of the Low Countries under the States*; and some pleasant enough Letters. Felltham was an uncompromising Royalist, and went so far as to refer to King Charles I in one of his poems as "Christ the Second".

From "Resolves"

OF PRIDE AND CHOLER

The Proud man and the Cholerick seldom arrive at any height of virtue. Pride is the choler of the mind; and choler is the pride of the body. They are sometimes born to good parts of Nature, but they rarely are known to add by industry. 'Tis the mild and suffering disposition, that oftenest doth attain to Eminency. Temper, and Humility are advantageous Virtues, for business, and to rise by. Pride and Choler make such a noise, that they awake dangers; which the other with a soft tread steal by undiscovered. They swell a man so much, that he is too big to pass the narrow way. Temper and Humility are like the Fox, when he went into the Garner; he could creep in at a little hole, and arrive at plenty. Pride and Choler are like the Fox offering to go out, when his belly was full; which enlarging him bigger than the passage made him stay, and be taken with shame. They, that would come to preferment by Pride, are like them that ascend a pair of Stairs on Horseback; 'tis ten to one, but both their Beasts will cast them, ere they come to tread their Chamber. The minds of proud men have not that clearness of discerning, which should make them judge aright of themselves, and others. 'Tis an uncharitable vice, which teaches men how to neglect and contemn. So depressing others, it seeketh to raise it self: and by this depression angers them, that they bandy against it, till it meets with the loss. One thing it hath more than any vice that I know: It is an enemy to it self. The proud man cannot endure to see pride in another. Diogenes trampled Plato: though indeed 'tis rare to find it in men so qualified. The main thing that should mend these two, they want; and that is, the Reprehension of a friend. Pride scorns a Corrector, and thinks it a disparagement to learn: and Choler admits no counsel that crosses him; crossing angers him, and anger blinds him. So if ever they hear any fault, it must either be from an Enemy in disdain, or from a Friend, that must resolve to lose them by 't. M. Drusus, the Tribune of the People, cast the Consul, L. Philippus, into Prison, because he did but interrupt him in speech. Other Dispositions may have the

benefits of a friendly Monitor; but these by their vices do seem to give a defiance to Counsel. Since, when men once know them, they will rather be silent, and let them rest in their folly, than, by admonishing them, run into a certain Brawl. There is another thing shows them to be both base. They are both most awed by the most abject passion of the mind, Fear. We dare neither be proud to one that can punish us; nor cholerick to one much above us. But when we have to deal with such, we clad ourselves in their contraries: as knowing they are habits of more safety, and better liking. Every man flies from the burning house: and one of these hath a fire in his heart, and the other discovers it in his face. In my opinion, there be no vices that encroach so much on Man as these: They take away his Reason, and turn him into a storm; and then Virtue herself cannot board him, without danger of defamation. I would not live like a Beast, pusht at by all the world for loftiness; nor yet like a Wasp, stinging upon every touch. And this moreover shall add to my misliking them, that I hold them things accursed, for sowing of strife among Brethren.

THOMAS MIDDLETON

(? 1570 – 1627)

THOMAS MIDDLETON was the son of William Middleton, gentleman, and was born in London about 1570. Very little is known about his life. It is uncertain whether he was at either University; it is probable that he was entered at Gray's Inn in 1593. He was City Chronologer from 1620 until his death, when he was succeeded by Ben Jonson, who in 1618 had mentioned him to Drummond of Hawthornden as "a base fellow". Unlike Jonson, Middleton discharged his duties faithfully. This is almost all that is known about him. He frequently collaborated with other dramatists, especially with Rowley and Dekker. His earliest printed play was *Blurt, Master-Constable* (1602), a light comedy. Two interesting prose tracts, *Father Hubbard's Tale* and

The Black Book, appeared in 1604. Amongst Middleton's plays may be mentioned the following: *The Phoenix*; *Michaelmas Term* (1607); *A Trick to catch the Old One* (1607); *The Family of Love*, a weak satire on the Puritans (1608); *Your Five Gallants*; *A Mad World, my Masters* (1608); *The Roaring Girl* (written with Dekker, 1611); *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* (1613); *The Witch*; *The Mayor of Quinborough*; *The Changeling*; *The Spanish Gypsy*; and *A Game at Chesse* (1624). His excellent and well-wrought masque, *The World tost at Tennis*, appeared in 1620. It is unlikely that Middleton wrote a highly incompetent paraphrase of *The Wisdom of Solomon*, which appeared in 1597. *Micro-cynicon*, *Six Snarling Satires* (1599) may be

his work. Middleton wrote with much fluency, and his plays were written under the uncomfortable necessity of having to get them finished by a fixed date. Yet much of his work is memorable and some supremely good. *The Changeling* (written with Rowley) is perhaps his masterpiece, and in one scene (the conversation between De Flores and Beatrice after the murder of Alonzo) he surpasses Webster and Tourneur, and is momentarily on a level with Shakespeare. *The Witch* is interesting on account of its resemblances to *Macbeth*, which was written earlier; some of the songs from Middleton's play were afterwards interpolated into *Macbeth* by the players. *A Game at Chesse* is an altogether excellent play, and is perhaps the most Aristophanic comedy in English. Under the thin disguise of pieces and pawns, the characters of the play were those English and Spanish personages who were involved in the matter of the Spanish marriage. The Spanish ambassador, whose predecessor Gondomar was satirized

as the Black Knight, got a stop put to this play after a run of nine days. The play was an instant success, and in spite of its short run it brought in £1500, an immense sum for those days. Middleton was fined and perhaps also imprisoned. In this play, which is a criticism not of city manners and customs, but of diplomacy and international politics, Middleton reached a height to which he never before attained in comedy. He died in his house at Newington Butts, and was buried on 4th July, 1627. Middleton had a great poetic and dramatic genius which was somewhat hampered by the necessity of his earning his bread. If the portrait which we possess of his serious and earnest face is a good one, he was one of the most attractive-looking of Elizabethan dramatists.

[A. C. Swinburne, *The Age of Shakespeare*; Pauline G. Wiggin, *An Enquiry into the Authorship of the Middleton-Rowley Plays*; Sir A. W. Ward, *History of English Dramatic Literature*.]

From "The Changeling"

(Enter DE FLORES.)

DE FLORES

My thoughts are at a banquet; for the deed,
I feel no weight in 't; 'tis but light and cheap
For the sweet recompense that I set down for 't. [Aside.]

BEATRICE

De Flores!

DE FLORES

Lady?

THOMAS MIDDLETON

BEATRICE

Thy looks promise cheerfully.

DE FLORES

All things are answerable, time, circumstance,
Your wishes, and my service.

BEATRICE

Is it done, then?

DE FLORES

Piracquo is no more.

BEATRICE

My joys start at mine eyes; our sweet'st delights
Are evermore born weeping.

DE FLORES

I've a token for you.

BEATRICE

For me?

DE FLORES

But it was sent somewhat unwillingly;
I could not get the ring without the finger.

[Producing the ring]

BEATRICE

Bless me, what hast thou done?

DE FLORES

Why, is that more
Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart-strings;
A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court,
In a mistake hath had as much as this.

BEATRICE

'Tis the first token my father made me send him.

DE FLORES

And I have made him send it back again
For his last token; I was loath to leave it,

And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels;
He was as loath to part with 't, for it stuck
As if the flesh and it were both one substance.

BEATRICE

At the stag's fall, the keeper has his fees;
'Tis soon applied, all dead men's fees are yours, sir;
I pray, bury the finger, but the stone
You may make use on shortly; the true value,
Take 't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats.

DE FLORES

'Twill hardly buy a capcase for one's conscience though,
To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis:
Well, being my fees, I'll take it;
Great men have taught me that, or else my merit
Would scorn the way on 't.

BEATRICE

It might justly, sir;
Why, thou mistak'st, De Flores, 'tis not given
In state of recompense.

DE FLORES

No, I hope so, lady;
You should soon witness my contempt to 't then.

BEATRICE

Prithee—thou look'st as if thou wert offended.

DE FLORES

That were strange, lady; 'tis not possible
My service should draw such a cause from you:
Offended! could you think so? that were much
For one of my performance, and so warm
Yet in my service.

BEATRICE

'Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir.

DE FLORES

I know so much, it were so; misery
In her most sharp condition.

THOMAS MIDDLETON

BEATRICE

"Tis resolved then;
Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florins;
I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.

DE FLORES

What! salary? now you move me.

BEATRICE

How, De Flores?

DE FLORES

Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows,
To destroy things for wages? offer gold
For the life-blood of man? is any thing
Valued too precious for my recompense?

BEATRICE

I understand thee not.

DE FLORES

I could ha' hir'd
A journeyman in murder at this rate,
And mine own conscience might have slept at ease,
And have had the work brought home.

BEATRICE

I'm in a labyrinth;
What will content him? I'd fain be rid of him. [Aside.
I'll double the sum, sir.

DE FLORES

You take a course
To double my vexation, that's the good you do.

BEATRICE

Bless me, I'm now in worse plight than I was;
I know not what will please him. (*Aside*)—For my fear's sake,
I prithee, make away with all speed possible;
And if thou be'st so modest not to name
The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not,

Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee;
But, prithee, take thy flight.

DE FLORES

You must fly too then.

BEATRICE

I?

DE FLORES

I'll not stir a foot else.

BEATRICE

What's your meaning?

DE FLORES

Why, are not you as guilty? in, I'm sure,
As deep as I; and we should stick together:
Come, your fears counsel you but ill; my absence
Would draw suspect upon you instantly,
There were no rescue for you.

BEATRICE

He speaks home!

[Aside.]

DE FLORES

Nor is it fit we two, engag'd so jointly,
Should part and live asunder.

BEATRICE

How now, sir?
This shows not well.

DE FLORES

What makes your lip so strange?
This must not be betwixt us.

BEATRICE

The man talks wildly!

DE FLORES

Come, kiss me with a zeal now.

2
THOMAS MIDDLETON

BEATRICE

Heaven, I doubt him!

[*Aside.*

DE FLORES

I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly.

BEATRICE

Take heed, De Flores, of forgetfulness,
"I will soon betray us.

DE FLORES

Take you heed first;
Faith, you're grown much forgetful, you're to blame in 't.

BEATRICE

He's bold, and I am blam'd for 't.

[*Aside.*

DE FLORES

I have eas'd you
Of your trouble, think on it; I am in pain,
And must be eas'd of you; 'tis a charity,
Justice invites your blood to understand me.

BEATRICE

I dare not.

DE FLORES

Quickly!

BEATRICE

O, I never shall!
Speak it yet further off, that I may lose
What has been spoken, and no sound remain on 't;
I would not hear so much offence again
For such another deed.

DE FLORES

Soft, lady, soft!
The last is not yet paid for: O, this act
Has put me into spirit; I was as greedy on 't
As the parch'd earth of moisture, when the clouds weep:
Did you not mark, I wrought myself into 't,

Nay, sued and kneel'd for 't? why was all that pains took?
You see I've thrown contempt upon your gold;
Not that I want it not, for I do piteously,
In order I'll come unto 't, and make use on 't,
But 'twas not held so precious to begin with,
For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure;
And were I not resolv'd in my belief
That thy virginity were perfect in thee,
I should but take my recompense with grudging,
As if I had but half my hopes I agreed for.

BEATRICE

Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,
Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,
To make his death the murderer of my honour!
Thy language is so bold and vicious,
I cannot see which way I can forgive it
With any modesty.

DE FLORES

Push! you forget yourself;
A woman dipp'd in blood, and talk of modesty!

BEATRICE

O misery of sin! would I'd been bound
Perpetually unto my living hate
In that Piracquo, than to hear these words!
Think but upon the distance that creation
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there.

DE FLORES

Look but into your conscience, read me there,
'Tis a true book, you'll find me there your equal:
Push! fly not to your birth, but settle you
In what the act has made you, you're no more now;
You must forget your parentage to me;
You are the deed's creature; by that name
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,
As peace and innocency have turn'd you out,
And made you one with me.

BEATRICE

With thee, foul villain?

4
THOMAS MIDDLETON

DE FLORES

Yes, my fair murderess; do you urge me?
'Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affection!
'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that's a kind
Of whoredom in the heart; and he's chang'd now
To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero,
Whom, by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,
If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoyest!
I'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage,
I'll confess all; my life I rate at nothing.

BEATRICE

De Flores!

DE FLORES

I shall rest from all love's plagues then;
I live in pain now; that shooting eye
Will burn my heart to cinders.

BEATRICE

O sir, hear me!

DE FLORES

She that in life and love refuses me,
In death and shame my partner she shall be.

BEATRICE (*kneeling*)

Stay, hear me once for all; I make thee master
Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels;
Let me go poor unto my bed with honour,
And I am rich in all things!

DE FLORES

Let this silence thee;
The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy
My pleasure from me;
Can you weep Fate from its determin'd purpose?
So soon may you weep me.

BEATRICE

Vengeance begins;
Murder, I see, is follow'd by more sins:

Was my creation in the womb so curst,
It must engender with a viper first?

DE FLORES (*raising her*)

Come, rise and shroud your blushes in my bosom;
Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts:
Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yielding.
'Las, how the turtle pants! thou'lt love anon
What thou so fear'st and faint'st to venture on.

[*Exeunt.*

(*Act III, Sc. 4.*)

PHILIP MASSINGER

(1583 – 1640)

PHILIP MASSINGER was born at Salisbury in 1583. His father, Arthur Massinger, was a member of Parliament, and was attached to the household of the second Earl of Pembroke. He was educated at St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, which he entered in 1602, and left, without taking a degree, in 1606. The third Earl of Pembroke (often identified with Mr. W. H. of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*) was not a patron of Massinger's, and this has been explained by supposing that the dramatist became a Roman Catholic. The evidence is not conclusive, but there are indications in three plays which support this theory. *The Renegado* is a dramatized treatise on Christian evidences, *The Virgin Martyr* is a chronicle of Christian martyrdom, and *The Maid of Honour* ends with Camiola taking the veil. Almost all that we know about Massinger's life apart from his plays is that he was often short of money. In his early days he almost invariably collaborated, sometimes with Dekker, oftener with Fletcher. Of the so-called Beau-

mont and Fletcher plays, at least eighteen are believed to contain the work of Massinger. When Massinger died, in 1640, he was buried in the same grave as Fletcher. There are nineteen plays extant which are Massinger's in their entirety. Eight other plays were extant in manuscript until the middle of the eighteenth century, when they (with forty-seven other old plays) were used for pie-covers by Betsy Baker, the cook of John Warburton, F.R.S., Somerset Herald, who had got possession of them. Among Massinger's plays may be mentioned: *The Duke of Milan*, a fine tragedy; *The Great Duke of Florence* (1627), a masterpiece of dramatic construction; *The Picture*; *The City Madam* (1632); and his best-known play, *A New Way to pay Old Debts* (1633). The last-named play has long been a favourite, and has kept the stage for a long time. This is mainly on account of its leading character, Sir Giles Overreach, who was drawn from the infamous extortioner Sir Giles Mompesson,

banished and degraded from knight-hood in 1620. This character gives a star-actor a great opportunity. Massinger's excellent play *The Fatal Dowry* was shamelessly plagiarized by Nicholas Rowe, Poet Laureate and Shakespearean editor, in his *Fair Penitent* (1703).

Massinger is perhaps the least poetical of all the early dramatists. Not only can he not write lyrics; his blank verse is pedestrian and undistinguished. If, however, he stands low as a poet, as a dramatist he stands among the first. He is a masterly constructor of plots, far surpassing Fletcher, Jonson, or

Webster in this respect. He was a man of a far more serious cast of mind than most of his fellow-playwrights. Some of his plays are as interesting as a novel, others as solid as a treatise on political philosophy. The drama was declining when he was writing, but he did not hasten, though he failed to delay its decline. He must be placed at the head of the Caroline dramatists.

[A. H. Cruickshank, *Philip Massinger*; Sir Leslie Stephen, *Hours in a Library*; A. C. Swinburne, *Philip Massinger* (*Fortnightly Review*, July, 1889); M. Chelli, *Le drame de Massinger*.]

From "A New Way to pay Old Debts"

(OVERREACH (a cruel extortioner) treats about marrying
his daughter with Lord LOVEALL.)

OVERREACH

To my wish we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:
In one word I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

LOVEALL

You are a right kind father.

OVERREACH

You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well-wooded and well-water'd, the acres
Fertile and rich: would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer's progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

LOVELL

'Tis a wholesome air,
And well-built, and she, that is mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.

OVERREACH

She the mistress?
It may be so for a time: but let my lord
Say only that he but like it, and would have it;
I say, ere long 'tis his.

LOVELL

Impossible.

OVERREACH

You do conclude too fast; not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The lady Allworth's lands: but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship; and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.

LOVELL

I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.

OVERREACH

You run, my lord, no hazard:
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For though I do condemn report myself,
As a mere sound; I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable; which my lord can make her:

PHILIP MASSINGER

And might I live to dance upon my knee
 A young lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
 I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
 As for possessions and annual rents,
 Equivalent to maintain you in the port
 Your noble birth and present state require,
 I do remove that burden from your shoulders,
 And take it on mine own: for though I ruin
 The country to supply your riotous waste,
 The scourge of prodigals (want) shall never find you.

LOVELL

Are you not frightened with the imprecations
 And curses of whole families, made wretched
 By your sinister practices?

OVERREACH

Yes, as rocks are
 When foaming billows split themselves against
 Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
 When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
 I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
 Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
 If call'd into the field, I can make that right,
 Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
 Now, for those other peddling complaints,
 Breathed out in bitterness; as, when they call me
 Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
 On my poor neighbour's right, or grand encloser
 Of what was common to my private use;
 Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
 And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold;
 I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
 Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm,
 Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
 Or the least sting of conscience.

LOVELL

I admire
 The toughness of your nature.

OVERREACH

'Tis for you,
 My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.

From "The Picture"

(MATTHIAS, *a knight of Bohemia, going to the wars; in parting with his wife, shows her substantial reasons why he should go.*)

MATTHIAS

Since we must part, Sophia, to pass further
Is not alone impertinent, but dangerous.
We are not distant from the Turkish camp
Above five leagues; and who knows but some party
Of his Timariots, that scour the country,
May fall upon us? Be now, as thy name
Truly interpreted hath ever spoke thee,
Wise and discreet; and to thy understanding
Marry thy constant patience.

SOPHIA

You put me, sir,
To the utmost trial of it.

MATTHIAS

Nay, no melting:
Since the necessity, that now separates us,
We have long since disputed; and the reasons,
Forcing me to it, too oft wash'd in tears.
I grant that you in birth were far above me,
And great men my superiors rivals for you;
But mutual consent of heart, as hands
Join'd by true love, hath made us one and equal:
Nor is it in me mere desire of fame,
Or to be cried up by the public voice
For a brave soldier, that puts on my armour;
Such airy tumours take not me: you know
How narrow our demeanors are; and what's more,
Having as yet no charge of children on us,
We hardly can subsist.

SOPHIA

In you alone, sir,
I have all abundance.

MATTHIAS

For my mind's content,
In your own language I could answer you.

PHILIP MASSINGER

You have been an obedient wife, a right one;
And to my power, though short of your desert,
I have been ever an indulgent husband.
We have long enjoy'd the sweets of love, and though
Not to satiety or loathing, yet
We must not live such dotards on our pleasures,
As still to hug them to the certain loss
Of profit and preferment. Competent means
Maintains a quiet bed, want breeds dissension
Ev'n in good women.

SOPHIA

Have you found in me, sir,
Any distaste or sign of discontent,
For want of what's superfluous?

MATTHIAS

No, Sophia;
Nor shalt thou ever have cause to repent
Thy constant course in goodness, if Heaven bless
My honest undertakings. 'Tis for thee,
That I turn soldier, and put forth, dearest,
Upon this sea of action as a factor,
To trade for rich materials to adorn
Thy noble parts, and show them in full lustre.
I blush that other ladies, less in beauty
And outward form, but, in the harmony
Of the soul's ravishing music, the same age
Not to be named with thee, should so outshine thee
In jewels and variety of wardrobes;
While you, to whose sweet innocence both Indies
Compared are of no value, wanting these,
Pass unregarded.

SOPHIA

If I am so rich,
Or in your opinion so, why should you borrow
Addition for me?

MATTHIAS

Why? I should be censured
Of ignorance, possessing such a jewel,
Above all price, if I forbear to give it
The best of ornaments. Therefore, Sophia,
In few words know my pleasure, and obey me;

As you have ever done. To your discretion
 I leave the government of my family,
 And our poor fortunes, and from these command
 Obedience to you as to myself:
 To the utmost of what's mine, live plentifully:
 And, ere the remnant of our store be spent,
 With my good sword I hope I shall reap for you
 A harvest in such full abundance, as
 Shall make a merry winter.

SOPHIA

Since you are not
 To be diverted, sir, from what you purpose,
 All arguments to stay you here are useless.
 Go when you please, sir. Eyes, I charge you, waste not
 One drop of sorrow; look you hoard all up,
 Till in my widow'd bed I call upon you:
 But then be sure you fail not. You blest angels,
 Guardians of human life, I at this instant
 Forbear to invoke you at our parting; 'twere
 To personate devotion. My soul
 Shall go along with you; and when you are
 Circled with death and horror, seek and find you;
 And then I will not leave a saint unsued to
 For your protection. To tell you what
 I will do in your absence, would show poorly;
 My actions shall speak me. 'Twere to doubt you,
 To beg I may hear from you where you are;
 You cannot live obscure: nor shall one post
 By night or day, pass unexamined by me.
 If I dwell long upon your lips, consider
 After this feast the griping fast that follows;
 And it will be excusable; pray, turn from me;
 All that I can is spoken.

From "The Virgin Martyr"

(ANGELO, *an Angel, attends* DOROTHEA *as a page.*
The time, midnight.)

DOROTHEA

My book and taper.

ANGELO

Here, most holy mistress.

PHILIP MASSINGER

DOROTHEA

Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravish'd with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;
Thy youth with too much watching is oppress'd.

ANGELO

No, my dear lady. I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company.
'Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;
For then you break his heart.

DOROTHEA

Be nigh me still, then.
In golden letters down I'll set that day,
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body, when I coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand;
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom
Methought was fill'd with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.

ANGELO

Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

DOROTHEA

I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,

To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
 Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
 He that begot him must do 't ten times more.
 I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy parents;
 Be not ashamed.

ANGELO

I am not: I did never
 Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace,
 Fill'd with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you,
 And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
 My father is in heaven; and, pretty mistress,
 If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand
 No worse, than yet it doth, upon my life,
 You and I both shall meet my father there,
 And he shall bid you welcome.

DOROTHEA

A bless'd day!

CYRIL TOURNEUR

(? 1575 – 1626)

CYRIL TOURNEUR was born about 1575. He was probably the son and almost certainly a near relative of Captain Richard Turner, who was lieutenant-governor of Brill. Almost nothing is known of his life, except that in 1613 he carried "letters for his Majestie's service to Brussels", and that he accompanied Sir Edward Cecil to Cadiz in 1625. On his return from the expedition he took ill; he was put ashore at Kinsale, where he died, leaving his widow destitute. Tourneur's poems consist of *The Transformed Metamorphosis* (printed 1600, rediscovered 1872), a satire whose key is lost and which is written in an unintelligible jargon; and two elegies, *A Funeral Poem* on Sir

Francis Vere (1609) and *A Griefe on the Death of Prince Henrie* (1613), neither of which rises above the level of official lamentations. Tourneur's fame rests entirely on his two tragedies, *The Revenger's Tragedy* (published 1607) and *The Atheist's Tragedy* (published 1611). It is almost certain that the play which was published the later was written the earlier of the two. A third tragedy, *The Nobleman* (1612), was destroyed by Warburton's cook. *The Atheist's Tragedy* is immature, *The Revenger's Tragedy* a much stronger and more finished play. As dramas both plays leave much to be desired. They have little dramatic power, and their characters are caricatures. It is the force

and flow of Tourneur's poetry that distinguishes his work. "Chaos and old Night" brood over his plays; and the Grand Guignol element in them is prominent. In gloom and in tragic cynicism he resembles Webster; it has been said that Tourneur is to Webster as Webster is to Shakespeare. Swin-

burne in his characteristic eulogy has undoubtedly overvalued Tourneur, but on the strength of his masterpiece he must be placed among the great Jacobean.

[J. Churton Collins, *The Plays and Poems of Cyril Tourneur*; A. C. Swinburne, *The Age of Shakespeare*.]

From "The Revenger's Tragedy"

(VINDICE addresses the Skull of his dead Lady.)

'Thou sallow picture of my poison'd love,
My study's ornament, thou shell of death,
Once the bright face of my betrothed lady,
When life and beauty naturally fill'd out
These ragged imperfections;
When two heaven-pointed diamonds were set
In those unsightly rings—then 'twas a face
So far beyond the artificial shine
Of any woman's bought complexion,
'That the uprightest man (if such there be
'That sin but seven times a day) broke custom,
And made up eight with looking after her.
O, she was able to have made a usurer's son
Melt all his patrimony in a kiss;
And what his father fifty years told,
'To have consumed, and yet his suit been cold.

.

Here's an eye
Able to tempt a great man—to serve God;
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dissemble.
Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble;
A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
'To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
Here's a cheek keeps her colour let the wind go whistle:
Spout rain, we fear thee not: be hot or cold,
All's one with us: and is not he absurd,
Whose fortunes are upon their faces set,
That fear no other God but wind and wet?
Does the silk-worm expend her yellow labours
For thee? for thee does she undo herself?
Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships,

For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute?
 Why does yon fellow falsify highways,
 And put his life between the judge's lips,
 To refine such a thing? keep his horse and men,
 To beat their valours for her?
 Surely we're all mad people, and they
 Whom we think are, are not.
 Does every proud and self-affecting dame
 Camphire her face for this? and grieve her Maker
 In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves,
 For her superfluous outside, for all this?
 Who now bids twenty pound a night? prepares
 Music, perfumes, and sweetmeats? all are hush'd.
 Thou mayst lie chaste now! it were fine, methinks,
 To have thee seen at revels, forgetful feasts,
 And unclean brothels: sure 'twould fright the sinner,
 And make him a good coward: put a reveller
 Out of his antick amble,
 And cloy an epicure with empty dishes.
 Here might a scornful and ambitious woman
 Look through and through herself.—See, ladies, with false forms
 You deceive men, but cannot deceive worms.

ROBERT BURTON

(1577 – 1640)

ROBERT BURTON was born at Lindley, in Leicestershire, in 1577. He was educated at the Grammar School at Nuneaton and at Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire. In 1593 he went to Brasenose College, Oxford, and in 1599 was elected a student of Christ Church, where he spent the remainder of his life. At some unknown date he took holy orders, and became a Bachelor of Divinity in 1614. In 1616 he was presented to the vicarage of St. Thomas's, Oxford, and about 1630 he received in addition the rectory of Segrave, in Leicestershire. His uneventful life ter-

minated at Christ Church in 1640; it was said, without any foundation, that he hanged himself in order to make his own astrological prognostication of his death come true. His epitaph is well known—*"Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus, hic iacet Democritus Junior, cui vitam dedit et mortem Melancholia"*.

Burton in 1606 wrote and in 1615 revised a Latin comedy, *Philosophaster*, which was acted at Christ Church in 1618. It was long thought to be lost, but a MS. was discovered and printed for the Roxburghe Club in 1862. The comedy is excellent of its kind, but,

not unnaturally, is little known. Burton is essentially *homo unius libri*, but what a book! *The Anatomy of Melancholy, what it is, with all the kinds, causes, symptoms, prognostics, and several cures of it, In three Partitions, with their several sections, members, and subsections, Philosophically, Medicinally, Historically opened and cut up, by Democritus Junior* first appeared in quarto in 1621, and four other editions, in folio, appeared in the author's lifetime, each containing some improvements and additions. A sixth edition, printed from a copy annotated by Burton, came out in 1651. The book thus at once achieved considerable popularity, and it did so because it conformed to the taste of the time, not on account of its eccentricities. Indeed its eccentricities have been greatly exaggerated; the book is not an elaborate joke, conceived and written in the spirit of Rabelais, but a great medical treatise, serious in purpose, written by one who held that the victims of melancholy had need of the divine as well as of the physician. Burton's age produced not a few works similarly written, but they are forgotten because the learning they contain is specialized, not universal like that of Burton. He indeed took all knowledge for his province; melancholy is his nominal subject; his actual theme is no less than the whole life of man; *homi-*

nem pagina nostra sapit. Burton was, beyond everything, a *helluo librorum*; he must have worked his way through the whole of the recently-founded Bodleian, so that his book, like his melancholy, is "compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects". The vast number of quotations which he introduces, always aptly, culling some of them from the most out-of-the-way stores of learning, has always had a great charm for scholars. Dr. Johnson declared that the *Anatomy of Melancholy* was the only book that ever drew him out of bed an hour sooner than he would otherwise have got up. Sterne plagiarized freely from Burton, and many later and lesser writers have used him as a quarry. Lamb was an ardent devotee of the "fantastic old great man". Burton does not appeal to everyone; some critics of weight, Hallam and Macaulay among them, cannot stomach him; but those who relish him do so with their whole heart. The commercial spirit shown by publishers is not always of benefit to mankind; but it was when it prevented Burton from composing his great work in Latin.

[A. R. Shilleto, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*; C. Whibley, *Literary Portraits*; F. Madan, *Robert Burton and the Anatomy of Melancholy*; G. C. F. Mead and R. C. Clift, *Burton the Anatomist*.]

From "The Anatomy of Melancholy"

Part II, Section II, Member IV

To that great inconvenience, which comes on the one side by immoderate and unseasonable exercise, too much solitariness and idleness on the other, must be opposed, as an Antidote, a moderate and

seasonable use of it, and that both of body and mind, as a most material circumstance, much conducing to this cure, and to the general preservation of our health. The Heavens themselves run continually round, the Sun riseth and sets, the Moon increaseth and decreaseth, Stars and Planets keep their constant motions, the air is still tossed by the winds, the waters ebb and flow, to their conservation no doubt, to teach us that we should ever be in action. For which cause Hierom prescribes Rusticus the Monk, that he be always occupied about some business or other, that the Devil do not find him idle. Seneca would have a man do something, though it be to no purpose. Xenophon wisheth one rather to play at tables, dice, or make a jester of himself (though he might be far better employed) than do nothing. The Egyptians of old, and many flourishing Commonwealths since, have enjoined labour and exercise to all sorts of men, to be of some vocation and calling, and to give an account of their time, to prevent those grievous mischiefs that come by idleness; for as fodder, whip, and burden, belong to the ass, so meat, correction and work unto the servant, *Ecclus.* 33. 24. The Turks enjoin all men whatsoever, of what degree, to be of some trade or other, the grand Seignior himself is not excused. In our memory (saith Sabellicus) Mahomet the Turk, he that conquered Greece, at that very time when he heard Embassadors of other Princes did either carve or cut wooden spoons, or frame something upon a table. This present Sultan makes notches for bows. The Jews are most severe in this examination of time. All well-governed Places, Towns, Families, and every discreet person will be a law unto himself. But amongst us the Badge of Gentry is idleness, to be of no calling, not to labour, for that's derogatory to their birth, to be a mere spectator, a drone, *fruges consumere natus*, to have no necessary employment to busy himself about in Church and Commonwealth (some few Governors exempted) but to rise to eat, etc. to spend his days in hawking, hunting, etc. and such-like disports and recreations (which our casuists tax) are the sole exercise almost and ordinary actions of our Nobility, and in which they are too immoderate. And thence it comes to pass that in City and Country so many grievances of body and mind, and this feral disease of Melancholy so frequently rageth, and now domineers almost all over Europe amongst our great ones. They know not how to spend their time (disports excepted, which are all their business), what to do, or otherwise how to bestow themselves: like our modern Frenchmen, that had rather lose a pound of blood in a single combat than a drop of sweat in any honest labour. Every man almost hath something or other to employ himself about, some vocation, some trade, but they do all by ministers and servants; *ad otia duntaxat se natos existimant, immo ad sui ipsius plerumque et aliorum perniciem* as one freely taxeth such kind of men; they are all for pastimes, 'tis all their study; all their invention tends

to this alone to drive away time, as if they were born some of them to no other ends. Therefore to correct and avoid these errors and inconveniences, our Divines, Physicians, and Politicians, so much labour, and so seriously exhort; and for this disease in particular there can be no better cure than continual business, as Rhasis holds, to have some employment or other, which may set their mind awork, and distract their cogitations. Riches may not easily be had without labour and industry, nor learning without study, neither can our health be preserved without bodily exercise. If it be of the body, Guianerius allows that exercise which is gentle, and still after those ordinary frictions, which must be used every morning. Montaltus, *cap.* 26, and Jason Pratensis use almost the same words, highly commending exercise, if it be moderate; a wonderful help so used, Crato calls it, and a great means to preserve our health, as adding strength to the whole body, increasing natural heat, by means of which the nutriment is well concocted in the stomach, liver, and veins, few or no crudities left, is happily distributed over all the body. Besides, it expels excrements by sweat, and other insensible vapours, in so much that Galen prefers Exercise before all Physick, Rectification of Diet, or any Regiment in what kind soever; 'tis Nature's Physician. Fulgentius, out of Gordonius, *de conserve. vit. hom. lib.* I. *cap.* 7, terms exercise a spur of a dull sleepy nature, the comforter of the members, cure of infirmity, death of diseases, destruction of all mischiefs and vices. The fittest time for exercise is a little before dinner, a little before supper, or at any time when the body is empty. Montanus, *consil.* 31, prescribes it every morning to his patient, and that, as Calenus adds, after he hath done his ordinary needs, rubbed his body, washed his hands and face, combed his head, and gargarized. What kind of exercise he should use Galen tells us, *lib.* 2 & 3. *de sanit. tuend.* and in what measure, till the body be ready to sweat, and roused up; *ad ruborem*, some say, *non ad sudorem*, lest it should dry the body too much; others enjoin those wholesome businesses, as to dig so long in his garden, to hold the plough, and the like. Some prescribe frequent and violent labour and exercises, as sawing every day, so long together, (*epid.* 6. Hippocrates confounds them), but that is in some cases, to some peculiar men; the most forbid, and by no means will have it go farther than a beginning sweat, as being perilous if it exceed.

Of these labours, exercises, and recreations, which are likewise included, some properly belong to the body, some to the mind, some more easy, some hard, some with delight, some without, some within doors, some natural, some are artificial. Amongst bodily exercises Galen commends *ludum parvae pilae*, to play at ball, be it with the hand or racket, in Tennis-courts or otherwise, it exerciseth each part of the body, and doth much good, so that they sweat not too much. It was in great request of old amongst the Greeks, Romans, Barbarians, mentioned by Homer, Hero-

dotus, and Pliny. Some write, that Aganella, a fair maid of Corcyra, was the inventor of it, for she presented the first ball that ever was made to Nausicaa, the daughter of king Alcinous, and taught her how to use it.

The ordinary sports which are used abroad are Hawking, Hunting, *hilares venandi labores*, one calls them because they recreate body and mind; another the best exercise that is, by which alone many have been freed from all feral diseases. Hegesippus, *lib. I. cap. 37*, relates of Herod, that he was eased of a grievous melancholy by that means. Plato, *7. de. leg.* (p. 823) highly magnifies it, dividing it into three parts, by Land, Water, Air. Xenophon, in *Cyropaed.* graces it with a great name, *Deorum munus*, the gift of the Gods, a Princely sport, which they have ever used, saith Langius, *epist. 59. lib. 2*, as well for health as pleasure, and do at this day, it being the sole almost and ordinary sport of our Noblemen of Europe, and elsewhere all over the world. Bohemus, *de mor. gent. lib. 3. cap. 12*, styles it therefore *studium nobilium; communiter venantur, quod sibi solis licere contendunt*; 'tis all their study, their exercise, ordinary business, all their talk; and indeed some dote too much after it, they can do nothing else, discourse of naught else. Paulus Jovius, *descr. Brit.* doth in some sort tax our English Nobility for it, for living in the country so much, and too frequent use of it, as if they had no other means but Hawking and Hunting to approve themselves Gentlemen with.

Hawking comes near to Hunting, the one in the Air, as the other on the Earth, a sport as much affected as the other, by some preferred. It was never heard of amongst the Romans, invented some 1200 years since, and first mentioned by Firmicus, *lib. 5. cap. 8*. The Greek Emperors began it, and now nothing so frequent: he is no body that in the season hath not a Hawk on his fist. A great Art, and many books written of it. It is a wonder to hear what is related of the Turks' Officers in this behalf, how many thousand men are employed about it, how many Hawks of all sorts, how much revenues consumed on that only disport, how much time is spent at Adrianople alone every year to that purpose. The Persian Kings hawk after Butterflies with sparrows, made to that use, and stares; lesser Hawks for lesser games they have, and bigger for the rest, that they may produce their sport to all seasons. The Muscovian Emperors reclaim Eagles to fly at Hinds, Foxes, etc. and such a one was sent for a present to Queen Elizabeth: some reclaim Ravens, Castrils, Pies, etc. and man them for their pleasures.

Fowling is more troublesome, but all out as delightful to some sorts of men, be it with guns, lime, nets, glades, gins, strings, baits, pitfalls, pipes, calls, stalking-horses, setting-dogs, coy-ducks, etc. or otherwise. Some much delight to take Larks with day-nets, small birds with chaff-nets, plovers, partridges, herons, snite, etc. Henry the Third, King of Castile (as Mariana the Jesuit reports of him, *lib. 3. cap. 7.*) was much affected with catching of Quails, and many Gentlemen take

a singular pleasure at morning and evening to go abroad with their Quail-pipes, and will take any pains to satisfy their delight in that kind. The Italians have gardens fitted to such use, with nets, bushes, glades, sparing no cost or industry, and are very much affected with the sport. Tycho Brahe, that great Astronomer, in the Chorography of his Isle of Huenæ, & Castle of Uraniburge, puts down his nets, and manner of catching small birds, as an ornament, and a recreation, wherein he himself was sometimes employed.

Fishing is a kind of hunting by water, be it with nets, weels, baits, angling or otherwise, and yields all out as much pleasure to some men as dogs or hawks; *when they draw their fish upon the bank*, saith Nic. Henselius, *Silesiographiæ*, cap. 3, speaking of that extraordinary delight his Countrymen took in fishing, and in making of pools. James Dubravius, that Moravian, in his book *de pisc.* telleth how, travelling by the highway side in Silesia, he found a Nobleman booted up to the groins, wading himself, pulling the nets, and labouring as much as any fisherman of them all: and when some belike objected to him the baseness of his office, he excused himself, *that if other men might hunt Hares, why should not he hunt Carps?* Many Gentlemen in like sort with us will wade up to the Arm-holes upon such occasions, and voluntarily undertake that, to satisfy their pleasure, which a poor man for a good stipend would scarce be hired to undergo. Plutarch, in his book *De soller. animal.* speaks against all fishing, as a filthy, base, illiberal employment, having neither wit nor perspicacity in it, nor worth the labour. But he that shall consider the variety of Baits, for all seasons, & pretty devices which our Anglers have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights, etc. will say that it deserves like commendation, requires as much study and perspicacity as the rest, and is to be preferred before many of them. Because hawking and hunting are very laborious, much riding and many dangers accompany them; but this is still and quiet: and if so be the angler catch no Fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the Brook side, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air, and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow flowers, he hears the melodious harmony of Birds, he sees the Swans, Herons, Ducks, Water-hens, Coots, etc. and many other Fowl, with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of Hounds, or blast of Horns, and all the sport that they can make.

Many other sports and recreations there be, much in use, as ringing, bowling, shooting, which Ascham commends in a just volume, and hath in former times been enjoined by statute as a defensive exercise, and an honour to our Land, as well may witness our victories in France. Keelpins, trunks, quoits, pitching bars, hurling, wrestling, leaping, running, fencing, mustering, swimming, wasters, foils, foot-ball, baloon, quintain, etc. and many such, which are the common recreations of the country folk; riding of great horses, running at rings, tilts and tournaments,

horse-races, wild-goose chases, which are the disports of greater men, and good in themselves, though many Gentlemen, by that means, gallop quite out of their fortunes.

But the most pleasant of all outward pastimes is that of Aretaeus, *deambulatio per amoena loca*, to make a petty progress, a merry journey now and then with some good companions, to visit friends, see Cities, Castles, Towns,

Visere saepe amnes nitidos, peramoenaque Tempe,
Et placidas summis sectari in montibus auras:

To see the pleasant fields, the crystal fountains,
And take the gentle air amongst the mountains:

to walk amongst Orchards, Gardens, Bowers, Mounts, and Arbours, artificial wildernesses, green thickets, Arches, Groves, Lawns, Rivulets, Fountains, and such like pleasant places, like that Antiochian Daphne, Brooks, Pools, Fishponds, betwixt wood and water, in a fair meadow, by a river side, *ubi variae avium cantationes, florum colores, pratorum frutices, etc.* to disport in some pleasant plain, park, run up a steep hill sometimes, or sit in a shady seat, must needs be a delectable recreation. *Hortus principis et domus ad delectationem facta, cum sylva, monte et piscina, vulgo La Montagna*: the Prince's garden at Ferrara Schottus highly magnifies, with the groves, mountains, ponds, for a delectable prospect, he was much affected with it; a Persian Paradise, or pleasant park, could not be more delectable in his sight. S. Bernard, in the description of his Monastery, is almost ravished with the pleasures of it. *A sick man* (saith he) *sits upon a green bank, and when the Dog-star parcheth the plains, and dries up rivers, he lies in a shady bower*, *Fronde sub arborea ferventia temperat astra, and feeds his eyes with variety of objects, herbs, trees; to comfort his misery, he receives many delightful smells, and fills his ears with that sweet and various harmony of Birds. Good God!* (saith he) *what a company of pleasures hast thou made for man!* He that should be admitted on a sudden to the sight of such a Palace as that of Escorial in Spain, or to that which the Moors built at Granada, Fontainebleau in France, the Turk's gardens in his Seraglio, wherein all manner of birds and beasts are kept for pleasure, Wolves, Bears, Lynxes, Tigers, Lions, Elephants, etc. or upon the banks of that Thracian Bosphorus: the Pope's Belvedere in Rome, as pleasing as those *Horti pensiles* in Babylon, or that Indian King's delightful garden in Aelian; or those famous gardens of the Lord Cantelow in France, could not choose, though he were never so ill apaid, but be much recreated for the time; or many of our Noblemen's gardens at home. To take a boat in a pleasant evening, and with musick to row upon the waters, which Plutarch so much applauds, Aelian admires upon the river Peneus, in those Thessalian fields beset with green bays, where birds so sweetly sing that passengers, enchanted

as it were with their heavenly musick, *omnium laborum et curarum obliviscantur*, forget forthwith all labours, care, and grief: or in a Gondola through the Grand Canal in Venice, to see those goodly Palaces, must needs refresh and give content to a melancholy dull spirit.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

(1583 – 1648)

EDWARD HERBERT, afterwards Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was the son of Richard Herbert of Montgomery Castle and a brother of George Herbert (q.v.). He was born at Eyton-on-Severn in 1583, and was educated at University College, Oxford. While still at Oxford he married his cousin Mary, an heiress, and soon became a courtier and a well-known figure in London. King James made him a Knight of the Bath soon after his accession in 1603. He travelled much abroad, and became famous or notorious as a horseman and a duellist. He took part in the siege of Juliers, and, in 1614, joined the army of the Prince of Orange and distinguished himself by acts of bravery and foolhardiness. His innumerable adventures probably do not lose anything in the telling in his *Autobiography*. In 1619 Herbert was appointed ambassador at Paris, though he was too impetuous a man to be an ideal diplomatist. He discharged his duties conscientiously, but was sent home in 1624 for not carrying out the king's wishes in regard to the negotiations for the marriage of Prince Charles and Princess Henrietta Maria. Before he left Paris he published his philosophical treatise *De Veritate*. He returned home

under a cloud and in debt, and was fobbed off with an Irish peerage (Lord Castleisland). In 1629 he was given an English peerage (Lord Herbert of Cherbury), but he never received the high office or offices to which he believed his merits entitled him. His *Life of Henry VIII* was begun in 1632, but not published until 1649. It is the result of considerable but not judicious research; it is well documented, but biased in its treatment of Henry's character. During the Civil War, Herbert was at first a Royalist, but afterwards endeavoured to be a neutral, and lost the esteem of both parties. Eventually he admitted a Parliamentary force into Montgomery Castle and submitted to Parliament, receiving a pension of £20 a week. He retired to his house in Queen Street, London, and occupied himself with the composition of his *Autobiography* and other literary works. In 1646 he was appointed steward of the duchy of Cornwall and warden of the Stanaries. He died on 20th August, 1648. Donne, Ben Jonson, Carew, and Selden were among his intimate friends.

Herbert of Cherbury is famous for three things. He was the first Englishman to write a metaphysical

treatise; he was a forerunner of the Deists; and he wrote one of the most entertaining autobiographies in the language. His *De Veritate, prout distinguitur a Revelatione, verisimili, possibili, et a falso* is a solid and able metaphysical work in Latin; *De Causis Errorum* (1645) and *De Religione Gentilium* (published 1663) may be considered as completions of the religious and philosophical system expounded in his earlier work. He laid down the five fundamental propositions of deism: that there is one supreme God; that He ought to be worshipped; that virtue and piety are the main elements of worship; that repentance is a duty; and that there are rewards and punishments both in this life and after it. His delightful *Autobiography*, upon which his popularity if not his entire fame rests, was written about 1645, but not published until 1764, when Horace Walpole printed it privately at Strawberry Hill. It is a naïve and egotistic work whose

charm largely resides in its naïveté and egotism. Herbert says little about his high office, his distinguished friends, and his philosophical speculations; much about his exploits as duellist and amorist. He was a curiously mixed character, even for Elizabethan days: a blend of Hamlet and Tybalt; a grave philosopher who wrote in Latin, and a swaggering swordsman who wrote in English; a diplomatist whose motto might have been *non verba sed verbera*. His poems are similar to those of Donne and the metaphysical school; according to Jonson, he and Donne once had a competition in obscurity. Some of his lighter poems, however, have charm and are melodious.

[C. de Rémusat, *Lord Herbert de Cherbury*; Sir Sidney Lee, *The Autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*; J. Churton Collins, *Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Poems*; G. C. Moore-Smith, *The Poems of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*.]

From the "Autobiography"

Shortly after I was made Knight of the Bath, with the usual ceremonies belonging to that ancient order. I could tell how much my person was commended by the lords and ladies that came to see the solemnity then used, but I shall flatter myself too much if I believed it.

I must not forget yet the ancient custom, being that some principal person was to put on the right spur of those the king had appointed to receive that dignity. The Earl of Shrewsbury seeing my esquire there with my spur in his hand, voluntarily came to me and said, "Cousin, I believe you will be a good knight, and therefore I will put on your spur;" whereupon after my most humble thanks for so great a favour, I held up my leg against the wall, and he put on my spur.

There is another custom likewise, that the knights the first day wear the gown of some religious order, and the night following to be bathed; after which they take an oath never to sit in place where injustice should be done, but they shall right it to the uttermost of their power; and

particularly ladies and gentlewomen that shall be wronged in their honour, if they demand assistance, and many other points, not unlike the romances of knight errantry.

The second day to wear robes of crimson taffety (in which habit I am painted in my study), and so to ride from St. James's to Whitehall, with our esquires before us; and the third day to wear a gown of purple satin, upon the left sleeve whereof is fastened certain strings weaved of white silk and gold tied in a knot, and tassels to it of the same, which all the knights are obliged to wear until they have done something famous in arms, or until some lady of honour take it off, and fasten it on her sleeve, saying, I will answer he shall prove a good knight. I had not long worn this string, but a principal lady of the court, and certainly, in most men's opinion, the handsomest, took mine off, and said she would pledge her honour for mine. I do not name this lady, because some passages happened afterwards, which oblige me to silence, though nothing could be justly said to her prejudice or wrong.

There happened during this siege a particular quarrel betwixt me and the Lord of Walden, eldest son to the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Treasurer of England at that time, which I do but unwillingly relate, in regard of the great esteem I have of that noble family; howbeit, to avoid misreports, I have thought fit to set it down truly. That lord having been invited to a feast in Sir Horace Vere's quarters, where (after the Low Country manner) there was liberal drinking, returned not long after to Sir Edward Cecil's quarters, at which time, I speaking merrily to him, upon some slight occasion, he took that offence at me, which he would not have done at another time, insomuch that he came towards me in a violent manner, which I perceiving, did more than half way meet him; but the company were so vigilant upon us that before any blow past we were separated; howbeit, because he made towards me, I thought fit the next day to send him a challenge, telling him, that if he had any thing to say to me, I would meet him in such a place as no man should interrupt us. Shortly after this, Sir Thomas Peyton came to me on his part, and told me my lord would fight me on horseback with single sword; and, said he, "I will be his second; where is yours?" I replied that neither his lordship nor myself brought over any great horses with us; that I knew he might much better borrow one than myself; howbeit, as soon as he showed me the place, he should find me there on horseback or on foot; whereupon both of us riding together upon two geldings to the side of a wood, Peyton said he chose that place, and the time break of day the next morning. I told him, "I would fail neither place nor time, though I knew not where to get a better horse than the nag I rid on; and as for a second, I shall trust to your nobleness, who, I know, will see fair play betwixt us, though you come on his side." But he urging

me again to provide a second, I told him I could promise for none but myself, and that if I spoke to any of my friends in the army to this purpose, I doubted lest the business might be discovered and prevented.

He was no sooner gone from me, but night drew on, myself resolving in the mean time to rest under a fair oak all night; after this, tying my horse by the bridle unto another tree, I had not now rested two hours, when I found some fires nearer to me than I thought was possible in so solitary a place, whereupon also having the curiosity to see the reason hereof, I got on horseback again, and had not rode very far, when by the talk of the soldiers there, I found I was in the Scotch quarter, where finding in a stable a very fair horse of service, I desired to know whether he might be bought for any reasonable sum of money, but a soldier replying it was their captain's Sir James Areskin's chief horse, I demanded for Sir James, but the soldier answering he was not within the quarter, I demanded then for his lieutenant, whereupon the soldier courteously desired him to come to me. This lieutenant was called Montgomery, and had the reputation of a gallant man; I told him that I would very fain buy a horse, and if it were possible, the horse I saw but a little before; but he telling me none was to be sold there, I offered to leave in his hands one hundred pieces, if he would lend me a good horse for a day or two, he to restore me the money again when I delivered him the horse in good plight, and did besides bring him some present as a gratuity.

The lieutenant, though he did not know me, suspected I had some private quarrel, and that I desired this horse to fight on, and thereupon told me, "Sir, whosoever you are, you seem to be a person of worth, and you shall have the best horse in the stable; and if you have a quarrel and want a second, I offer myself to serve you upon another horse, and if you will let me go along with you upon these terms, I will ask no pawn of you for the horse." I told him I would use no second, and I desired him to accept one hundred pieces, which I had there about me, in pawn for the horse, and he should hear from me shortly again; and that though I did not take his noble offer of coming along with me, I should evermore rest much obliged to him; whereupon giving him my purse with the money in it, I got upon his horse, and left my nag besides with him.

Riding thus away about twelve o'clock at night to the wood from whence I came, I alighted from my horse and rested there till morning; the day now breaking I got on horseback, and attended the Lord of Walden and his second. The first person that appeared was a footman, who I heard afterwards was sent by the Lady of Walden, who as soon as he saw me, ran back again with all speed; I meant once to pursue him, but that I thought it better at last to keep my place. About two hours after Sir William St. Leger, now Lord President of Munster, came to me, and told me he knew the cause of my being there, and that

the business was discovered by the Lord Walden's rising so early that morning, and the suspicion that he meant to fight with me, and had Sir Thomas Peyton with him, and that he would ride to him, and that there were thirty or forty sent after us, to hinder us from meeting; shortly after many more came to the place where I was, and told me I must not fight, and that they were sent for the same purpose, and that it was to no purpose to stay there, and thence rode to seek the Lord of Walden; I stayed yet two hours longer, but finding still more company came in, rode back again to the Scotch quarters, and delivered the horse back again, and received my money and nag from Lieutenant Montgomery, and so withdrew myself to the French quarters, till I did find some convenient time to send again to the Lord Walden.

There was a lady also, wife to Sir John Ayres, knight, who finding some means to get a copy of my picture from Larkin, gave it to Mr. Isaac Oliver, the painter in Blackfriars, and desired him to draw it in little after his manner; which being done, she caused it to be set in gold and enamelled, and so wore it about her neck, so low that she hid it under her breasts, which, I conceive, coming afterwards to the knowledge of Sir John Ayres, gave him more cause of jealousy than needed, had he known how innocent I was from pretending to any thing which might wrong him or his lady; since I could not so much as imagine that either she had my picture, or that she bare more than ordinary affection to me. It is true that she had a place in court, and attended Queen Anne, and was beside of an excellent wit and discourse, she had made herself a considerable person; howbeit little more than common civility ever passed betwixt us, though I confess I think no man was welcomer to her when I came, for which I shall allege this passage: —

Coming one day into her chamber, I saw her through the curtains lying upon her bed with a wax candle in one hand, and the picture I formerly mentioned in the other. I coming thereupon somewhat boldly to her, she blew out the candle, and hid the picture from me; myself thereupon being curious to know what that was she held in her hand, got the candle to be lighted again, by means whereof I found it was my picture she looked upon with more earnestness and passion than I could have easily believed, especially since myself was not engaged in any affection towards her. I could willingly have omitted this passage, but that it was the beginning of a bloody history which followed: howsoever, yet I must before the Eternal God clear her honour.

JOHN EARLE

(? 1601 – 1665)

JOHN EARLE was born at York in or about 1601. He was educated at Oxford, matriculating at Christ Church, but subsequently migrating to Merton. He graduated B.A. in 1619 and M.A. in 1624; in 1631 he was appointed Proctor, and he received the degree of D.D. in 1640. In 1631 he became chaplain to Philip, Earl of Pembroke, then Chancellor of Oxford, and in 1639 he was made rector of Bishopston, Wiltshire. In 1641 the king appointed Earle tutor to Prince Charles. He accompanied Charles II abroad after the battle of Worcester, and was his chaplain and clerk of the closet. After the Restoration he met with his due reward, and was appointed in turn Dean of Westminster, Bishop of Worcester, and Bishop of Salisbury. During the Great Plague he accompanied the king and court to Oxford, and died there on 17th November, 1665. He was a man whose moderation and geniality endeared him to everyone; the king loved and admired him; his

co-religionists esteemed him, and the Nonconformists found him the most sympathetic member of the bench of bishops.

In 1628 *Microcosmographie, or a Peece of the World discovered in Essayes and Characters* appeared anonymously, but was soon known to be Earle's work. It was deservedly popular, and passed through seven editions in its author's lifetime. The first edition contained fifty-four characters, the sixth seventy-eight. Some of these are almost certainly not by Earle. The book is full of wit, humour, and admirable character-painting. It is milder and more humane than the similar collections of Hall and Overbury. It is a capital book, not only on account of the quiet fun it contains, but also on account of the light which it throws upon the manners and customs of the opening years of King Charles I's reign. There are editions of *Microcosmographie* by P. Bliss (1811), J. T. Fowler (1871), and A. S. West (1897).

From "Microcosmographie"

AN ANTIQUARY

Hee is a man strangely thrifty of Time past, and an enemy indeed to his Maw, whence he fetches out many things when they are now all rotten and stinking. Hee is one that hath that unnaturall disease to bee enamour'd of old age, and wrinckles, and loves all things (as Dutchmen doe Cheese) the better for being mouldy and worme-eaten. He is of our Religion, because wee say it is most ancient; and yet a broken Statue would almost make him an Idolater. A great admirer he is of the

rust of old Monuments, and reads onely those Characters, where time hath eaten out the letters. Hee will goe you forty miles to see a Saints' Well, or ruin'd Abbey: and if there be but a Crosse or stone foot-stoole in the way, hee'l be considering it so long, till he forget his journey. His estate consists much in shekels, and Roman Coynes, and hee hath more Pictures of Caesar, then James or Elizabeth. Beggers coozen him with musty things which they have rak't from dunghills, and he preserves their rags for precious Reliques. He loves no Library, but where there are more Spiders volums then Authors, and lookes with great admiration on the Antique worke of cob-webs. Printed bookes he contemnes, as a novelty of this latter age; but a Manuscript he pores on everlastingly, especially if the cover be all Moth-eaten, and the dust make a Parenthesis betweene every Syllable. He would give all the Bookes in his Study (which are rarities all) for one of the old Romane binding, or sixe lines of Tully in his owne hand. His chamber is hung commonly with strange Beasts skins, and is a kind of Charnel-house of bones extraordinary and his discourse upon them, if you will heare him, shall last longer. His very atyre is that which is the eldest out of fashion, and you may picke a Criticism out of his Breeches. He never lookes upon himself till he is gray hair'd, and then he is pleased with his owne Antiquity. His Grave do's not fright him, for he ha's been us'd to Sepulchers, and hee likes Death the better, because it gathers him to his Fathers.

A PLAYER

He knowes the right use of the World, wherein hee comes to play a part and so away, His life is not idle for it is all Action, and no man need be more wary in his doings, for the eyes of all men are upon him. His profession ha's in it a kind of contradiction, for none is more dislik'd, and yet none more applauded and hee ha's this misfortune of some Scholler, too much witte makes him a foole. He is like our painting Gentle-women, seldome in his owne face, seldomer in his cloathes, and hee pleases, the better hee counterfeites, except onely when hee is disguis'd with straw for gold lace. Hee do's not only personate on the Stage, but sometime in the Street, for hee is maskd still in the habite of a Gentleman. His Parts find him oathes and good words, which he keepes for his use and Discourse, and makes shew with them of a fashionable Companion. He is tragicall on the Stage, but rampant in the Tiring-house, and swears oathes there which he never con'd. The waiting women Spectators are over-cares in love with him, and Ladies send for him to act in their Chambers. Your Innes of Court men were undone but for him, hee is their chiefe guest and imployment, and the sole businesse that makes them After-noones men; The Poet only is his Tyrant, and hee is bound to make his friends friend drunk at his charges. Shrove-

tuesday hee feares as much as the Baudes, and Lent is more damage to him then the Butcher. Hee was never so much discredited as in one Act, and that was of Parliament, which gives Hostlers Priviledge before him, for which hee abhors it more then a corrupt Judge. But to give him his due, one wel-furnisht Actor has enough in him for five common Gentlemen, and if he have a good body for sixe, and for resolution, hee shall Challenge any Cato, for it has beene his practise to die bravely.

A PLAIN COUNTRY FELLOW

Is one that manures his ground well, but lets himselfe lie fallow and until'd. Hee has reason enough to doe his businesse, and not enough to bee idle or melancholy. Hee seemes to have the judgement of *Nabuchadnesar*: for his conversation is among beasts, and his tallons none of the shortest, only he eates not grasse, because hee loves not sallets. His hand guides the Plough, and the Plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-marke is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his Oxen very understandingly, and speaks Gee and Ree better then English. His mind is not much distracted with objects: but if a goode fat Cowe come in his way, he stands dumbe and astonisht, and though his haste bee never so great, will fixe here halfe an houres contemplation. His habitation is some poore Thatcht roofe, distinguisht from his Barn, by the loope-holes that let out smoak, which the raine had long since washt thorow, but for the double seeling of Bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his Grandsires time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His Dinner is his other worke, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastner on a piece of Beefe, and you may hope to stave the Guard off sooner. His Religion is a part of his Copy-hold, which hee takes from his Land-lord, and referres it wholly to his discretion. Yet if hee give him leave, he is a good Christian to his power (that is) comes to Church in his best clothes, and sits there with his Neighbours, where he is capable onely of two Prayers, for raines and faire weather. Hee apprehends Gods blessings onely in a Good Yeere, or a Fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday he esteemes a day to make merry in, and thinkes a Bag-pipe as essentiall to it, as Evening-Prayer, where hee walkes very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dauncing of his parish. His complement with his Neighbour, is a good thumpe on the backe; and his salutation, commonly some blunt Curse. Hee thinks nothing to bee vices but Pride and ill husbandrie, for which hee wil gravely dissuade youth and has some thriftie Hobnaye Proverbes to Clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the Weeke except onely Market-day, where if his Corne sell well, hee thinkes hee may be drunke with a good Conscience. His feete never stincke so unbecomingly, as when

hee trots after a Lawyer in Westminster-hall, and even cleaves the ground with hard scraping, in beseeching his Worship to take his money. Hee is sensible of no calamitie but the burning of a Stacke of Corne, or the over-flowing of a Medow, and thinkes *Noahs* Flood the greatest Plague that euer was, not because it Drowned the World, but spoyl'd the grasse. For Death hee is never troubled, and if hee get in but his Harvest before, let it come when it wil he cares not.

JOHN SELDEN

(1584 — 1654)

JOHN SELDEN was born at Salvington, Sussex, in 1584. His father was a well-to-do yeoman with considerable musical gifts. He was educated at Chichester Free School and at Hart Hall, Oxford, where he did not graduate. In 1602 he was entered at Clifford Inn, and was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1604. He was not called to the Bar until 1612. In 1633 he became a Bencher. Selden, although a legal luminary of the first magnitude, never practised in the courts to any extent. He was content to be, as Ben Jonson said, "the law book of the judges of England". He was considered to be the final court of appeal in certain legal matters, especially in those matters which chiefly concern a legal antiquary. Much of Selden's career belongs to political rather than to literary history; but a brief outline of his life may be given. His early works, all replete with learning, include *Analecton Anglo-Britannicon* (1607), *Jani Anglorum Facies altera* (1610), and *England's Epinomis* (1610). In 1612 he wrote learned notes upon the first eighteen "songs" of *Polyolbion*, and in 1614 he pub-

lished *Titles of Honour*, a most important reference book, improved in later editions. The third edition (1672) has never been superseded as an authority on all matters connected with titles. *De Diis Syris*, an important Latin treatise on Oriental mythology, appeared in 1617. In the same year his *History of Tythes* made its appearance, and got him into some trouble with the king and the ecclesiastical authorities. He made a lukewarm retraction and a few modifications in the book. In 1623 he entered Parliament, and in 1626 he took a prominent part in the impeachment of Buckingham. He was counsel for Sir Edmund Hampden in 1627, and in 1629 he supported the petition of the printers and booksellers against Laud, and took an active part in the discussions about tonnage and poundage. He was accordingly imprisoned, and was not liberated until May, 1631. He opposed the Crown in the matter of ship-money; helped to draw up the articles of impeachment of Laud; became clerk and keeper of the records of the Tower of London in 1643; after 1649 he took no further part in public

affairs, and devoted himself to study. For many years he was steward to Henry Grey, seventh Earl of Kent, and he was said to have secretly married the countess after the earl's death, which took place in 1639. The countess died in 1651 and left most of her property to Selden. He died at the Carmelite or White Friars House which she had bequeathed him.

Selden's Latin works do not find many readers; even his English works, though often consulted, are seldom read. His style is curiously cumbrous and heavy; it conveys information without entertainment. He is remembered almost entirely on account of his extraordinarily pithy and pregnant *Table-Talk*, which was taken down by his secretary, Dr. Richard Milward, and published in 1689,

thirty-five years after Selden's death and nine years after Milward's. Coleridge said of it: "There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer." As his earliest editor said, Selden "would presently convey the highest Points of Religion and the most important Affairs of State, to an ordinary apprehension". He was an Erastian, and a strong advocate of common sense and reason. His conversation had something of the pungency of Dr. Johnson's; and it is small wonder that it is remembered and treasured when his legal and antiquarian works are forgotten.

[G. W. Johnson, *Memoirs of John Selden*; there are editions of the *Table-Talk* by S. W. Singer (1847) and S. H. Reynolds (1892).]

From "Table-Talk"

BAPTISM

'Twas a good way to persuade Men to be christened, to tell them that they had a Foulness about them, viz. Original Sin, that could not be washed away but by Baptism.

2. The Baptizing of Children with us, does only prepare a Child, against he comes to be a Man, to understand what Christianity means. In the Church of Rome it has this Effect, it frees Children from Hell. They say they go into *Limbus Infantum*. It succeeds Circumcision, and we are sure the Child understood nothing of that at eight Days old; why then may not we as reasonably baptize a Child at that Age? In England, of late years, I ever thought the Parson baptized his own Fingers rather than the Child.

3. In the Primitive Times they had Godfathers to see the Children brought up in the Christian Religion, because many times, when the Father was a Christian, the Mother was not, and sometimes, when the Mother was a Christian, the Father was not; and therefore they made choice of two or more that were Christians, to see their Children brought up in that Faith.

BIBLE. SCRIPTURE

'Tis a great Question how we know Scripture to be Scripture, whether by the Church, or by Man's private Spirit. Let me ask you how I know any thing? how I know this Carpet to be green? First, because somebody told me it was green; that you call the Church in your Way. And then after I have been told it is green, when I see that Colour again, I know it to be green, my own eyes tell me it is green; that you call the private Spirit.

2. The English Translation of the Bible is the best Translation in the World, and renders the Sense of the Original best, taking in for the English Translation the Bishops' Bible as well as King James's. The Translators in King James's time took an excellent way. That Part of the Bible was given to him who was most excellent in such a Tongue (as the Apocrypha to Andrew Downs) and then they met together, and one read the Translation, the rest holding in their Hands some Bible, either of the learned Tongues, or French, Spanish, Italian, etc. If they found any Fault, they spoke; if not, he read on.

3. There is no Book so translated as the Bible. For the purpose, if I translate a French Book into English, I turn it into English Phrase, not into French English. (*Il fait froid*) I say, 'tis cold, not, it makes cold; but the Bible is rather translated into English Words than into English Phrase. The Hebraisms are kept, and the Phrase of that Language is kept: which is well enough, so long as Scholars have to do with it; but when it comes among the Common People, Lord, what Gear do they make of it!

4. *Scrutamini Scripturas*. These two Words have undone the World. Because Christ spake it to his Disciples, therefore we must all, Men, Women and Children, read and interpret the Scripture.

5. Henry the Eighth made a Law, that all Men might read the Scripture, except Servants; but no Woman, except Ladies and Gentlewomen, who had Leisure, and might ask somebody the Meaning. The Law was repealed in Edward the Sixth's Days.

6. Lay-men have best interpreted the hard places in the Bible, such as Johannes Picus, Scaliger, Grotius, Salmasius, Heinsius, etc.

7. If you ask which of Erasmus, Beza, or Grotius did best upon the New Testament? 'tis an idle Question: For they all did well in their Way. Erasmus broke down the first Brick, Beza added many things, and Grotius added much to him; in whom we have either something new, or something heightened that was said before, and so 'twas necessary to have them all three.

8. The Text serves only to guess by; we must satisfy ourselves fully out of the Authors that lived about those times.

9. In interpreting the Scripture, many do as if a Man should see one

have ten Pounds, which he reckoned by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10: meaning four was but four Units, and five five Units, etc. and that he had in all but ten Pounds: the other that sees him, takes not the Figures together as he doth, but picks here and there, and thereupon reports, that he hath five Pounds in one Bag, and six Pounds in another Bag, and nine Pounds in another Bag, etc. when as in truth he hath but ten Pounds in all. So we pick out a Text here and there to make it serve our turn; whereas if we took it altogether, and considered what went before and what followed after, we should find it meant no such thing.

10. Make no more Allegories in Scripture than needs must. The Fathers were too frequent in them; they, indeed, before they fully understood the literal Sense, looked out for an Allegory. The Folly whereof you may conceive thus: Here at the first sight appears to me in my Window a Glass and a Book; I take it for granted 'tis a Glass and a Book; thereupon I go about to tell you what they signify: afterwards upon nearer view, they prove no such thing; one is a Box like a Book, the other is a Picture made like a Glass: where's now my Allegory?

11. When Men meddle with the literal Text, the Question is, where they should stop. In this Case, a Man must venture his Discretion, and do his best to satisfy himself and others in these Places where he doubts; for although we call the Scripture the Word of God (as it is), yet it was writ by a Man, a mercenary Man, whose Copy, either might be false, or he might make it false. For Example, here were a thousand Bibles printed in England with the Text thus, (*Thou shalt commit Adultery*) the Word (*not*) left out: might not this Text be mended?

12. The Scripture may have more Senses besides the Literal, because God understands all things at once; but a Man's Writing has but one true Sense, which is that which the Author meant when he writ it.

13. When you meet with several Readings of the Text, take heed you admit nothing against the Tenets of your Church; but do as if you were going over a Bridge; be sure you hold fast by the Rail, and then you may dance here and there as you please; be sure you keep to what is settled, and then you may flourish upon your various Lections.

14. The Apocrypha is bound with the Bibles of all Churches that have been hitherto. Why should we leave it out? The Church of Rome has her Apocrypha (viz.) Susanna, and Bel and the Dragon, which she does not esteem equally with the rest of those Books that we call Apocrypha.

DEVILS

A Person of Quality came to my Chamber in the Temple, and told me he had two Devils in his Head (I wondered what he meant), and just at that time, one of them bid him kill me: (with that I begun to be

afraid, and thought he was mad). He said he knew I could cure him, and therefore entreated me to give him something; for he was resolved he would go to no body else. I perceiving what an Opinion he had of me, and that 'twas only Melancholy that troubled him, took him in hand, warranted him, if he would follow my directions to cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me be alone about an hour, and then to come again, which he was very willing to. In the meantime I got a Card, and lapped it up handsome in a Piece of Taffata, and when he came, gave it him to hang about his Neck; withal charged him, that he should not disorder himself neither with eating or drinking, but eat very little of Supper, and say his Prayers duly when he went to Bed, and I made no question but he would be well in three or four Days. Within that time I went to Dinner to his House, and asked him how he did. He said he was much better, but not perfectly well, for in truth he had not dealt clearly with me. He had four Devils in his head, and he perceived two of them were gone, with that which I had given him, but the other two troubled him still. Well, said I, I am glad two of them are gone; I make no doubt but to get away the other two likewise. So I gave him another thing to hang about his Neck. Three Days after he came to me to my Chamber and profest he was now as well as ever he was in his Life, and did extremely thank me for the great Care I had taken of him. I fearing lest he might relapse into the like Distemper, told him that there was none but myself and one Physician more, in the whole Town, that could cure Devils in the Head, and that was Dr. Harvey (whom I had prepared), and wished him, if ever he found himself ill in my Absence, to go to him, for he could cure his Disease as well as myself. The Gentleman lived many Years and was never troubled after.

FRIENDS

Old Friends are best. King James used to call for his old Shoes; they were easiest for his Feet.

KING OF ENGLAND

The King can do no wrong; that is, no Process can be granted against him. What must be done then? Petition him, and the King writes upon the Petition *soit droit fait*, and sends it to the Chancery, and then the business is heard. His Confessor will not tell him, he can do no wrong.

2. There's a great deal of difference between Head of the Church, and Supreme Governor, as our Canons call the King. Conceive it thus: there is in the Kingdom of England a College of Physicians; the King is Supreme Governor of those, but not Head of them, nor President of the College, nor the best Physician.

3. After the Dissolution of the Abbeyes, they did much advance the King's Supremacy, for they only cared to exclude the Pope: hence have we had several Translations of the Bible put upon us. But now we must look to it, otherwise the King may put upon us what Religion he pleases.

4. 'Twas the old way when the King of England had his House, there were Canons to sing Service in his Chapel; so at Westminster in St. Stephen's Chapel where the House of Commons sits: from which Canons the Street called *Canon-row* has its Name, because they lived there; and he had also the Abbot and his Monks, and all these the King's House.

5. The three Estates are the Lords Temporal, the Bishops and the Clergy, and the Commons, as some would have it, (take heed of that,) for then if two agree, the third is involved; but he is King of the three Estates.

6. The King hath a Seal in every Court, and though the Great Seal be called *Sigillum Angliae*, the Great Seal of England, yet 'tis not because 'tis the Kingdom's Seal, and not the King's, but to distinguish it from *Sigillum Hiberniae*, *Sigillum Scotiae*.

7. The Court of England is much altered. At a solemn Dancing, first you had the grave Measures, then the Corantoes and the Galliards, and all this is kept up with Ceremony; at length to *Trenchmore*, and the Cushion-Dance, and then all the Company dance, Lord and Groom, Lady and Kitchen-Maid, no distinction. So in our Court, in Queen Elizabeth's time, Gravity and State were kept up. In King James's time things were pretty well. But in King Charles's time, there has been nothing but *Trenchmore*, and the Cushion-Dance, *omnium gatherum*, tolly-polly, *hoite cum toite*.

TRINITY

The second Person is made of a piece of Bread by the Papist, the Third Person is made of his own Frenzy, Malice, Ignorance and Folly, by the Roundhead. To all these the Spirit is intituled. One the Baker makes, the other the Cobbler; and betwixt these two, I think the First Person is sufficiently abused.

WILLIAM PRYNNE

(1600 – 1669)

WILLIAM PRYNNE was born in 1600 at Swanswick, in Somersetshire. He was educated at Bath Grammar School and at Oriel College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1621. He was admitted to Lincoln's Inn in 1621, and was called to the Bar in 1628. All his life he was a Puritan of the most determined and uncompromising kind, but he was not a good party-man, and usually his hand was against every man and every man's hand against him. The absurdity and narrow-mindedness of some of his views are partly atoned for by the earnestness and fearlessness with which he expressed them. In 1627 he published a tract attacking Arminianism, and two pamphlets denouncing long hair and the drinking of healths. His most famous work, *Histrio-Mastix*, a scathing but unreadable denunciation of stage-plays, appeared in 1632. A passage in its index, to which most of the readers of the book probably confined themselves, spoke of women-actors as "notorious whores". This was interpreted as referring to the queen, who had been taking part in a pastoral play, and Prynne was imprisoned. In 1634 he was condemned by the Star-Chamber to pay a fine of £5000, to stand in the pillory and have both ears cut off, and to remain a prisoner for life. Even while in prison he continued to write pamphlets incessantly; one of them, *News from Ipswich*, an attack on the Bishop of Norwich, got him into more

trouble, and he was condemned to another fine of £5000, to lose the remainder of his ears, and to be branded on both cheeks with the letters SL (for "seditious libeller" but humorously interpreted by Prynne as "stigmata Laudis"). The Long Parliament in 1640 granted his release. Soon after he entered Parliament and took a prominent part in the trial of Laud, publishing an account of it entitled *Ganterburies Doom*. After the fall of Charles I, Prynne opposed Cromwell, who had him again imprisoned. His pen never rested for a moment, and he carried on single-handed a paper war against the Government. He was a keen advocate of the Restoration, and after the return of Charles was appointed keeper of the records in the Tower, "to keep him quiet". In this capacity he did much useful work. He died in 1669, having written some two hundred works, in all of which his learning outran his judgment and his zeal his discretion.

Only one of his two hundred productions is remembered. *Histrio-Mastix* is not a contribution to literature; but it is famous because it summed up the case for the Puritans against the stage, and because of the brutal punishment which it brought upon its author. It is a forbidding book, even in its title, which is almost a pamphlet in itself, and in its Errata; Prynne roars loud and thunders in the index also. His book, indeed, reminds us of the epic poem of

Orestes, of which Juvenal tells us

“summi plena iam margine libri
Scriptus et in tergo, nec dum finitus”.

Seventy-one fathers and fifty-five synods are quoted; in fact the margin is one solid mass of second-hand quotation, as odd and as fusty as a second-hand clothes shop. His predecessors in attacking the stage borrowed quotations one from another, and the ever-rolling stream of quotation emptied itself into

the ocean of *Histrion-Mastix*. This was in accordance with the controversial methods of the day, and cannot be entirely attributed to Prynne's idiosyncrasy. His book is not likely to be entirely forgotten, though it is a monument of misdirected zeal and misapplied learning.

[S. R. Gardiner, *Documents relating to the Proceedings against William Prynne in 1634 and 1637*; T. B. Howell, *A Complete Collection of State Trials* (Vol. III).]

From “*Histrion-Mastix*”

Saint Augustine, writing of the honour (not of the adoration, a thing not then in use) which the Christians gave the Martyrs in his age; informes us; that they did neither exhilerate them with their crimes; nor yet with filthy Playes, with which the Gentiles did usually delight their Idol-gods. Yet our novellizing Romanists, (who vaunt so much of antiquity, though their whole Religion, (wherein they varry from us) be but novelty) abandoning the pious practice of these Primitive Christians, (conscious to themselves no doubt, that many of their late Canonized Tiburne-Martyrs, were no other, no better then the devil-gods of Pagans, who were oft-times deified for their notorious villanies, as Popish Saints are for their matchlesse treasons;) have not onely adored them as gods, erecting temples to their names and worship: but likewise solemnized their anniversary commemorations, by personating in their severall Temples, the blasphemous lying Legends of their lives and miracles, (so fit for no place as the Stage itselfe) in some theatricall shewes; adoring and honouring them in no other manner, then the very Pagans did their Devil-gods, with whom these hell-saints are most aptly paralleld. Such honour, such worship give the Papists to our blessed Saviour, to these their idolized Saints, as thus to turne, not onely their Priests into Players, their Temples, into Theaters; but even their very miracles, lives, and sufferings into Playes. To leave the Papists and close up this Scene. It is recorded of one Porphery a Pagan Stage-player, that he grew to such an height of impiety, as he adventured to baptize himselfe in jest upon the Stage, of purpose to make the people laugh at Christian Baptisme, and so to bring both it and Christianity into contempt: and for this purpose he plunged himselfe into a vessell of water which he had placed on the Stage, calling aloud upon the Trinity: at which the Spectators fell into a great laughter. But loe the good-

nesse of God to this prophane miscreant; it pleased God to shew such a demonstration of his power and grace upon him, that this sporting baptisme of his, became a serious laver of regeneration to him: in so much that of a gracelesse Player, he became a gracious Christian, and not long after, a constant Martyr. The like I find registred of one Ardalion, another Heathen Actor, who in derision of the holy Sacrament of Baptisme, baptized himselfe in jest upon the Stage, and by that meanes became a Christian; Gods mercy turning this his wickednesse to his eternall good: not any wayes to justifie Playes or Players, or to countenance this his audacious prophannesse; but even miraculously to publish to the world the power of his owne holy Ordinances, which by the co-operation of his Spirit, are even then able to regenerate those who most contemne them, when they are used but in scorne. These notable histories, with the premises, sufficiently evidence, the subject matter of Stage-playes to be oft-times impious, sacrilegious, blasphemous: from whence I raise this ninth Argument.

That whose subject matter is impious, sacrilegious, blasphemous, must needs be sinfull and unlawfull unto Christians. Witnessse *Levit.* 24, 11 to 17. *2 Kings* 19, 6, 22. *Isay* 37, 6, 23.*e.*, 52, 5. *Matth.* 12, 31. *Luke* 22, 65. *1 Tim.* 1, 20.

But such oft-times, is the subject matter of Stage-playes: witnessse the premises.

Therefore they must needs be sinfull and unlawfull unto Christians.

THOMAS RANDOLPH

(1605 - 1635)

THOMAS RANDOLPH was born near Daventry in 1605. His father was steward to Lord Zouch. He was a precocious child, and at the age of ten wrote *The History of the Incarnation of our Saviour* in verse. His mature work was not so edifying. He was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1628 and M.A. in 1632, in which year he also became a major Fellow of his college. While still an undergraduate he became acquainted with Ben Jonson, who adopted him as one of his "sons".

"They both of them loved sack, and harmless mirth," as the preface to one of Randolph's plays informs us. In 1630 Randolph published his first work, *Aristippus, or the Joviall Philosopher, To which is added The Conceited Pedler*. *Aristippus*, which is written in prose interspersed with verse, utilizes Aristotelian logic to defend sack and attack small beer. It was written to be privately performed at the university. *The Conceited Pedler* is a highly amusing monologue. *The Jealous Lovers*, a comedy in blank verse, was performed

before the king and queen at Cambridge in 1632. It is more ambitious, but also more self-conscious, than the rest of Randolph's work, and cannot be reckoned a success. *The Muses' Looking-Glasse*, Randolph's masterpiece, was probably acted in 1632, though not printed until 1638. It is a very clever and original play, a curious blend of Aristotle and Aristophanes, which endeavours to prove that virtue is a mean between two extremes of vice. Jonson's influence is plainly to be seen. *Amyntas, or the Impossible Dowry* is a well-finished but artificial pastoral play. *Hey for Honesty, down with Knavery*, a free adaptation of Aristophanes' *Plutus*, is probably not by Randolph. Randolph's poems are full of promise

and vigour, and, had his meteoric career not been cut short at the early age of twenty-nine, he might have attained great heights. He was a true "son" of Jonson's; his plays were satirical rather than dramatic, and he was a great consumer of sack. Unlike Jonson, however, he was learned without being pedantic, and although his work was addressed to the microcosm of Cambridge rather than to the macrocosm of London, he had a larger share of the spirit of Aristophanes than is given to most English writers.

[K. Kottas, *Thomas Randolph, sein Leben und seine Werke*; W. C. Hazlitt, *The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Thomas Randolph*; *Retrospective Review*, Vol. VI, pp. 61-87.]

From "The Muses' Looking-Glasse"

MISTRESS FLOWERDEW. BIRD. ROSCIUS.

BIRD

My indignation boileth like a pot—
An over-heated pot—still, still it boileth;
It boileth, and it bubbleth with disdain.

MISTRESS FLOWERDEW

My spirit within me too fumeth, I say,
Fumeth and steameth up, and runneth o'er
With holy wrath, at these delights of flesh.

ROSCIUS

The actors beg your silence. The next virtue whose extreme we would present wants a name both in the Greek and Latin.

BIRD

Wants it a name? 'tis an unchristian virtue.

50
THOMAS RANDOLPH

ROSCIUS

But they describe it such a modesty as directs us in the pursuit and refusal of the meaner honours, and so answers to Magnanimity, as Liberty to Magnificence. But here, that humour of the persons, being already restalled, and no pride now so much practised or countenanced as that apparel, let me present you Philotimia, an over-curious lady, too neat in her attire, and for Aphilotimus, Luparius, a nasty, sordid sloven.

MISTRESS FLOWERDEW

Pride is a vanity worthy the correction.

PHILOTIMIA. LUPARIUS. COLAX.

PHILOTIMIA

What mole dress'd me to-day? O patience!
Who would be troubled with these mop-ey'd chamber-maids?
'There's a whole hair on this side more than t' other,
I am no lady else! Come on, you sloven.
Was ever Christian madam so tormented
'To wed a swine as I am? make you ready.

LUPARIUS

I would the tailor had been hang'd, for me,
That first invented clothes. O nature, nature!
More cruel unto man than all thy creatures!
Calves come into the world with doublets on;
And oxen have no breeches to put off.
'The lamb is born with her frieze-coat about her;
Hogs go to bed in rest, and are not troubled
With pulling on their hose and shoes i' th' morning,
With gartering, girdling, trussing, buttoning,
And a thousand torments that afflict humanity.

PHILOTIMIA

To see her negligence! she hath made this cheek
By much too pale, and hath forgot to whiten
'The natural redness of my nose; she knows not
What 'tis wants dealbation. O fine memory!
If she has not set me in the selfsame teeth
That I wore yesterday, I am a Jew.
Does she think that I can eat twice with the same,

Or that my mouth stands as the vulgar does?
What, are you snoring there? you'll rise, you sluggard,
And make you ready?

LUPARIUS

Rise and make you ready?
Two works of that your happy birds make one;
They, when they rise, are ready. Blessed birds!
They (fortunate creatures!) sleep in their own clothes,
And rise with all their feather-beds about them.
Would nakedness were come again in fashion;
I had some hope then, when the breasts went bare,
Their bodies, too, would have come to 't in time,

PHILOTIMIA

Beshrew her for 't, this wrinkle is not fill'd—
You'll go and wash—you are a pretty husband!

LUPARIUS

Our sow ne'er washes, yet she has a face
Methinks as cleanly, madam, as yours is,
If you durst wear your own.

COLAX

Madam Superbia,
You're studying the lady's library,
The looking-glass: 'tis well! so great a beauty
Must have her ornaments. Nature adorns
The peacock's tail with stars; 'tis she attires
The bird of paradise in all her plumes;
She decks the fields with various flowers; 'tis she
Spangled the heavens with all those glorious lights;
She spotted th' ermine's skin, and arm'd the fish
In silver mail. But man she sent forth naked,
Not that he should remain so, but that he,
Endued with reason, should adorn himself
With every one of these. The silkworm is
Only man's spinster, else we might suspect
That she esteem'd the painted butterfly
Above her masterpiece. You are the image
Of that bright goddess, therefore wear the jewels
Of all the East; let the Red Sea be ransack'd

THOMAS RANDOLPH

To make you glitter. Look on Luparius,
Your husband there, and see how in a sloven
All the best characters of divinity,
Not yet worn out in man, are lost and buried.

PHILOTIMIA

I see it to my grief; pray, counsel him.

COLAX

This vanity in your nice lady's humours,
Of being so curious in her toys and dresses,
Makes me suspicious of her honesty.
These cobweb lawns catch spiders, sir, believe:
You know that clothes do not commend the man,
But 'tis the living; though this age prefer
A cloak of plush before a brain of art.
You understand what misery it is to have
No worth but that we owe the draper for.
No doubt you spend the time your lady loses
In tricking up her body, to clothe the soul.

LUPARTUS

To clothe the soul? must the soul too be cloth'd?
I protest, sir, I had rather have no soul
Than be tormented with the clothing of it.

(*Act IV, Sc. 1.*)

JOHN FORD

(1586 – ?)

JOHN FORD was born at Ilsington, Devonshire, in 1586. He came of a good family, and was nephew to John Popham, the Lord Chief Justice. Very little is known for certain about his life, and it is not known when he died. He may have been for a short time at Exeter College, Oxford; he was admitted member of the Middle Temple

in 1602. As a young man he wrote some poetry of little merit; it is as a dramatist that he is famous. He is believed to have been of independent means, which bred independent manners in his work. *The Sun's Darling*, a masque in which Ford collaborated with Dekker or, more probably, revised Dekker's work, appeared in 1624.

Ford collaborated with Dekker and with Rowley in the admirable domestic drama *The Witch of Edmonton* (?1622), but it is probable that his share in this play was a small one. His first independent play was *The Lover's Melancholy* (1628), a play strongly influenced by Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. It contains the famous story of the nightingale and the lutanist, taken from Strada's *Prolusiones*. His next play, *The Broken Heart* (printed 1633), is one of the best and most celebrated of Ford's plays, though when Charles Lamb says that the death of Calantha almost bears him in imagination to Calvary and the Cross, he would appear to be guilty of hyperbole as well as irreverence. *Love's Sacrifice* (also printed 1633) has an absurd plot but much fine writing in it. *'Tis Pity she's a Whore* (printed 1633), like the lost *Aeolus* of Euripides, turns upon the incestuous love of a brother and sister. In spite of its revolting subject, and in spite of the sensationalism that mars much of Ford's work, it is an arresting play and is most skilfully constructed. *Perkin Warbeck* (printed 1634) is a return to the chronicle-history play which had long been out of fashion. The background of reality has helped Ford to check the extravagances of his fancy, and the play is a good one. *The Fancies, Chaste and Noble* and *The Lady's Trial* (1638) both mark a distinct decline. After the publication of the latter play Ford drops out of sight. Four other plays by him were destroyed by Betsy Baker, John Warburton's cook.

After the appearance of the First Folio of Shakespeare in 1623

drama became more literary. This partly explains why Ford's work differs from that of his predecessors. He was able to study the work of the older playwrights in book form, and to look forward to having his own plays published eventually. Hence he took more pains than those earlier writers who merely prepared plays to be acted. He was a careful, deliberate workman, who wrote mainly to please himself. Much of his work is marred by sensationalism. All commonplace plots had been already used up, and he seems to have felt that excitement must be kept up at all costs. Hence he deals with subjects untouched by Shakespeare, and introduces scenes like that in which Giovanni rushes to meet his father with the heart of his sister and paramour on a dagger. Aristotle in a famous passage tells us that, among spectators of tragedies, fear is aroused by the misfortunes of a man like themselves. Ford's heroes and heroines are too exceptional to excite complete sympathy. He is not "loth to make nature afraid in his plays, to mix his head with other men's heels". He had no sense of humour, and sinks below all the other Jacobean dramatists in the bad quality of his attempts at comic relief. He was however, a beautiful writer of blank verse, he had great mastery over some of the technical difficulties of his art, and above all he had a deep knowledge of the passions and contradictory impulses of the human heart.

[W. Gifford (revised by A. Dyce), *The Works of John Ford*; A. C. Swinburne, *Essays and Studies*.]

From "The Broken Heart"

(While CALANTHA (Princess of Sparta) is celebrating the nuptials of PROPHILUS and EUPIRANEA at court with music and dancing, one enters to inform her that the King her father is dead; a second brings the news that PENTHEA (sister to ITHOCLES) is starved; and a third comes to tell that ITHOCLES himself (to whom the Princess is contracted) is cruelly murdered.)

CALANTHA. PROPHILUS. EUPIRANEA. NEARCHUS. CROTOLON,
 CHRISTALLA. PHILEMA. *And Others.*

CALANTHA

We miss our servant Ithocles, and Orgilus;
 On whom attend they?

CROTOLON

My son, gracious princess,
 Whisper'd some new device, to which these revels
 Should be but usher; wherein, I conceive,
 Lord Ithocles and he himself are actors.

CALANTHA

A fair excuse for absence: as for Bassanes,
 Delights to him are troublesome; Armostes
 Is with the king.

CROTOLON

He is.

CALANTHA

On to the dance:
(To NEARCHUS) Dear cousin, hand you the bride; the
 bridegroom must be
 Entrusted to my courtship: be not jealous,
 Euphranea; I shall scarcely prove a temptress.
 Fall to our dance.

*(They dance the first change, during
 which ARMOSTES enters.)*

ARMOSTES

The king your father's dead,

CALANTHA

To the other change.

ARMOSTES

Is it possible?

(They dance again: BASSANES enters.)

BASSANES

O madam,
Pentheia, poor Pentheia's starved.

CALANTHA

Beshrew thee.—
Lead to the next.

BASSANES

Amazement dulls my senses.

(They dance again: ORGILUS enters.)

ORGILUS

Brave Ithocles is murder'd, murder'd cruelly.

CALANTHA

How dull this music sounds! Strike up more sprightly:
Our footings are not active like our hearts
Which treads the nimbler measure.

ORGILUS

I am thunderstruck.

(They dance the last change. The music ceases.)

CALANTHA

So, let us breathe awhile: hath not this motion
Raised fresher colour on your cheeks? *(To NEARCHUS.)*

NEARCHUS

Sweet princess,
A perfect purity of blood enamels
The beauty of your white.

JOHN FORD

CALANTHIA

We all look cheerfully:
 And, cousin, 'tis methinks a rare presumption
 In any, who prefers our lawful pleasures
 Before their own sour censure, to interrupt
 The custom of this ceremony bluntly.

NEARCHIUS

None dares, lady.

CALANTHIA

Yes, yes; some hollow voice deliver'd to me
 How that the king was dead.

ARMOSTES

The king is dead:
 That fatal news was mine; for in mine arms
 He breathed his last, and with his crown bequeathed you
 Your mother's wedding-ring, which here I tender.

CROOLON

Most strange.

CALANTHIA

Peace crown his ashes: we are queen then.

NEARCHIUS

Long live Calantha, Sparta's sovereign queen.

ALL

Long live the queen.

CALANTHIA

What whisper'd Bassanes?

BASSANES

That my Penthea, miserable soul,
 Was starved to death.

CALANTHIA

She's happy; she hath finish'd
 A long and painful progress.—A third murmur
 Pierced mine unwilling ears.

ORGILUS

That Ithocles
Was murder'd.

CALANTHA

By whose hand?

ORGILUS

By mine: this weapon
Was instrument to my revenge. The reasons
Are just and known. Quit him of these, and then
Never lived gentleman of greater merit,
Hope, or abiliment to steer a kingdom.

CALANTHA

We begin our reign
With a first act of justice: thy confession
Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sentence;
But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence
Shall be excused; give, Crotolon, a blessing
To thy lost son; Euphranea, take a farewell:
And both begone.
(*To ORGILUS*) Bloody relater of thy stains in blood;
For that thou hast reported him (whose fortunes
And life by thee are both at once snatch'd from him)
With honourable mention, make thy choice
Of what death likes thee best; there's all our bounty.
But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,
Entreat you and these lords see execution
Instant, before ye part.

NEARCHUS

Your will commands us.

ORGILUS

One suit, just queen; my last. Vouchsafe your clemency,
That by no common hand I be divided
From this my humble frailty.

CALANTHA

To their wisdoms,
Who are to be spectators of thine end,
I make the reference. Those that are dead,
Are dead; had they not now died, of necessity
They must have paid the debt they owed to nature

One time or other. Use despatch, my lords. —
We'll suddenly prepare our coronation.

[*Exit.*]

ARMOSTES

'Tis strange these tragedies should never touch on
Her female pity.

BASSANES

She has a masculine spirit.

(The Coronation of the Princess takes place after the execution of ORGILUS.—She enters the Temple, dressed in white, having a crown on her head. She kneels at the altar. The dead body of ITHOCLES (whom she should have married) is borne on a hearse, in rich robes, having a crown on his head; and placed by the side of the altar, where she kneels. Her devotions ended, she rises.)

CALANTHIA.	NEARCHIUS.	PROPHILUS.	CROTOLON.	BASSANES.
ARMOSTES.	EUPIRANEA.	AMELUS.	CHRISTALLA.	
	PHILEMA.	<i>And Others.</i>		

CALANTHIA

Our orisons are heard, the gods are merciful.
Now tell me, you, whose loyalties pay tribute
To us your lawful sovereign, how unskillful
Your duties, or obedience is, to render
Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin;
Who have been ever fortunate in princes
Of masculine and stirring composition.
A woman has enough to govern wisely
Her own demeanours, passions, and divisions.
A nation warlike, and inured to practice
Of policy and labour, cannot brook
A feminine authority: we therefore
Command your counsel, how you may advise us
In choosing of a husband, whose abilities
Can better guide this kingdom.

NEARCHIUS

Royal lady,
Your law is in your will.

ARMOSTES

We have seen tokens
Of constancy too lately to mistrust it.

CROTOLON

Yet if your highness settle on a choice
By your own judgment both allow'd and liked of,
Sparta may grow in power and proceed
To an increasing height.

CALANTHA

Cousin of Argos.

NEARCHUS

Madam.

CALANTHA

Were I presently
To choose you for my lord, I'll open freely
What articles I would propose to treat on,
Before our marriage.

NEARCHUS

Name them, virtuous lady.

CALANTHA

I would presume you would retain the royalty
Of Sparta in her own bounds: then in Argos
Armestes might be viceroy; in Messene
Might Crotolon bear sway; and Bassanes
Be Sparta's marshal:
The multitude of high employments could no
But set a peace to private griefs. These gentlemen,
Groneas and Lemophil, with worthy pensions,
Should wait upon your person in your chamber.
I would bestow Christalla on Amelus;
She'll prove a constant wife: and Philema
Should into Vesta's temple.

BASSANES

This is a testament;
It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.

NEARCHUS

All this should be perform'd.

CALANTHA

Lastly, for Prophilus,
He should be (cousin) solemnly invested

JOHN FORD

In all those honours, titles, and preferments,
Which his dear friend and my neglected husband
'Too short a time enjoy'd.

PROPHILUS

I am unworthy
To live in your remembrance.

EUPHRANEA

Excellent lady.

NEARCHIUS

Madam, what means that word, neglected husband?

CALANTHIA

Forgive me. Now I turn to thee, thou shadow
[To the dead body of ITIODES.

Of my contracted lord: bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon
His finger; 'twas my father's last bequest:
Thus I new marry him, whose wife I am;
Death shall not separate us. O my lords,
I but deceived your eyes with antick gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on another,
Of death, and death, and death; still I danced forward
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who with shrieks and outcries
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows;
Yet live to vow new pleasures, and outlive them.
They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings:
Let me die smiling.

NEARCHIUS

'Tis a truth too ominous.

CALANTHIA

One kiss on these cold lips; my last. Crack, crack.
Argos now's Sparta's king.

[Dies.]

JAMES SHIRLEY

(1596 – 1666)

JAMES SHIRLEY was born in London in 1596. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, St. John's College, Oxford, and Catherine Hall, Cambridge. Laud, then President of St. John's College, Oxford, believing that the clergy should be without spot or blemish, advised him not to take holy orders because he had a large mole on his left cheek. Shirley, however, after his sojourn at Cambridge, spurned this advice, but soon afterwards joined the Church of Rome and became a schoolmaster. In 1625 he commenced his prolific career as playwright, and between that date and the closing of the theatres in 1642 he wrote some thirty-seven plays — seven tragedies, twenty-four comedies (some of them romantic comedies, others comedies of manners), three masques, and three nondescript plays. The best of his tragedies are *The Traitor* (1631), *Love's Cruelty* (1631), and *The Cardinal* (1641); of his comedies, *The Witty Fair One* (1628), *Hyde Park* (1632), *The Gamester* (1633), and *The Lady of Pleasure* (1635) are the best known. In 1634 Shirley was chosen to write the great masque, *The Triumph of Peace*, which the four Inns of Court presented to the king and queen. From 1636 to 1640 Shirley lived in Dublin, assisting John Ogilby with the theatre he had opened in Werburgh Street in 1635, and producing at least four plays there. His work appealed to King Charles and Queen Henrietta Maria, and was widely popular.

His relations with his fellow-dramatists were peculiarly happy; he collaborated with Chapman, Ford, and Massinger, and is believed to have revised many of the "Beaumont and Fletcher" plays, one of which, *The Coronation*, was his unaided work. Shirley was, of course, an ardent Royalist; in 1633 he had attacked Prynne in the dedication of *A Bird in a Cage*; he accordingly accompanied his patron, the Earl (afterward Marquess and Duke) of Newcastle, in the campaigns of 1642–1644. Afterwards Shirley retired to London, resumed his career as a schoolmaster, and devoted himself to the composition of Latin grammars. After the Restoration several of Shirley's plays were revived, but he did not write any new ones. He died as a result of the Great Fire, being "overcome with affrightments, disconsolations, and other miseries". He appears to have been a man of a modest and amiable disposition, and to have had no enemies.

Shirley is important, not so much on his own account, as because he was the last of "the giant race before the flood". His plays, the product of a happy copiousness, run on familiar lines, and are without violence or exaggeration. He is a more equal writer than Ford or Massinger, though he does not rise to the heights which they sometimes attain. As a poet he is best remembered for his lyric *The Glories of our Blood and State*. At his death the last link between

the Elizabethan and the Restoration
stage was broken.

[W. Gifford, *Dramatic Works
and Poems of James Shirley* (revised

by A. Dyce); R. S. Forsythe, *The
Relation of Shirley's Plays to the
Elizabethan Drama*; A. H. Nason,
James Shirley, Dramatist.]

From "The Lady of Pleasure"

(*Sir Thomas BORNEWELL* expostulates with his Lady on
her extravagance and love of pleasure.)

BORNEWELL. ARETINA, *his lady*.

ARETINA

I am angry with myself;
'To be so miserably restrain'd in things,
Wherein it doth concern your love and honour
'To see me satisfied.

BORNEWELL

In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? have I not obey'd
All thy desires, against mine own opinion;
Quitted the country, and removed the hope
Of our return, by sale of that fair lordship
We lived in: changed a calm and retired life
For this wild town, composed of noise and charge?

ARETINA

What charge, more than is necessary
For a lady of my birth and education?

BORNEWELL

I am not ignorant how much nobility
Flows in your blood, your kinsmen great and powerful
In the state; but with this lose not your memory
Of being my wife: I shall be studious,
Madam, to give the dignity of your birth
All the best ornaments which become my fortune;
But would not flatter it, to ruin both,
And be the fable of the town, to teach
Other men wit by loss of mine, employ'd
To serve your vast expenses.

JAMES SHIRLEY

ARETINA

Am I then
Brought in the balance? so, sir.

BORNEWELL

Though you weigh
Me in a partial scale, my heart is honest;
And must take liberty to think, you have
Obey'd no modest counsel to effect,
Nay, study ways of pride and costly ceremony;
Your change of gaudy furniture, and pictures,
Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman's;
Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery
Brought home on engines; the superfluous plate
Antic and novel; vanities of tires,
Fourscore pound suppers for my lord your kinsman,
Banquets for the other lady, aunt, and cousins;
And perfumes, that exceed all; train of servants,
To stifle us at home, and show abroad
More motley than the French, or the Venetian,
About your coach, whose rude postilion
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls,
And common cries pursue your ladyship
For hindering of their market.

ARETINA

Have you done, sir?

BORNEWELL

I could accuse the gaiety of your wardrobe,
And prodigal embroideries, under which,
Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
Not show their own complexions; your jewels,
Able to burn out the spectators' eyes,
And show like bonfires on you by the tapers:
Something might here be spared, with safety of
Your birth and honour, since the truest wealth
Shines from the soul, and draws up just admirers.
I could urge something more.

ARETINA

Pray, do. I like
Your homily of thrift.

JAMES SHIRLEY

BORNEWELL.

I could wish, madam,
You would not game so much.

ARETINA

A gamester, too!

BORNEWELL.

But are not come to that repentance yet,
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit;
You look not through the subtlety of cards,
And mysteries of dice, nor can you save
Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls,
And keep your family by the precious income;
Nor do I wish you should: my poorest servant
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire
Purchased beneath my honour: you make play
Not a pastime, but a tyranny, and vex
Yourself and my estate by it.

ARETINA

Good, proceed.

BORNEWELL.

Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse, your revels in the night,
Your meetings, call'd the ball, to which appear,
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants
And ladies, thither bound by a subpœna
Of Venus and small Cupid's high displeasure:
'Tis but the family of Love, translated
Into more costly sin; there was a play on it;
And had the poet not been bribed to a modest
Expression of your antic gambols in it,
Some darks had been discover'd; and the deeds too;
In time he may repent, and make some blush,
To see the second part danced on the stage.
My thoughts acquit you for dishonouring me
By any foul act; but the virtuous know,
'Tis not enough to clear ourselves, but the
Suspensions of our shame.

JAMES SIIIRLEY

ARETINA

Have you concluded
Your lecture?

BORNEWELL

I have done; and howsoever
My language may appear to you, it carries
No other than my fair and just intent
To your delights, without curb to their modest
And noble freedom.

ARETINA

I'll not be so tedious
In my reply, but, without art or elegance,
Assure you I keep still my first opinion;
And though you veil your avaricious meaning
With handsome names of modesty and thrift,
I find you would intrench and wound the liberty
I was born with. Were my desires unprivileged
By example; while my judgment thought them fit,
You ought not to oppose; but when the practice
And tract of every honourable lady
Authorize me, I take it great injustice
To have my pleasures circumscribed and taught me

A Dirge

'The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
'They tame but one another still:
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,

JAMES SHIRLEY

And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, poor captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See, where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

(From *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*.)

APPENDIX

WILLIAM CAMDEN (1551-1623) was born in London and educated at Christ's Hospital and St. Paul's, and at Broadgates Hall (Pembroke College) and Christ Church, Oxford. He was appointed second master of Westminster School in 1575, and became headmaster eighteen years later. He devoted his leisure and his holidays to the study of British antiquities; and began to collect material for his great work, the *Britannia*, which gives a topographical and historical account of the British Isles from the earliest ages. It was published in Latin in 1586; later editions were considerably enlarged and improved, and it was translated into English by Philemon Holland (q.v.) in 1610, under the supervision of Camden himself. In 1597 Camden was appointed Clarenceux King-of-Arms, and found himself more at leisure to pursue his studies. His second great work, *Annales Rerum Anglicarum regnante Elizabetha*, appeared in Latin in 1615 and was translated in 1625; a second part (posthumously published to avoid adverse criticism) appeared in 1627 and a translation of it in 1629. Camden's other works include a Greek grammar, which had an exceptionally long life, and *Remains concerning Britain*, published anonymously in 1605. He died in 1623

at Chislehurst, in Kent, in the house which was afterwards that of Napoleon III. He wrote mostly in Latin, but the English translations of his works were early and good. He was an excellent chronicler and, better than that, an able historian. His history of the reign of Elizabeth is in good perspective, as he lived neither too near to nor too far from the events which he chronicles. Ben Jonson, a former pupil of Camden's, called him "the glory and light of our kingdom", and attributed to him all his own learning and love of scholarship.

RICHARD STANYHURST (1547-1618) was born in Dublin. His father was recorder of Dublin and Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and his nephew was the celebrated Archbishop James Ussher (1581-1656). He was educated at Waterford and at University College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1568. He studied law, but his interests lay in literature and archæology, and he contributed the sections dealing with Ireland to Holinshed's *Chronicles* (1578). After the death of his first wife Stanyhurst left the British Isles for ever, lived in the Low Countries and Spain, became a Roman Catholic, and was employed in secret service by the King of

Spain; after the death of his second wife he became a Roman Catholic priest. He wrote several learned works in Latin, but is only remembered on account of his grotesque translation of the first four books of Virgil's *Aeneid* into English hexameters, published at Leyden in 1582. This translation is at once stilted and low; it is full of eccentricities and of verbal coinages which have been the subject of the inevitable German thesis. His translation soon became a byword; it is still unintentionally entertaining. It is curious how a sensible man came to write such a burlesque version in all good faith. Barnabe Rich justly says that Stanyhurst stripped Virgil "out of a Velvet gowne into a Fooles coat". The translation was reprinted by Professor E. Arber in 1880.

BARNABE RICH (?1540-?1620) was an Essex man and had a long and varied career as a soldier in the Low Countries and in Ireland. Three or four years before his death he was presented with £100 on account of his being the oldest captain in the kingdom. During his military career he wrote many denunciatory pamphlets and several cuphuistic romances. The chief subjects of his denunciations were Ireland, Roman Catholicism, and tobacco. His most celebrated work is a collection of eight romances, bearing the misleading title of *Rich his Farewell to Militarie Profession*, published in 1581. One of these romances is the source of part of the plot of *Twelfth Night*, and another is the direct source of that unpleasing but almost unique Scottish comedy *Philotus* (printed

in 1603). Another of Rich's romances is entitled *The Strange and Wonderful Adventures of Don Simonides* (1584). Rich was no poet, but his prose is by no means contemptible.

JOSUAH SYLVESTER (1563-1618) was a Kentishman and was educated at Southampton. He was a good French scholar, but entered a trading firm at an early age and wrote poetry in his spare time. In 1606 he was appointed groom of the chamber to Prince Henry, and in 1613 became secretary to the merchant adventurers and went to live in Middelburg, in Holland, where he died five years later. His original poems are entirely and quite justifiably forgotten; but he is still remembered as the translator of the works of Du Bartas (1544-1590), the French Huguenot poet. Sylvester devoted most of his life to Du Bartas, with whose theological views he was in complete sympathy; his first translation appeared in 1590, and the first collective edition of *Bartas his Devine Weekes and Workes* appeared in 1606. It is in rhymed decasyllabic verse, and is full of conceits and absurdities. Its popularity, which was considerable, did not last longer than to the time of the Restoration or thereabouts. Milton read Du Bartas in this translation when at an impressionable age, and his perusal of it left traces, unimportant but distinct, on *Paradise Lost*. A. B. Grosart edited Sylvester's works in 1880.

EDWARD FAIRFAX (c. 1580-1635) was a natural son of Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton, Yorkshire. His life was uneventful, and he settled

at Newhall, in the parish of Fewston, Yorkshire, to a life of studious leisure, diversified only by witch-hunting. His original poems are valueless, but in 1600, when only twenty years old or thereabouts, he published *Godfrey of Bulloigne or the Recouerie of Jerusalem. Done into English heroicall verse by Edward Fairfax, Gent.* This is the best translation in English of the great poem of Tasso (1544-1595), and ranks with Chapman's Homer and FitzGerald's Omar Khayyám, and one or two others, as a translation which has itself become a classic. King James was said to have valued Fairfax's Tasso above all other English poetry, and King Charles read it with delight during his imprisonment. Waller was a keen admirer of Fairfax, and was influenced by him.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON (1561-1612) was the son of John Harrington, who was Henry VIII's confidential servant and son-in-law. He was educated at Eton and Christ's College, Cambridge, and after perfunctorily studying law became a courtier, relying for promotion on the fact that he was Queen Elizabeth's godson. The queen having found him circulating among the ladies of the court a verse translation of his own of one of the less edifying episodes of Ariosto, ordered him as a punishment to translate the whole of the great Italian poem. *Orlando Furioso in English Heroical Verse* accordingly appeared in 1591. It is an easy and flowing but undistinguished piece of work; it does not, however, deserve Jonson's uncompromising verdict "That John Harrington's Ariosto, under all

translations, was the worst". *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, which does not deal with classical mythology, and whose title contains a pun which is fortunately only intelligible to the antiquarian, appeared in 1596, and was closely followed by three similar Rabelaisian pamphlets. Harrington served in Ireland with Essex, who knighted him; and he took a keen interest in the affairs of that country. "I think my very genius doth in a sort lead me to that country," he wrote; accordingly he requested to be made Archbishop of Dublin, a request which was, not unnaturally, refused. No "playboy could claim an equality at comicality" with him; he remained always a jester at heart. His miscellaneous works include epigrams, often more witty than decent, Irish tracts, and a treatise on health. *Nugae Antiquae*, a valuable collection of papers by him or in his possession, was published in 1769.

GILES FLETCHER, the elder (?1549-1611), is not to be confused with his more celebrated son of the same name. He was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1569, M.A. in 1573, and LL.D. in 1581. He was employed on several diplomatic missions, and went on a special embassy to Russia in 1588. In 1591 he published *Of the Russe Common Wealth, or Maner of Gouvernement by the Russe Emperour (commonly called the Emperour of Moskouia) with the manners and fashions of the people of that Countrey.* This is a most interesting book, but it was suppressed as being likely to promote ill-feeling between England and Russia, and

was not printed in its entirety until 1856. Fletcher's other literary work of importance was a volume of fifty-two sonnets entitled *Licia, or Poemes of Love* (1593), a collection which was frankly imitative. Unlike most sonneteers, Fletcher was somewhat declined into the vale of years; his sonnets are sometimes good but not spontaneous.

FRANCIS MERES (1565-1647) was a Lincolnshire man, and was educated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1587 and M.A. in 1591. He took the M.A. degree at Oxford, by incorporation, in 1593. He took holy orders, became rector of Wing, in Rutland, in 1602, translated two Spanish devotional works, probably from French versions, and lived a long and uneventful life. He is only remembered on account of his compilation *Palladis Tamia, Wits Treasury*, published in September, 1598, and reissued as a schoolbook in 1634. In it he interpolated "A Comparative Discourse of our English Poets with the Greek, Latin and Italian Poets", in which he mentions Shakespeare as our most accomplished playwright and enumerates twelve of his plays. Meres was a man of small critical ability; that he anticipated the verdict of posterity on Shakespeare was due to good luck more than to good judgment. He was euphuistic in his style, and preferred balance and symmetry in his sentences to truth in his statements. He is less than *homo unius libri*; he is *homo unius loci*, the passage in which he helps us to date twelve Shakespearean plays, speaks of Shakespeare's "sugred sonnets among his private friends", and bequeaths

us the problem of identifying *Love's Labour's Won*.

RICHARD BARNFIELD (1574-1627) was a Shropshire man, and was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1592. His three slender volumes of verse were all published before he was twenty-five. *The Affectionate Shepheard* appeared in 1594; it is a kind of expansion of the second eclogue of Virgil ("that horrid one, Beginning with *Formosum pastor Corydon*"). His second volume, *Cynthia*, appeared in 1595; *The Encomion of Lady Pecunia* in 1598. Barnfield seems to have ended his days as a country squire. His poems have some of the qualities of poetic exercises, but are pleasing, especially in their descriptions of rural sights and sounds. He is perhaps remembered chiefly as the author of two of the poems attributed to Shakespeare in the piratical *Passionate Pilgrim* ("If music and sweet poetry agree" and "As it fell upon a day"). These two poems are almost certainly Barnfield's, and several others in the same collection may be his.

ABRAHAM FRAUNCE (c. 1560-1633) was a Shropshire man, and was educated at Shrewsbury and St. John's College, Cambridge. He was a good lawyer but a very indifferent poet, and is chiefly remembered as an indefatigable producer of English hexameters of poor quality. He was a follower of Gabriel Harvey, and a protégé of Sidney and of Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke. His works include *The Lamentations of Amintas for the death of Phillis*, para-

phrastically translated out of Latine into English Hexameters (1587) and *The Countesse of Pembrokes Ivy-church* (1591). Some of Jonson's remarks to Drummond err on the side of brutality, but he was not far wrong when he said "That Abram Francis (*sic*) in his English Hexameters was a foole".

BARNABE BARNES (?1569-1609) was a son of the second Protestant Bishop of Durham, and was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, where John Florio (q.v.) was his servitor. He had a short and, according to his enemies, an inglorious career as a soldier before publishing, in 1593, his principal collection of poems, *Parthenophil and Parthenophe*. This collection contains a hundred and five sonnets, besides madrigals, elegies, odes, &c. There are many echoes of Sidney and Petrarch in it, but Barnes had a great gift of song, and did some good work. His *Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnets*, a much less noteworthy collection, appeared in 1595. His play *The Divils Charter* (1607), dealing with Pope Alexander VI, is not memorable. Barnes was a friend of Gabriel Harvey, and accordingly an enemy of Nash and Campion. He is one of the candidates for having been the rival poet of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. His works are not easily accessible.

GERVASE MARKHAM (?1568-1637) came of a good Nottinghamshire family, and served as a soldier for a time in the Low Countries and in Ireland. He embarked on the career of a miscellaneous writer at an early age, and his output was enormous. No subject came amiss

to him, and he attempted many kinds of literary compositions. Books on farriery and horsemanship, books on husbandry and housewifery, treatises on soldiering and archery, poems on Sir Richard Grenville and Mary Magdalene, and a continuation of Sidney's *Arcadia*—all these and many more works flowed from his indefatigable pen. Jonson told Drummond that Markham "was not of the number of the faithfull, and but a base fellow". He certainly knew all the tricks of his trade; one of his books has no fewer than eight dedications, each of which doubtless brought in a pecuniary reward; he disposed of his remainders by the simple process of providing them with fresh title pages and reissuing them as new books. He wrote so frequently on veterinary subjects that on 14th July, 1617, he was compelled to sign a paper promising to write no more books on the treatment of diseases of horses and cattle. His works owe more to assiduity than to inspiration, but his *Maister-peece* (1610) ran into its twenty-first edition in 1734. He is a weakly-supported candidate for having been the rival poet of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*.

GABRIEL HARVEY (?1545-1630) was the son of a ropemaker of Saffron Walden, and was closely identified with Cambridge for many years of his life. He graduated B.A. from Christ's College in 1570, and was elected to a fellowship at Pembroke Hall in the same year. In 1578 he became fellow of Trinity Hall, and seven years later was appointed master of that foundation, but the appointment was

quashed and never took effect. Harvey was an angular and difficult person, and quarrelled with most of his acquaintances. He himself wrote nothing which can be called literature, but he is of some importance in literary history for two reasons. He was Spenser's friend and perhaps his tutor, and tried to persuade the poet to abandon rhyme and write English hexameters; and he embroiled himself with Greene and subsequently with Nash in an acrimonious controversy which was finally stopped only by the intervention of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

PHILIP STUBBES (c. 1555-c. 1610) was educated at Cambridge and Oxford, but did not graduate at either, leading a roving life for many years and, like Ulysses, seeing the towns and manners of many men. He was a sociologist, though that unpleasant word was not coined until some two hundred and thirty years after his death. His mind was powerful and original; he wrote a life of his wife, who died when only nineteen years old, four years after her marriage. Stubbes's most celebrated work is *The Anatomy of Abuses* (1583), the result of seven years' wanderings. It gives much valuable information about the manners and customs of the times. Stubbes was a Puritan of the better kind, ardent but not an extremist, a partizan but willing to allow that there was something to be said on the other side. He, moreover, wrote from observation and did not, like many of his fellow-Puritans, merely repeat second-hand denunciations. It is hardly necessary to say that he was vehemently attacked by Nash.

WILLIAM HAUGHTON (fl. 1598) was one of Henslowe's hack-writers, who collaborated with playwrights such as Chettle, Dekker, Day, and Hathway. Of his life we know almost nothing, except that in March, 1600, he was imprisoned in the Clink, and Henslowe, who was not generous, was willing to pay ten shillings to secure his release. Only one extant play is Haughton's unaided work, the very amusing comedy *English-Men for my Money: or, A Woman will have her will* (1598; printed 1616). He may have written *Grim, the Collier of Croydon* (printed 1662), a much more old-fashioned type of comedy. All his other work is lost.

HENRY PORTER (?1573-?) was also one of Henslowe's men, and collaborated with Chettle and with Jonson. Little is known about his life except his various pecuniary transactions with Henslowe. He may perhaps be identified with a Henry Porter who was entered at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1589. In 1598 he collaborated with Jonson and Chettle in *Hot Anger soon Cold*, which has not been preserved. His one play which has survived, *The Two Angry Women of Abington* (1599), is a rustic comedy written with admirable gusto and liveliness. Its easy prose is hard to match save in the plays of some of the greatest of Porter's contemporaries, and Mall, the hoydenish heroine, is drawn in a masterly, Hogarthian style.

ANTHONY MUNDAY (1553-1633) was throughout his long life an unwearied contributor to many departments of literature. In his time he played many parts, being

in turn actor, playwright, Protestant spy, journalist, ballad-maker, stationer, and draper. His *English Romaine Life* (1582), for which he had gathered materials four years previously when visiting Italy in a somewhat dubious capacity, is not without interest. Munday had a hand in eighteen plays, of which only four are extant, *John a Kent and John a Cumber* (1595); *The Downfall of Robert, Earle of Huntingdon* (1599); *The Death of Robert Earle of Huntingdon* (with Chettle); and *Sir John Oldcastle* (1599, with Drayton, Hathway, and Wilson). Munday's numerous ballads are lost, but his ballad-writing influenced him in his dramatic work, both in his choice of subject and in his treatment. His gifts were of a homely kind, and he wrote at least seven city pageants. He also translated, by no means faithfully, many romances of chivalry, including *Palladino of England* (1588) and *Amadis de Gaule*. He was ridiculed by Jonson in *The Case is Altered* (1599), and was uncritically described by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* as "our best plotter". He was John Stow's literary executor, and in his later years achieved a position of a kind as *doyen* of Grub Street.

HENRY CHETTLE (?1560-?1607) was another of Henslowe's men. He wrote thirteen plays by himself, of which only one, the powerful but unequal *Tragedy of Hoffman* (acted 1602, very imperfectly printed 1631) has survived. He collaborated with Munday, Drayton, Dekker, Wilson, Porter, Jonson, Day, and others in thirty-six plays, of which only four are extant. He published an elegy on

Queen Elizabeth entitled *Englande's Mourning Garment*; but he is, perhaps, chiefly remembered in literary history as Greene's literary executor. In this capacity he edited *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit* in 1592, and in the following year apologized in his *Kind-Hart's Dreame* to Shakespeare (the passage is almost universally interpreted thus) for the offensive allusion in Greene's death-bed pamphlet.

PHILEMON HOLLAND (1552-1637) was born at Chelmsford, Essex, and graduated B.A. in 1571 at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he also held a fellowship. He graduated M.D. at some unknown university, probably Continental or Scottish, about 1595, and practised medicine at Coventry. He also was an usher at the Coventry Free School, of which he was headmaster for a few months when over seventy-five years of age. He was called by Fuller "the Translator General in his age", and his translations from the classics are numerous, excellent, and extremely uniform in their good qualities. He translated Livy (1600), Pliny's *Natural History* (1601), Plutarch's *Moralia* (1603), Suetonius (1606), Ammianus Marcellinus (1609), Camden's *Britannia* (revised by the author, 1610), and Xenophon's *Cyropaedia*. Holland was a good scholar, and was not dependent upon any French or Italian intermediaries, making his translations straight from the Greek or Latin. All his translations are good, but his Plutarch and Suetonius are of outstanding merit.

LANCELOT ANDREWES (1555-1626) was educated under Mul-

caster (q.v.) at Merchant 'Taylors' School and at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, of which he became fellow in 1576 and master in 1589. He became Dean of Westminster in 1601 and Bishop of Chichester in 1605; in 1609 he was translated to Ely and in 1619 to Winchester. He stood high in Elizabeth's and even higher in James's estimation. He was a man of immense learning, being acquainted with fifteen languages, but was even more celebrated for his piety. A high-churchman of the best kind, he was respected by all parties and was not unsympathetic towards those who held different views from his own. His sermons were considered by his contemporaries to have reached the high-water mark of pulpit eloquence. Their learning and the mental gymnastics displayed in them appealed to King James; to us they often appear grotesque and in doubtful taste. Doubtless, like most sermons, they owed much to their delivery. Tradition tells us that Andrewes's delivery was superb.

NICHOLAS BRETON (?1545--?1626), whose name is pronounced as if spelt "Briton", was the son of a London merchant and stepson of the poet George Gascoigne (q.v.). He is believed to have been educated at Oriel College, Oxford. He was a prolific writer of exceptional longevity; his literary career stretches from 1577 to 1626. He wrote both in prose and in verse, and attempted satires, religious poems, pastorals, and occasional poems of all kinds. Some of his best work is to be found in *The Passionate Shepherd* (1604); *Wits Trenchmour* (named after a kind

of dance) is a prose angling idyll, and a pleasing anticipation of Walton. Breton wrote too much, but some of his poems are charming, especially his pastorals. Certain of his books are valued as bibliographical rarities rather than for the sake of their contents.

SAMUEL ROWLEY (? d. 1633) is not to be confused with the more important dramatist William Rowley, who is sometimes said to have been his brother, but only upon the unsupported testimony of J. P. Collier. Samuel Rowley was one of Henslowe's men. Unlike the majority of dramatists, he was never an actor, but was employed as a reader and reviser of plays. His career as author began in 1601. There is some reason for discrediting him with at least having had a hand in the comic scenes of *Doctor Faustus*. His one extant play is *When you see me, you know me, or the famous Chronicle Historie of King Henrie VIII* (acted 1603, printed 1605), a good enough historical play with a strong mixture of buffoonery. *The Noble Soldier* (printed 1634) may be in part his work, but Dekker undoubtedly had a main hand in it, and it contains two scenes interpolated from Day's *Parliament of Bees*.

EDWARD SHARPHAM (fl. 1607) was a Devonshire man, and was admitted a member of the Middle Temple in 1594. That is almost all we know about him, except that, in spite of his belonging to a learned profession, Ben Jonson considered him a rogue. His two witty farces, *The Pleire* and *Cupid's Whirligig*, were both printed in 1607, having been acted not long before this

date. Sharpham was a lawyer by profession and merely an amateur dramatist, who took Middleton as his model.

JOHN SPEED (?1552-1629) was the son of a tailor and followed the same trade himself for many years, until, owing to the kindness of Sir Fulke Greville (Lord Brooke, q.v.), a place was found for him in the custom-house. He was an accomplished antiquarian and cartographer, and between 1608 and 1610 published fifty-four maps of England and Wales, collected in 1611 and published as *Theatre of the Empire of Great Britaine*. In the same year appeared his great work, *The History of Great Britaine* (Julius Cæsar to James I), in the preparation of which he had been helped by Cotton, Spelman, and Barkham. Speed's work is good, and he has some claim to rank as an historian, not a mere chronicler. Fine writing, however, was often his undoing; he would probably have written better if he had not tried to write so well. He shows some judgment in digesting his sources. Speed also wrote two theological works of great popularity but no permanent value.

SIR ROBERT BRUCE COTTON (1571-1631) made no contribution to literature himself, but he deserves a brief notice on account of the services he rendered to learning not only by collecting his famous library, but by throwing it open to men who could best appreciate the privilege—men such as Bacon, Jonson, Speed, Selden, and Raleigh. Cotton was educated at Westminster under Camden, who imbued him with a love for

antiquities, and at Jesus College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1585. He soon began to gather together his magnificent collection of ancient charters, records, and other MSS. Like many collectors, he was not over-scrupulous in his methods of acquiring his treasures, but, unlike some, he was generous in giving access to them. He was knighted in 1603, and was created a baronet in 1611, the year of the foundation of that order, which had been instituted largely owing to his advice. He got into some trouble in connexion with the Overbury case, and in his later years was imprisoned as a supporter of Parliament against the king. His death was hastened by his exclusion from his library by order of the king. The Cottonian Library was transferred to the nation in 1702 and removed to the British Museum in 1753.

SIR JOHN HAYWARD (?1560-1627) was a Suffolk man, and was educated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1581, M.A. in 1584, and LL.D. at some later date. He was a keen and serious student of history, and in 1599 acquired some notoriety by publishing *The First Part of the Life and Raigne of Henry IV*, for which he was imprisoned, as the deposition of Richard II did not commend itself to the queen as a subject for historical (or dramatic) treatment. *Lives of the III Normans, Kings of England* appeared in 1613; Hayward's best work, *The Life and Raigne of King Edward the Sixt*, was published posthumously in 1630. Hayward was knighted in 1619. He was a scholarly man, and

endeavoured to follow Latin models, especially Tacitus, when composing his histories. His writings are not mere compilations, and have some claim to be regarded as literature, though his style is somewhat florid.

RICHARD KNOLLES (?1550-1610) was a Northamptonshire man, and was educated at Lincoln College, Oxford, of which he became a fellow. In 1571 he was appointed master of the grammar-school at Sandwich, Kent, and held this post until his death, almost forty years later. He is essentially *homo unius libri*—his imposing *Generall Historie of the Turkes*, which was originally published in 1603 and reissued several times, with continuations by Thomas Nabbes the dramatist (1638 edition) and by Sir Paul Rycaut (1679 and later editions). Knolles had a good though elaborate prose style, and showed some skill in the arrangement of his material, but he derived much of his information from second-hand sources, and his book is not of much value to the historian. It had a great and long-lived reputation, and was warmly admired by Dr. Johnson and by Byron.

THOMAS CORYATE (?1577-1617) was born at the village of Odcombe, in Somersetshire, and educated at Gloucester Hall, Oxford, where he did not graduate. He was a man of odd appearance, with a head shaped like that of Thersites as described by Homer; his character was as eccentric as his appearance, and he became a kind of court-buffoon after the accession of James. He was the butt of all

the court wits and would-be wits, but was by no means the fool he appeared to be, and sometimes, in an exchange of repartees, gave at least as good as he got. In 1608 he travelled to Venice and back, covering almost two thousand miles, mainly on foot. His journal appeared in 1611 with the extraordinary title *Coryats Crudities, Hastilie gobled up in five moneths Travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, . . . Helvetia, . . . Germany, and the Netherlands, newly digested in the hungry aire of Odcombe in the County of Somerset, and now dispersed to the nourishment of the travelling members of this kingdom*. Numerous panegyric verses, ironically written by eminent contemporaries, were edited by Ben Jonson and prefixed to this volume, which was followed in the same year by two equally oddly-named supplements. In 1612 Coryate formally hung up in the church at Odcombe (where his father had been rector) the shoes in which he had walked from Venice, and started again on his travels. He visited Constantinople, Asia Minor, Greece, and Egypt, and went through Palestine, Mesopotamia, and Persia to India, but died of a flux at Surat, aged forty. Coryate, underneath a veneer of oddity and buffoonery, was a shrewd observer, and, when he was not playing the clown, wrote in a clear and simple style. His entertaining book was hard to get hold of until 1905, when it was reprinted.

SAMUEL PURCHAS (?1575-1626), upon whose shoulders the mantle of Hakluyt not altogether worthily fell, was born in Essex and educated

at St. John's College, Cambridge. From 1604 to 1613 he was vicar of Eastwood, in Essex, and from 1614 until his death rector of St. Martin's, Ludgate. There is "damnable iteration" in the titles of his three works, which are *Purchas his Pilgrimage* (1613), *Purchas his Pilgrim* (1619), and *Hakluytus Posthumus, or Purchase his Pilgrimes* (1625). Of them the last is by far the most famous. Purchas had Hakluyt's assiduity, but not his literary skill or editorial judgment. His style is tinged with euphuism, and he is sometimes careless and inaccurate. He has, however, preserved much material of great value.

SIR ROBERT AYTON (1570-1638) was born at the castle of Kinaldie, near St. Andrews, and was educated at St. Andrews University, where he graduated M.A. in 1588. He travelled on the Continent and studied law, but followed no definite career for some years. In 1603 he was fortunate enough to address a Latin hexameter poem to James which secured that monarch's affectionate esteem; he was appointed private secretary to Queen Anne, and after Charles's accession was secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria. He was knighted in 1612, and was occasionally employed on embassies. As a poet he was quadrilingual, and attempted to write in Latin, Greek, French, and English. His English verses are trifles tolerably well executed; they have the air of being the literary exercises of an accomplished courtier, and display affectation rather than genuine feeling. The most interesting thing about them is that they are written in elegant English, not in Scots.

NATHANIEL FIELD (1587-1633), although the son of a famous Puritan preacher and the brother of a future Bishop of Hereford, left Merchant Taylors' at an early age to join the children of the Queen's Revels. He became at once a famous boy-actor, and played in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* (1600) and *Poetaster* (1601). Jonson was grateful to Field for his good acting, and read Horace and Martial with him; Field, when he began to write for the stage, took Jonson as his model. Field's two plays were probably both acted in 1610; *A Woman is a Weather-cocke* is the earlier of the two, as *Amends for Ladies* is intended to be a kind of palinode. Both plays are well-constructed and full of admirable, though somewhat boisterous, humour. Field rose to be the most eminent actor of his day, and his plays show an actor's eye for stagecraft. He collaborated with Fletcher and Massinger; *The Fatal Dowry* was published (1632) as by Field and Massinger. In his latter days he became pious.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT (1583-1627) was a brother of Francis Beaumont (q.v.), and was educated at Broadgates Hall, Oxford. He entered the Inner Temple, but abandoned the study of law when the untimely death of his elder brother in 1605 made him head of the family. He spent most of his life quietly at Grace-Dieu, Leicestershire, but was patronized by the Duke of Buckingham, and was created a baronet in the year previous to his death. In 1602 he published *The Metamorphosis of Tobacco*, a pleasant enough mock-heroic poem; his principal work, however, was col-

lected posthumously and published by his son in 1629, under the title of *Bosworth Field, with a Taste of the Variety of other Poems*. *Bosworth Field* itself is somewhat tame, but it is written in heroic couplets of surprising smoothness, and doubtless played its part in establishing the ascendancy of that metre. The volume contains some good sacred poems. Beaumont's *magnum opus*, *The Crown of Thorns*, in eight books, is lost.

GEORGE SANDYS (1578-1644) was the seventh and youngest son of Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York, and was educated at St. Mary Hall, Oxford. In 1610 he started on his travels, and visited Turkey, Egypt, Italy, and other countries; his account of his travels, an admirable and popular book, appeared in 1615 with the title *The Relation of a Journey begun an. Dom. 1610*. In 1621 Sandys was appointed treasurer of the Virginian Company and went to America, where he was appointed a member of the council, remaining ten years in the country. His translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (published 1626) was mostly written in Virginia, and was the first literary work of any consequence done in America. It is a good rendering, but is sometimes spoilt by attempting to adhere too closely to the original. Sandys had a good ear for metre, and kept strictly to the rules of prosody. Sandys's later works are of a sacred character—*Paraphrases upon the Psalms* (1636), *Christ's Passion* (1640), and *A Paraphrase of the Song of Solomon* (1641). In these poems the accomplished metrist is to be seen no less clearly than the pious colonist.

JOHN TAYLOR (1580-1653), usually known as the "water-poet", was a native of Gloucester, and, after failing to acquire a proper amount of Latin grammar, was apprenticed to a London waterman. He was pressed into the navy, and was at the taking of Cadiz, under the Earl of Essex, in 1596; for many years he was collector of the wine dues exacted by the lieutenant of the Tower of London. He afterwards kept a tavern, first at Oxford, and then at Westminster. He was a well-known "character" of his day, and was patronized, half in jest, by many eminent men, from King James downwards. He arranged the water-pageant at the marriage of Princess Elizabeth in 1613. His pieces to the number of sixty-three were published in a folio volume in 1630, but he was the author of over one hundred and fifty publications, both in prose and verse. He frequently performed journeys under odd conditions for a wager; in 1618 he walked from London to Braemar without any money, and in 1619 rowed from London to Queenborough in a brown-paper boat, whose oars were canes with stockfish tied to them. His booklets deal with a vast variety of subjects, from *The Life and Death of the Virgin Mary* to *An Arrant Thief* and *The Hellish Parliament*. *The Pennyless Pilgrimage*, celebrating his Scottish trip, is perhaps his best-known work. His crude prose and doggerel verse scarcely rank as literature, but they have a certain rough vigour, and are of some interest to antiquaries.

THOMAS MAY (1595-1650) was born in Sussex, and educated at

Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1612. He was one of Ben Jonson's "sons", and in 1620 or thereabouts wrote two more or less Jonsonian plays, *The Heir* and *The Old Couple*. He also wrote three classical tragedies, painstaking but quite lifeless, and obviously imitations of *Sejanus* and *Catiline*—shadows of a shade. He is better remembered for his translation (1627) and continuation of Lucan; his continuation he translated into excellent Latin hexameters. He also translated *The Georgics* and some Martial. May had hopes, which were not fulfilled, of succeeding his literary "father" in the semi-official laureateship; either owing to disappointment or for some other reason, he was a supporter of the Parliament during the Civil War, and in 1647 wrote an official *History of the Long Parliament*, a book which professed to aim at studious impartiality, but did not attain it. Three years later May was choked by his night-cap.

ROBERT DAVENPORT (fl. 1623) was at some time at sea, in what capacity we do not know, nor do we know anything else about him apart from his literary work. In 1623 he published two poems of no importance, "the one divine, the other moral". His three extant plays are *King John and Matilda* (printed 1655), *A New Trick to cheat the Devil* (1639), and *The City Night-Cap* (printed 1661). The first-named play is a resuscitation of Munday and Chettle's *Death of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon*, and it has been suggested that the two comedies also contain old material.

The City Night-Cap is a romantic and disagreeable play, based upon the Curious Impertinent in *Don Quixote*. *A New Trick* is pleasanter, but of no great depth.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE (1554-1628) was born at Beauchamp Court, Warwickshire. He was educated at Shrewsbury, which he entered on the same day as Sir Philip Sidney. The two boys immediately became firm friends, nor was their friendship interrupted when Sidney went to Oxford and Greville to Jesus College, Cambridge. The two friends went to court together in 1577, and both acquired a high place in the queen's favour. Greville was forbidden to travel as he wished to do, and was prevented from accompanying his friend on the expedition which ended at Zutphen. Greville was essentially a statesman; he was secretary for the principality of Wales, and (1598) treasurer of the navy. He was created Knight of the Bath in 1603 and Lord Brooke in 1621, after resigning the chancellorship of the exchequer, which he had held for over six years. He was stabbed by a servant, who was infuriated by his exclusion from his will, and who committed suicide immediately after. Greville lingered for a month, and died on 30th September, 1628. His two tragedies, *Mustapha* and *Alaham*, which were not intended for the stage, are almost forgotten; *Carlica*, a collection of "sonnets", only a third of which are true sonnets, contains better work. Greville is remembered chiefly as Sidney's friend and biographer, though his biography was not published until 1652.

WILLIAM ROWLEY (?1585-?1642) is relegated to the Appendix of this book not because his work is uninteresting or unimportant, but because it is so inextricably interwoven with that of other men. Little is known of his life. Prior to 1610 he acted in Queen Anne's company; in 1613 his company became known as the Prince of Wales's. He joined the King's servants in 1623, and retired from the stage in 1627. He married in 1637, and is supposed to have died before the outbreak of the Civil War. Four extant plays are said to be entirely the work of Rowley, *A New Wonder, a Woman never vexed*; *All's Lost by Lust*; *A Match at Midnight*; and *A Shoemaker a Gentleman*. None of these plays is of outstanding merit; and Rowley owes his fame to his collaborations with Wilkins and Day, with Heywood, Massinger, Dekker, Ford, and Webster, but especially with Middleton (q.v.). Middleton and Rowley were ideal partners, and each had a good influence upon the work of the other. *The Changeling* is their best play. Rowley was probably in demand so often as a collaborator because he had an actor's knowledge of practical stagecraft. His one prose tract, *A Search for Money* (1609), gives an amusing account, in the vein of Dekker, of contemporary London life.

RICHARD BROME (? d. 1652) wrote fifteen plays which have been preserved, and some nine others which have been lost. Very little is known of his life, except that he was for some years Jonson's "servant" (probably his amanuensis; the idea of Jonson having a valet is somewhat grotesque). Naturally Brome

modelled his plays upon Jonson's; his rivals, unable to resist the pun, declared that Brome's comedies were the sweepings from Jonson's study. Brome began to write for the stage in collaboration with Jonson's son, but their play, *A Fault in Friendship*, has not been preserved. Brome's best plays are *The Northern Lass* and *A Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*; the latter was the last play acted before the closing of the theatres in 1642. Their vivid portrayal of manners is the most valuable feature of Brome's plays. He was a gentle and modest man, not intended by nature to wield the savage weapons of a satirist, and might have written better plays if he had not been overridden by the forceful personality of his master.

THOMAS NABBES (?1605 ?1645) was a "son", or perhaps rather a would-be son, of Jonson's. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, and seems to have spent much of his life in Worcestershire. His tragedies are bad, his comedies fair, and his masques (so called) good. His comedies are *Covent Garden* (1632), *Tottenham Court* (1633), and *The Bride* (1638), realistic plays of London or suburban life, undistinguished by brilliance, but untainted by coarseness. Nabbes's best work is, perhaps, to be found in his "Morall Maske", *Microcosmus*. In 1638 he wrote a continuation of Knolles's *Generall Historie of the Turkes*.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT (1611-1643) was the son of a Cirencester innkeeper, and was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford. He was renowned both as

a scholar and later on as a preacher. He did not write any plays after taking holy orders, so that his four somewhat perfunctory plays must have been written before 1638, when he was ordained deacon. Three of them are extravagant and not attractive tragi-comedies (*The Lady Errant*, *The Royal Slave*, and *The Siege*); the fourth is a Jonsonian comedy of some merit, *The Ordinary* (1635), which borrows many features from *The Alchemist*. Cartwright, who died young, was considered by his contemporaries a kind of Admirable Crichton, but neither his plays nor his poems, mostly occasional, justify this reputation.

SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT (1606–1668), son of the proprietor of the Crown Inn, Oxford, and Shakespeare's godson, was educated at Magdalen College School and Lincoln College, Oxford. He entered the service of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke (q.v.) and began his career as poet and playwright after the murder of that nobleman. His early plays include *The Platonick Lovers* (1636); *The Wits* (acted 1633, published 1636), his best comedy; *Love and Honour* (? 1634); *The Fair Favourite*, and *The Unfortunate Lovers* (1638). In 1638 he was chosen to succeed Jonson as semi-official Poet Laureate. He was an active Royalist, and was knighted by Charles I at the siege of Gloucester (1643). Afterwards he was confined in the Tower, where he completed his respectable but wearisome poem *Gondibert* (published 1651). In 1656 he produced a semi-public and quasi-dramatic show, *The First Dayes Entertainment at Rutland House*.

This was followed by *The Siege of Rhodes* (1656), virtually an opera; *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru* (1658), and *The History of Sir Francis Drake*. After the Restoration he established the Duke's Theatrical Company, and produced several original plays as well as some adaptations of Shakespeare. Like Janus, D'Avenant looks before and after; backwards to Fletcher and the Elizabethans, forwards to Dryden and the Restoration dramatists. He is a very mediocre poet and a second-rate dramatist, but is of importance in stage if not in literary history. He had much to do with the reopening of the theatres, the rise of opera, the introduction of women-actors, and the elaboration of scenery and stage effects. His dramatic works have been edited by J. Maidment and W. H. Logan.

JASPER MAYNE (1604–1672) was a Devonshire man, and was educated at Westminster and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he had a distinguished career, culminating in a D.D. degree in 1642. He held two college livings, from both of which he was ejected during the time of the Commonwealth. After the Restoration, Mayne was reinstated in his livings and appointed Archdeacon of Chichester and chaplain in ordinary to the king. His writings consist of a poor tragi-comedy, *The Amorous War*; a lively comedy, *The City Match* (1639); some verses of little importance; and an admirable translation of Lucian. *The City Match* is a clever adaptation of Jonson's farcical masterpiece, *Epicoene*; it is amusing, but it is so close an imitation that it is not entitled to

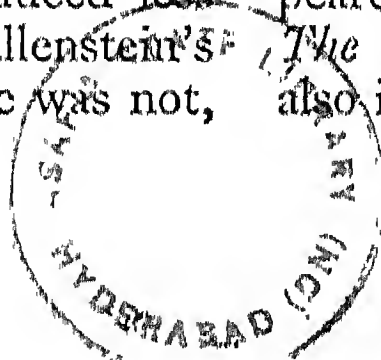
much praise on the score of originality.

SHACKERLEY MARMION (1603-1639) belonged to an old Northamptonshire family, and was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, where he graduated M.A. in 1624. He went campaigning for a time in the Low Countries, settled down to the life of a more or less disreputable man of letters in London, joined Suckling's troop of horse in the Scottish expedition of 1638, and died at York early in 1639. Marmion was one of Jonson's "sons", and makes his sonship clear in his three not very remarkable comedies *Holland's Leaguer* (1632), *A Fine Companion* (1633), and *The Antiquary* (1636). The last named is the best; the antiquary, Veterano, is a cleverly constructed Jonsonian puppet. Marmion's poem *Cupid and Psyche* has merit.

HENRY GLAPTHORNE (fl. 1639) was the author of five rather poor plays, and is otherwise unknown. The plays are *The Hollander* (1635), a not too bad romantic comedy; *Wit in a Constable* (1639); *The Ladies Privilege* (1640); *Argalus and Parthenia* (1639), a pastoral founded on Sidney's *Arcadia*; and *Albertus Wallenstein* (1639). The last-named play is more interesting in its choice of subject than in its execution, as it was produced less than five years after Wallenstein's assassination. Glapthorne was not,

as far as we know, one of Jonson's sons, but he owed a certain debt to Jonson. The 1874 reprint of Glapthorne's plays is as poor a specimen of editing as the plays themselves are of dramatic composition.

WILLIAM LITHGOW (1582 ?1645) was born at Lanark and educated at Lanark Grammar School. He started on his extensive travels while quite a young man, being urged on partly by his natural *Wanderlust* and partly by an unfortunate love-affair, which cost him his ears. He travelled at various times through Europe, the Levant, Egypt, and Africa, and claimed to have covered thirty-six thousand miles, mostly on foot, in nineteen years. It is almost unnecessary to say that he had innumerable adventures, meeting with storms and shipwrecks, land-thieves and water-thieves, and being racked and hung up by the big toes by the Inquisition at Malaga. Lithgow's chief work is *The Totall Discourse of the Rare Adventures and painful Peregrinations of long nineteene Yeares*, which was published in 1632 (a first draft, much shorter, appeared in 1614). It is a most valuable and interesting book in spite of its euphuistic style (instead of "eyewitness" he writes "ocular testator"), but it is valuable for the information it contains, not as literature. A reprint appeared in 1906. Lithgow's poems, *The Pilgrimes Farewell*, &c., are also interesting, but not as poetry.



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